

WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 1, 1930

5c

Liberty

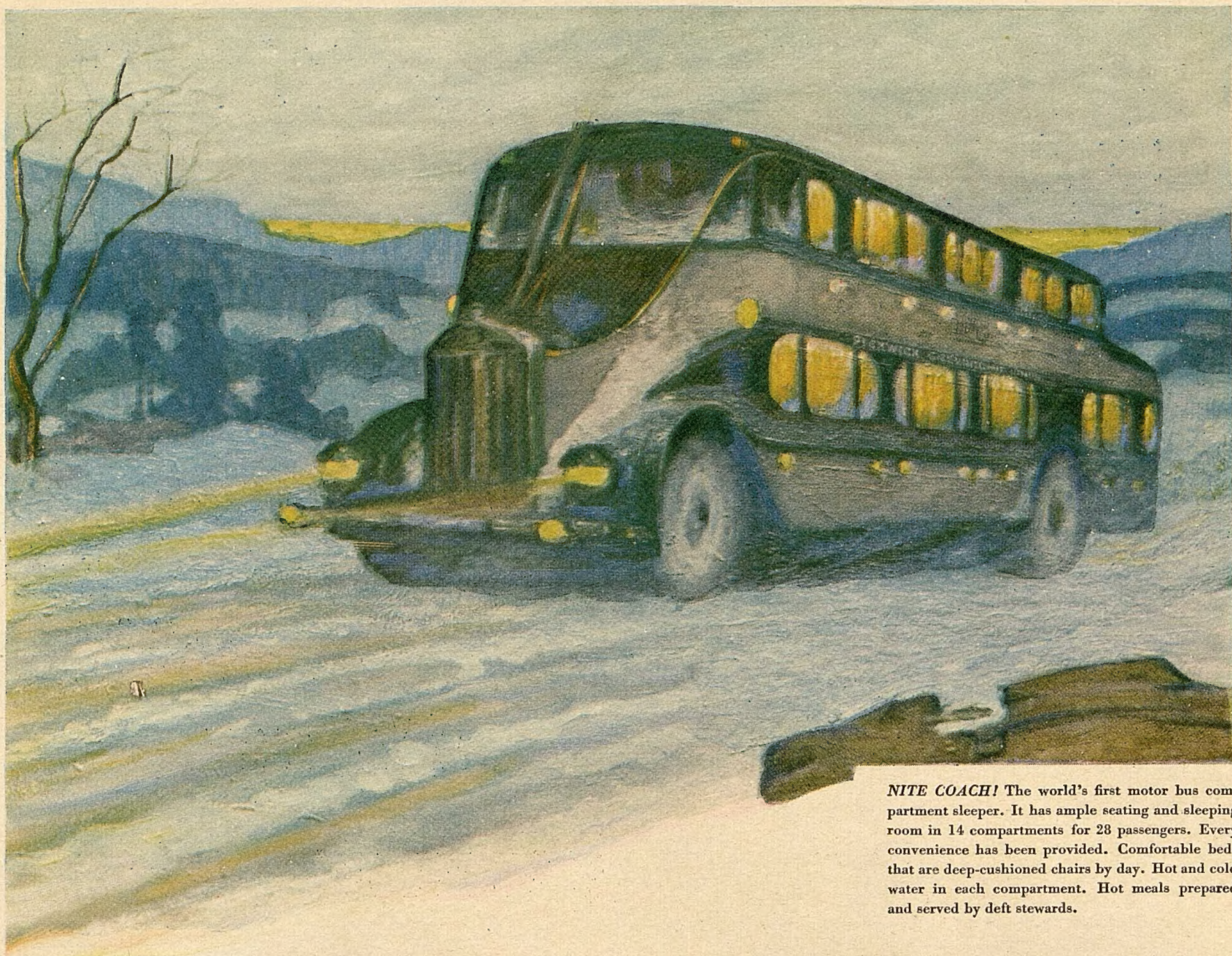
A Weekly for Every

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The New Neighbor

GRIMSHAW ~ ST. JOHNS ~ BORGLUM ~ PALMER ~ DOHERTY



NITE COACH! The world's first motor bus compartment sleeper. It has ample seating and sleeping room in 14 compartments for 28 passengers. Every convenience has been provided. Comfortable beds that are deep-cushioned chairs by day. Hot and cold water in each compartment. Hot meals prepared and served by deft stewards.

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Along 30,000 miles of America's beautiful highways, Pickwick-Greyhound Coaches offer through service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. These systems are one of the world's largest users of gasoline—consuming approximately 20,000,000 gallons a year. The choice of Texaco by the world's largest and most progressive

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TEXACO

GASOLINE - MOTOR OIL

It's not because her friends don't want to tell

... perhaps the subject is too delicate
... perhaps they are not sure themselves
about feminine hygiene



IN her anxiety, it is natural for the newly married woman to have a certain feeling about her friends. A certain uneasy feeling that they *must* know more than they tell her about feminine hygiene. True, the subject is a delicate one and difficult to discuss with anybody. But she herself has broken through her natural reserve, has brought the matter up, has actually asked for advice and guidance.

And what has happened? These women who have been married longer, these women who seem more experienced than she—not one of them has been really helpful. Some of them, apparently, are vague and confused in the information they give. Others worry her with the attitude they assume. The trouble probably lies in the fact that they have all received advice upon this subject so *different*, so *conflicting*, that they hesitate to pass it on to anyone else.

Of course there is always a reason for a situation like this, and the reason in this case is the kind of antiseptic to be employed.

Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic. Ask the doctor and trained nurse. You will find that much as they approve of the hygienic cleanliness they will not condone the use of poisonous antiseptics. Nobody knows better than they the dangers which are involved. Nobody has seen more than they the damage which has been caused.

In bottles:
30c, 60c, \$1
Both in U. S. A.
and Canada



The truth of the matter is that until recently the only antiseptics strong enough for this purpose were caustic and poisonous.

Zonite is safe as pure water

Women insisted upon using bichloride of mercury, for example, and all too many of them learned what mercurial poisoning is. Others used the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names. They, too, were in danger, in danger of hardened membranes, interference with normal secretions, areas of scar-tissue.

Fortunately, with the coming of Zonite, danger completely disappeared from the practice of feminine hygiene. Zonite is as safe as pure water. Yet it is a pow-

When tested by the methods used by the United States Government, a single teaspoonful of Zonite kills over 150 billion (not million) pus germs, or staphylococci, in less than 10 seconds.

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FEB. 1,
1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 5

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

IN PRAISE OF READING

This is our 1930 editorial on the value of reading.

Some who have good memories or keep old copies of Liberty may think it sounds like our 1928 editorial on the value of reading. No doubt they are right. Our ideas on the subject haven't changed much.

We think that nowadays many of us do not read as wisely as we might. Most of us, in fact. How many people do you know who greatly enlarge their intelligence by their reading?

It is often wondered why our Revolutionary forefathers—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and so on—could write so clearly; and, by the same token, could think so clearly, for it is difficult to write a proposition clearly unless clear thought is behind the writing.

We often marvel that they could have built a constitution and a federal union practically out of their heads. They had nothing before them to imitate directly.

Well, theirs was a day when newspapers appeared only once a week and magazines virtually not at all.

Very few books came from the printing press. There were no radios, no telephones, no moving pictures.

May it not have been because they lacked a lot of distractions that they were able to reflect and ponder and think straight to the heart of a subject?

In these days life as we live it is very broad but not very deep.

We are surrounded and beset by superficial things; we have come to be like round stones with the corners rubbed off.

Those giants of a former day lived simply and had time for meditation. They relished the seclusion of their libraries or their country estates. They gave much of their days and nights to writing and thinking.

And what they read was good.

They read and re-read Shakespeare and the Bible—those incomparable storehouses of human wisdom and stately language. Nowadays people don't read either much, but there is no better reading to enrich one's thought or form one's style.

Then they read Plutarch, Addison and Steele, the state papers of Pitt and Fox, and so on. They had a lot of leisure for reading and a lot of leisure to reflect without reading.

We moderns don't have time to read methodically, nor do we ever allow ourselves to be alone if we can help it.

We don't suppose there is any use in bewailing past times or proposing that telephones, running water, and heat be taken out of our houses to make life more rigorous, because no one is going to do that.

And the average citizen of the United States probably is ahead of the average man of 150 years ago mentally and in every other way.

But we can at least give a little thought to our reading.

Almost all of us read newspapers. A good many read magazines. Some read motion-picture titles—though we can just listen now if we prefer—and quite a number read novels in book form.

All of which is excellent, but there are other things. Many fine biographies are now to be had, and there is a lively interest in them; these humanize history and make it interesting. H. G. Wells' monumental and fascinating work, *The Outline of History*, may now be obtained for a dollar. We give it, cheerfully, this much free advertising.

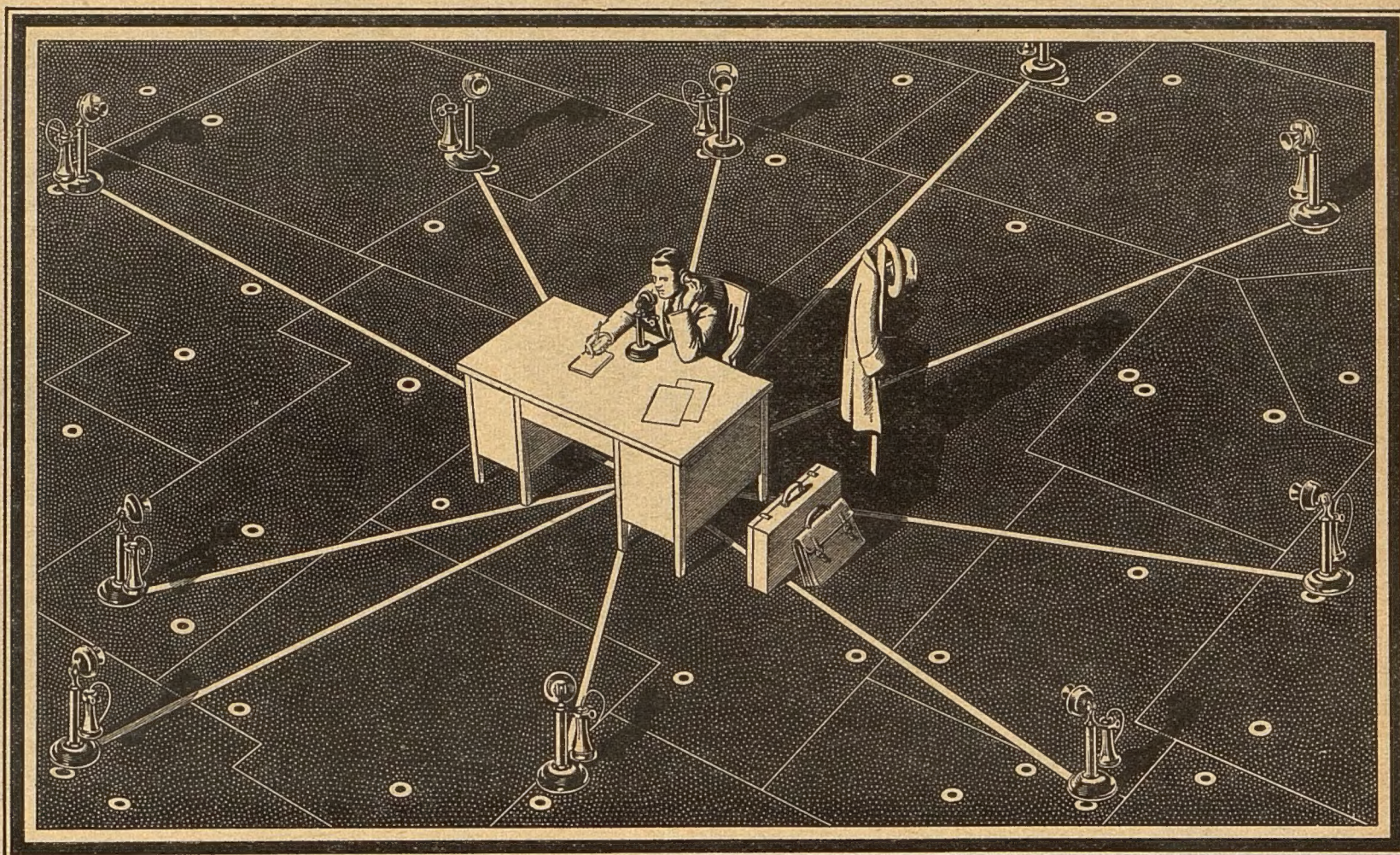
And among the classics—the books that have lived through centuries and are more alive today than ever—you cannot go wrong.

These winter evenings are the time to read. We recommend spending some of them with a good book—of course after you have finished reading Liberty.

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They Cover their Territory twice as often by Telephoning from Key Towns



A MANUFACTURING company, marketing its product nationally, was faced with serious competition. Its salesmen could visit customers only at intervals of several months. They could give little time to developing new prospects. Regional mills and other competitors were making deep inroads into its business.

A Key Town Plan of telephoning was presented to this company and adopted. Its use enables the salesmen to cover their territory at least twice as often, at proportionately lower cost.

The Key Town Plan is used by many business firms to meet modern conditions. Under this method, the representative goes to the key cities in person. From these he conducts his business in the surrounding area by telephone, buying and selling goods,

building good-will, answering questions, adjusting complaints, quoting prices or specifications.

In this way he can cover territory far more quickly. Many business men alternate personal visits with telephone calls, visiting certain cities on one trip and telephoning nearby ones, and reversing the procedure the next.

There is now in effect a further reduction in various long distance rates, saving telephone users of the United States more than \$5,000,000 a year. This is the fourth reduction within little more than three years. It is part of the fundamental policy of the Bell System, which is to provide the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Out of town calls are *Quick . . . Easy . . . More economical than ever.*



Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices
Where Tooth Decay May Start

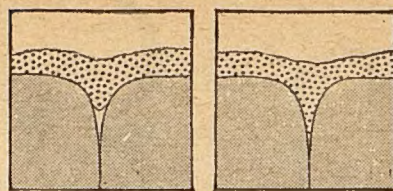
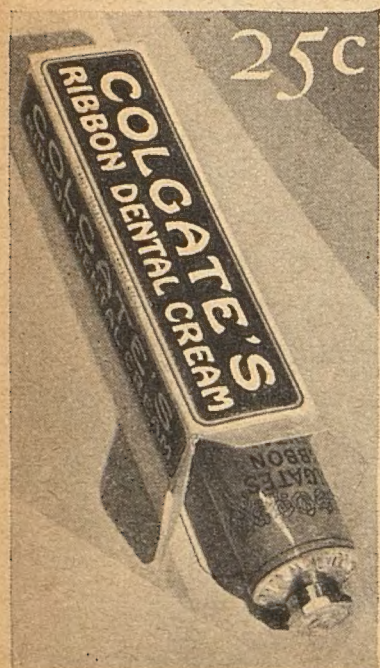


Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam enters and cleanses the tiny pits and fissures where decay may start?

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny pits and fissures of the teeth and gums, softening the impurities which become lodged in these hard-to-reach places and *washing* them away in a surging, antiseptic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans . . . giving your teeth double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot possibly cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean*. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-523, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

The *Angel* of the *Palms*

*A
Tale
of the
New
Hebrides*

By

BEATRICE
GRIMSHAW



an English writer who has lived for many years in the South Sea Islands which are the scene of her colorful novels and short stories. She has a remarkable record as an explorer of those romantic and dangerous lands, and has penetrated to many spots never before reached by a white woman.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

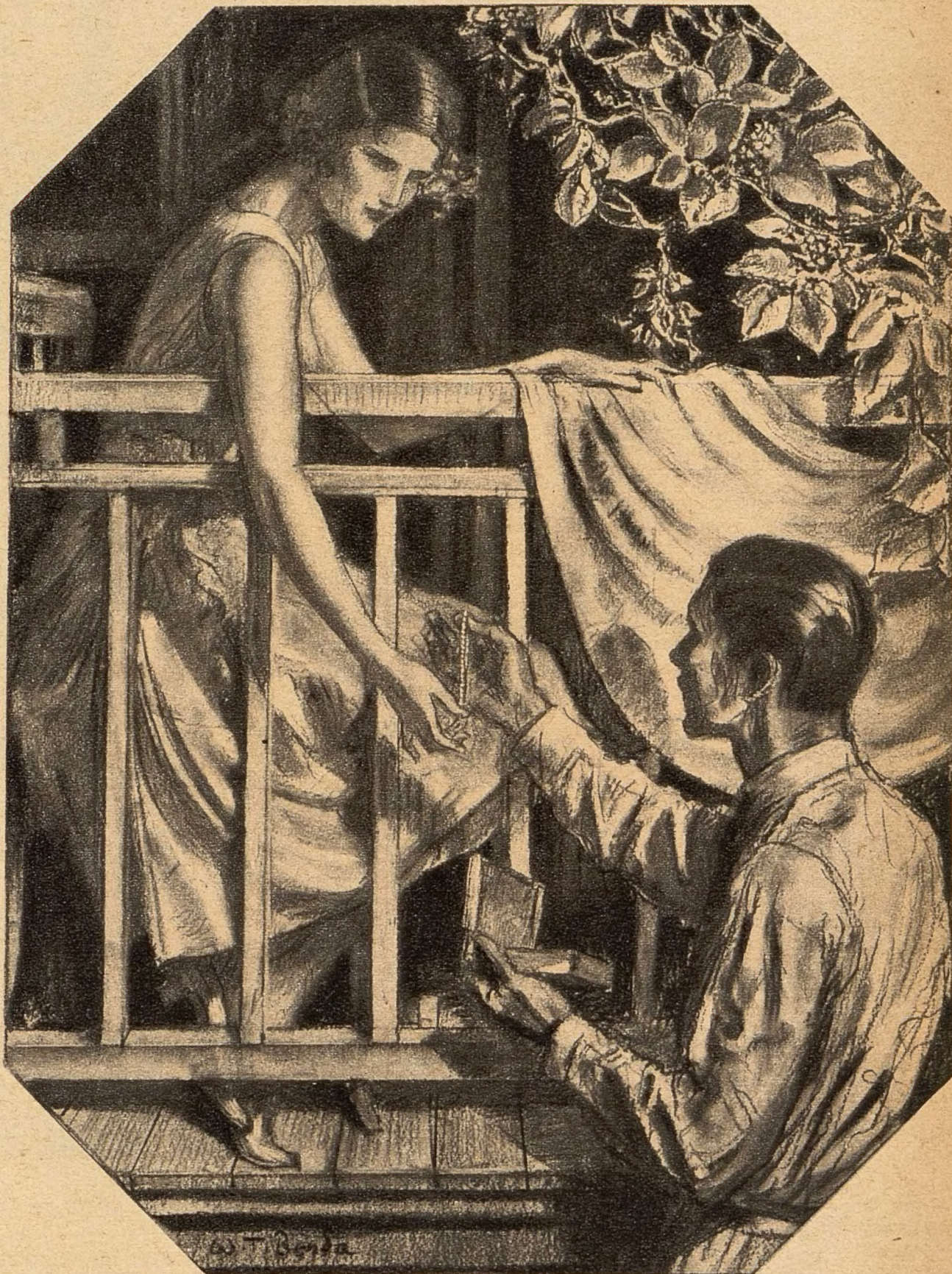
THERE was dancing at the plantation in Neptune Bay, and all the town was there.

All, that is, save the French storekeeper and his wife; the missionary who lived on the beach—and Bligh.

Captain Bright, owner of the plantation and giver of the dance, had done that which was not done in the New Hebrides in the Days-Before-the-War—he had drawn lines. Not lines between white and black, white and tea-colored; that was understood and allowed. He had set up social differences.

His daughter Angel was home from her Sydney school; a convent school, where Angel had been guarded and cherished, taught absolutely everything, including morals and calisthenics, and sent forth to a spotted world as white as her own name.

Could you, upon that, receive such persons as Mesdames Retailaud, the (duplicated) partners of Monsieur Retailaud; Jones, who had become an avowed atheist since leaving his mission; and Bligh, black sheep? Not if an ex-whaling captain still retained his personality and



"I came," he said, "to tell you you are safe. Take your pearls and be careful of them."

his whaling-ship habit of making people jump to his will.

One did not send out invitations in Walu town. One opened house, set the piano going, prepared the feast, and sat back to let the dance run itself. So far, Bright had followed the custom. But down at the gate he stationed one of his old sailors with precise orders; and the sailor, as much in awe of Bright as if he had still been on the Lucy Anne, obeyed without question.

It took him some minutes to persuade Pierre Retailaud that he and his wives were not to enter Paradise, where already the Angel, sparkling in silver and white roses, was leading the dance; and when the persuasion was finished, and mesdames had tied up Pierre's jaw and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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taken him home, the old salt was strangely striped in the face, very much as if a cat—two cats—had clawed him. The renegade missionary went quietly; he was always a little drunk, but never reached fighting stage. Bligh—

Bligh hadn't gone. He was standing in the shade of the big bananas that marked the gateway, quite quiet, arms folded, slouch hat pulled down over his eyes. There had been no fighting between himself and the sailor. Told that he couldn't come in, he had asked with a dangerous spark in his half-visible eyes, "Why?" and hearing that it was "Captain's orders," had nodded and moved out of the way a little in silence.

"He wouldn't punch a bloke for what wasn't a bloke's fault," thought the seaman. "And he can't punch the old man, what might be his grandfather. So there's for you, blanky Bligh!" This sailor hated Bligh. Pressed to give a reason, he would have said that it was because Bligh was "lardy-da." A curt and comprehensive summing up of his point of view, which latter-day psychologists would probably have labeled "inferiority complex."

It was nothing of the kind, however. Greaves revered a gentleman, labeled as such, readily (as you and I) gave homage to wealth and position. This Bligh hadn't a decent suit of clothes, owed money all over the town, was always fighting, and often drunk. How could you bow down to him, and how dared he have manners? He had even worse; he had manner—if Greaves had known the distinction.

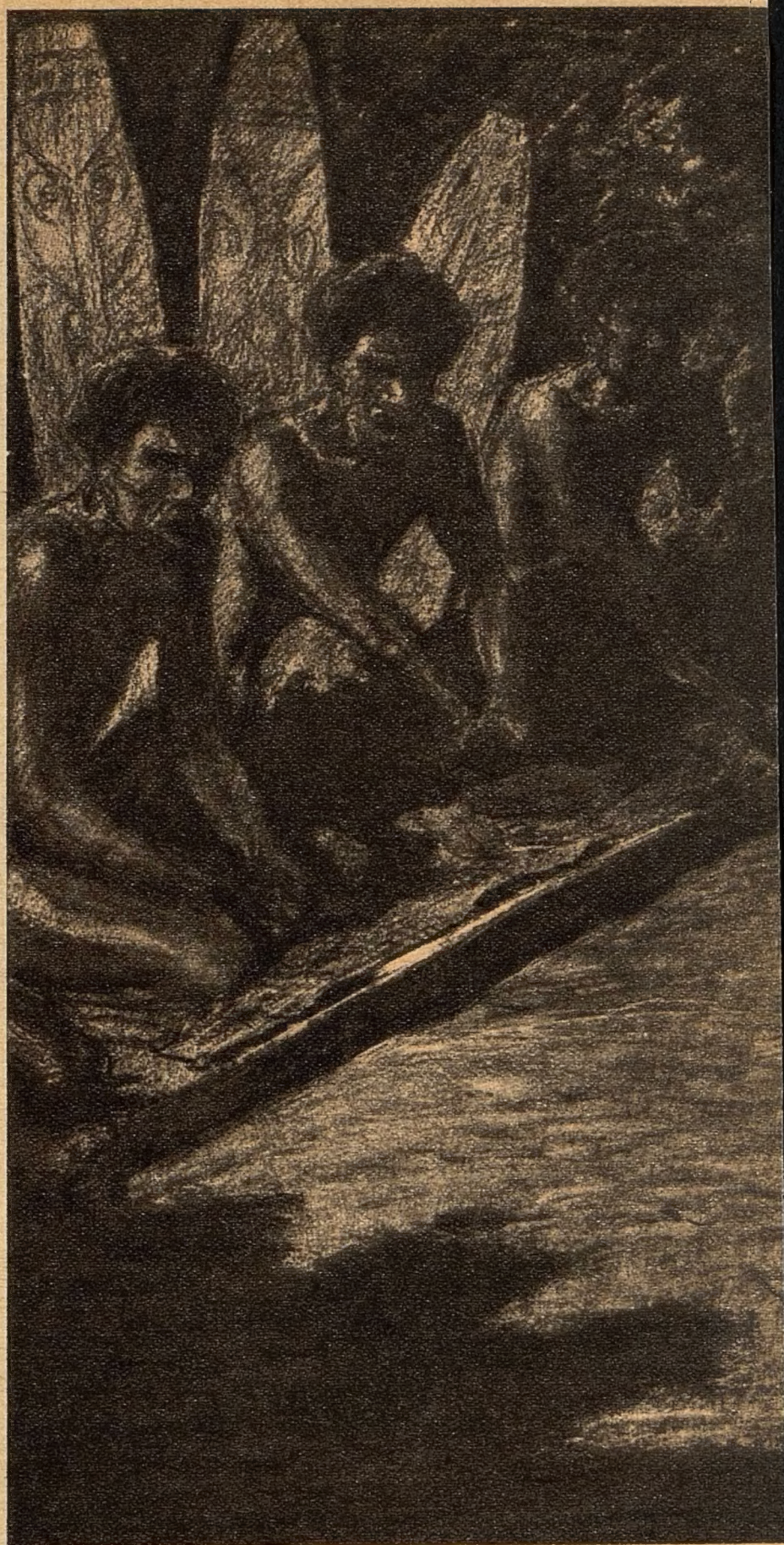
Consequently, Greaves was glad to keep him out of the one festivity that Walu had known that year. Greaves, in his new white shirt and trousers, his teaklike face freshly shaved, felt himself to be the last word in respectability. He wasn't shut out; he was going in by and by to serve the supper, and take an ample share of it. He would have grinned at Bligh if he dared. But you did not monkey with Bligh unless you were tired of life.

The favored guests had gone in now, and dancing was in full swing. From the high arched gateway, with the tall bananas bending over, one could plainly see the dancers, for the Captain's house, like all island homes, was more shell than nut, a vast space of veranda surrounding a little kernel of bedroom, and on the veranda all entertainments took place. It was the height of the cool season; the thermometer stood at little above eighty degrees—and nobody needed more than two shifts of clothing a day—but even in this extremity of island winter you did not, unnecessarily, close yourself within four walls.

THE pianist, a temperamental Frenchman, swayed and nodded over the keyboard of Captain Bright's new semi-grand; the traders and pearl-ers and planters of Walu slid down the long veranda, clasping each other's daughters and wives in their shirt-sleeved arms; kerosene lamps with crystal lustres tinkled and shone; girls laughed; and above all the Blue Danube, plangent, immortal, sang, as for fifty years it had sung, as for five-and-twenty more it has continued singing, the shortness of love, the swiftness of oncoming death. The dancers, understanding nothing of this, but feeling it, nevertheless, held their partners closer as the Danube began; felt their lips burn with the longing for kisses, kisses, before all lips should grow cold. . . .

Angel Bright danced with Spencer Compton, the manager of the company (there was at that time only one company in the islands). He was the most personable, as he was the most important, partner on that veranda. Tall, full of figure, tailored in spotless white; with flushed good-looking face, fair mustache, and light, pleasant eyes; with teeth so white and shining that one would have thought them false if he had not smiled so often; with a kindly, jolly expression and an excellent dancing style, the bachelor manager was certainly Angel's preordained partner.

Bligh, outside, looked at the dancing pair, and seemed to form opinions; but if the hat he wore had been pushed back from his half-concealed face, no one would have known by his expression what he thought. Nevertheless,



They caught the savage splendor of the drums

his gaze stayed long and steadily on Angel. Angel, whom nobody in the township had seen since she was twelve, six years ago, seemed fully to justify her dead mother's fanciful choice of a name. She was as fair as dawn; she had blue eyes, and a faint pink color in her cheeks; her hair floated round her head in ash-blonde curls, counted wondrous and rare, beautiful in those dark ages before the coming of the permanent wave. She was almost as tall as her father, and her figure, in its strength and slimness, resembled his. That resemblance, and the level line of the dark brows above the doll-blue eyes, lent (to a close observer) a curious piquancy to the deliberately cultivated angelic air of Angel Bright.

Crown of white roses, long gauzy sleeves floating like wings, frock of sparkling white, made classic fashion, like a Bible picture of a seraph's robe—not all these could render entirely insipid this daughter of a whaling captain with the salt sea in his blood. Angel, the woman, rose above the absurdity of her dress.

Bright was entirely delighted with her and her attire;



ree hundred yards they danced, into the native village no one dared visit unarmed.

more deeply intoxicated with the beauty and wonder of this creature whom he had called to being than ever he had been with drink. He could not cease talking of her. He came down the banana walk by and by, mopping his neck, for the island winter was not so chill as usual, that night, and a man began to need a second shirt earlier in the evening than he should have done. He had the manager with him, and was telling him, for the fortieth time, all about his marriage to Angel's mother, and the manager was listening patiently, cutting the tip off a cigar meanwhile. One could bear it because of the girl. . . .

BUT Bligh, so still and quiet among the bananas that nobody saw him, and even the sailor Greaves forgot his presence, drank it all in.

"When my first dear wife died," said the captain, "my two daughters was left—that's Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jim Forrest, you know—they was twenty and twenty-two then; the boy had died, and my wife she quit on me after

he was born, and there was no more. Well, when she went, I waited a decent time, and then, because, d'ye see, I was only fifty-one and a man's a man, I went to my daughters, and says I, 'Girls, I'm going to marry again, and I'll take no back answers about it. What do you say?'

"So they says, says they, 'Father, we'd rather you didn't, but we know we can't stop you in anything.' 'That's right,' sezzi. 'Now, if there's one thing I can't abide in my house, it's quarreling and grousing, and I won't have it. You can choose your new mother yourself, and I'll stick to it, and then we'll have no coming aft to the old man with no complaints.'

"Now,' sezzi, 'there's two widows and three unmarried women in this township; which of them will you have? For myself,' sezzi, 'my fancy runs to the Widow Johnson.'

"AND so it did; she was a fine upstanding woman with a bosom on her like a ship's figure-head, and a jolly black eye, and she'd had two already, and buried them both, cheerful and decent. But the girls, they says, says they, 'Whoever you marry, father, don't let it be her.' So I says, 'I'll stick by my word; which of them will you have?' 'If you must marry,' says they, 'we'd rather it was Miss Hope than any of them.'

"Now, Miss Hope—she was a missionary girl—had just come out from home, belonged to some great family, so they said, and had taken

a job minding the heathen because of some one she wanted and couldn't marry. And the girls—I'm cursed if they didn't pick her because they thought she wouldn't look the same side of the street I was on. But I knew a trick worth two of that; I knew she was sick of the Gospel job, not bein' built that way by nature, and I saw a spark in the corner of her eye that seemed to me might burn up into a fire—that's to say, if it blew great guns where she was about. So it did blow great guns, and so—she married me."

He stopped to take a cigar from the manager and light it. Compton, eager to escape the end of an oft-told tale, hastily interposed: "Yes, and I understand your daughters never made any trouble."

"They didn't," said Bright deliberately, his hands cupped round the cigar. "They knew what I had on the tip of my tongue to say if they did. So we all got on peaceable, and when the baby came, they were like mothers to her. And Lucy—she lived long enough to

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[THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS]
Continued from page nine

wean it, and after that the fever took her off. But it seemed to me," he paused a minute, "seemed to me I'd had enough of marrying by then. Women are queer cattle."

He was silent. Compton, who had heard from other lips the story of that ill-assorted, quickly ended match, said nothing. He still hoped to escape, back to the dancing veranda and Angel. They were playing White Heather now; people were chanting the air; they sang, swingingly, as they danced, about Bonnie Prince Charlie and Over the Sea to Skye. Compton hummed it. A long way off, on the native dancing ground beyond the palms, black cannibals heard the singing, and stamped and shouted in reply.

"Her mother kept her mouth shut about her folks," went on the captain. "I reckon she had quarreled with them. They never left her nothing, anyhow, except the necklace."

"What necklace?" Compton's light eyes suddenly grew wider.

"The ones she's wearing."

"Isn't that local stuff? Those pearls?"

"Not on your life. Ceylon. Picked.

Matched. Good enough even for Angel. Was her grandmother's—sent to Lucy with the old coot's forgiveness and a blessing when she died. Much good the blessing done any one. Luce was going to sell it for the mission when I come along, but I stopped that. It's a nice thing for Angel, but she don't need to depend on that. She's my daughter and an heiress anyhow. She'll marry well, or I'll know the reason why. Angel's a lady, A 1 at Lloyd's, and I'll sort her acquaintances for her. Feel like another dance, Compton?"

"If I can have one with your daughter."

"You come along and I'll see that you do." They went back to the house. The sandy dust lay light as powdered sugar under the moon. There was no wind tonight; the enormous shadows of the bananas were painted black and still upon the whitened ground. Not more quiet than they was the shadow of the wide hat brim that marked the unmoving head of Richard Bligh. He was a still fellow when he chose. Not even his lips moved, though he was thinking—as only the educated man thinks—in words and phrases instead of pictures. The pictures were there, too, but the words came first.

"If it blew great guns—tonight—what would happen?"

That was an odd thought, with the sky as clear as a ballroom floor, and a moon like a new-minted shilling looking down through black unmoving boughs.

"Hope . . ." was the next word that flitted through his mind. "And the schooner was called Lucy. I wonder was it the same?"

PICTURES came now; pictures of a famous love affair, a strange, sad, passionate story, with one Lucy Hope as the heroine, and a vocation to the mission field as the end—so far as England knew.

"Children resemble their parents—sometimes."

The phrase came clear as the shilling-shaped moon; and like the moon, now climbing above the trees, cast a flood of light upon things heretofore dusk and uncertain. Bligh laughed a short, sharp laugh, buttoned his white coat about his forty-two inches of muscular chest, and set off for the native village at a silent, loping run.

They said, in Walu settlement, that there was nothing Bligh couldn't do with the cannibals. Certainly he was never afraid of them, and his lean, tall figure was well known, night and day, among the dusky little smoky-smelling hamlets of thatch and stick that came up here and there like springing toadstools among the forests surrounding Walu settlement.

Nobody noticed his departure. Greaves had gone in and was busy tying wet cloths about sundry bottles, and setting them under the piles of the house to cool. Nobody

saw him come back, save, perhaps, the big naked chief of the dancing ground five hundred yards away. He had been talking to Bligh out there in the moonlit square among the monstrous devil figures and the gigantic tree-trunk drums. And when the said drums, silent usually except on nights of fierce and dangerous festival, suddenly began to thunder forth their heart-shaking beat, breaking the rhythm of the waltz and assaulting the minds of the dancers with a fury of bizarre and wild suggestions, no one supposed that anything but chance had caused the disaster.

Still, you could not dance chocolate waltzes with the drums of the cannibal village roaring like the crack of doom in your ears. Nor, in Walu of those days, a townlet existing by bare sufferance on the fringe of the hideous unknown, could you court death by attempting to stop a native festival, once it was in full swing.

No one expected attack, but every one was annoyed, dismayed. The fun of the night was over.

A CROWD gathered at the gate. The Angel was part of it; she and Compton, arm in arm, stood on the smooth, beaten-down pathway that ran from Captain Bright's house direct to the village, looking and wondering. Their feet were not still as they stood there. The devil drums, drowning all civilized music, had replaced it by something that was, to the tinkling waltzes, as fire to moonlight, as brandy to lemonade.

"That ends our dance; so sorry," said Compton, talking loud above the throbbing drum thunder. His feet tapped time on the hard ground—unconsciously—as he spoke.

"M—have the pleasure?" said some one indistinctly at his elbow. Angel turned; she saw, in the shadows of the moon, a tall, white figure. She could not place or name it, but that was nothing remarkable; stranger after stranger had danced with her already on this evening of her debut. Still, it was odd that she had not noticed that pair of shoulders. . . .

The drums had paused; a silence that left one's very stomach empty took possession of the place. Angel answered: "They'll begin again, I'm afraid, or, of course, I should be delighted." One had to be polite to every one, queer though most of these settlers seemed after one's years in Sydney town.

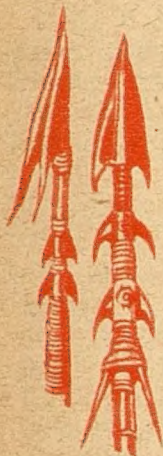
"Thanks, so much," said the voice, a voice more cultivated than most of those she had been hearing. And the drums broke out again, and Angel found an arm around her waist, and a hand in her hand—not the arm, the hand, of Compton the manager.

What followed will never be forgotten in Walu settlement.

The tall man, whose face no one yet had seen, led with Angel, dancing more swiftly and strangely than ever man yet had danced, down the long path outside the gate. What it was that he danced, nobody there knew; it may be he and Angel did not know themselves. That they were witnessing the birth of the yet unknown era of jazz; that in days to come all the world would go mad over the savage rhythms now crazing and bewildering the quiet folk of Walu, was certain in no one's mind. Dancing, for the people of that day, meant one-two-three to the sirupy wail of White Heather, one-two-three-four to the Black and Tan Polka. Not this. . . .

Yet they followed. Angel was the supreme dancer of her Sydney school; Bligh could dance as no other man in the islands. They caught the savage splendor of the drumbeat, and fled before it like leaves blown together and flying with the wind. Three hundred yards they danced, out in full moonlight, into the native village that no one dared to visit unarmed, and in the center of the dancing square, between the ranks of grinning, fiend-faced carven figures, they danced to the roaring of the tree-trunk drums, with the head-hunter tribe standing by in a forest of spears, stamping and shaking their bodies in fierce timebeat to the drums.

Long since the guests had given up; not for them to follow mad people into the mouth of hell, however strange and luring the Pied-Piper dance that called. Angel,



shaken by storms unheard of, blown upon winds of delight without a name, willingly would have danced on for ever. But Bligh knew when to make an end; besides, there was really some risk in trying his excitable friends too far.

By degrees he edged away from the dancing ground, backed Angel down the long pathway, and brought her at last, tired, winded, but glowing like a pink hibiscus flower, to the gate.

A crowd advanced to meet the pair, prominent among them Captain Bright, who had just grasped the situation, and was giving forth his opinion of it in tones that out-bellowed the drums. Audaciously Bligh swept the girl within six feet of him, bent over her, printed upon her mouth two kisses that burned like fire, and let her go.

After that nobody saw him.

Head-hunters are past masters of the art of melting away into their surroundings, vanishing almost while one looks at them. Bligh, it may be, had learned that trick from his savage friends. At all events, he was and was not, all in two-tenths of a second. And the drums had stopped, and the captain, staring wildly, looked like one who thinks he has seen a ghost. And from a long way off came softly, peacefully, the sound of spring tides washing on the shores of Neptune Bay.

Thus, as far as anyone may know, did the first man of the white race find jazz, making strange magic with it for his own ends.

It was half a year before the settlement of Walu saw Richard Bligh again.

There is no denying that the town was the quieter for his absence. Perhaps he was rather less of a firebrand than he had been called; perhaps his occasional bursts of noisy drinking, his fights, picked with anyone and every one who was able to put up a good show of science, had more reason and less vice in them than one might have thought.

Most of those who live in the red sunset land of Melanesia have memories that they would willingly let die; some kill memory, violently, if need be. As for the fights, Bligh was a magnificent boxer, and form, in boxing, is readily lost without practice. It cannot be said that he did not try to keep his form.

Perhaps the true front of his offending lay not in his fists, rather in his pockets, known by all to be empty. In London, Sydney, Shanghai, the South Seas, alike, poverty remains the unforgivable sin. For human nature, in all places, is the same. Bligh did not try to follow up his conquest, if a conquest it could be called. He went to another island and shipped on the Gospel schooner Dayspring (of all things) to do some intricate charting and piloting for the Mission. It was astonishing what Bligh knew about the art of taking soundings, unless one had happened to make a shrewd guess at the meaning of his queer, clipped mannerisms, his rat-trap mouth, the way he bore himself, as a man having cause for pride—he, who was one with the raffle of the beach.

NOBODY did guess. The court-martial that dismissed Lieutenant Bligh from the service of his king had taken place at Portsmouth, twelve thousand miles away. The post captain whose lip had been stitched, and whose teeth unsatisfactorily replaced as a consequence of events leading up to the court-martial, was retired in Kent. And if anyone in the New Hebrides remembered a middy called Bligh, who had been there fourteen years before, he would never have connected the pink-cheeked, pretty youngster with this broken man.

On the mission schooner he was very sober; he quarreled with no one; he hardly spoke. Once in a way he talked politics; he seemed to know a great deal more than other people about the past, present, and possible future of that stormy center of opposing national interests, the New Hebrides group. But for the most part he stuck to his job, swung the lead long hours each day, tirelessly worked out distances and bearings, and appeared to like

his own company better than that of anyone aboard. He had driven a hard bargain about pay, and meant, it seemed, to touch his money as soon as possible.

"It's a charity to give him something to do," said the missionaries. "He ought to clear out of the islands if he can't find a job." Many of them knew that they loved the red wild islands of the west better than life, better even than the work that had brought them there. But they never supposed that the same strange passion could have lured this broken man back to the New Hebrides, once seen in youth; held him, and kept him, despite all hardship. If they had known, they might have suggested that beggars could not be choosers, and that there were high stools unoccupied away in Sydney town.



THE end of the job came for Bligh, and after it, with the money he drew, he went trading on Aoba, where at that time "nobody" went; good profits, therefore, might be expected, if you lived long enough to gather them. Bligh contrived to live, and to get together a few more pounds. And it was now five months and three weeks since he had been to Neptune Bay, or heard anything about anybody living there; and his endurance was done. He counted his small gains, bought a slop suit of white from the store nearest to Walu, and

took boat for the settlement.

Bligh was a man who had had the usual amount of love affairs, no more and no less; rather less since his fall had taken place, for he was fastidious and cared little about cheap love. A young and handsome naval officer has every chance to form his taste on the best the world can give. Bligh, therefore, even in his fall, was not likely to decline upon fat traders' wives, or chocolate-colored belles. It followed that he was heart hungry; upon the night when he saw Angel dancing in the foolish panoply of wings and wreath the old heart hunger changed to gnawing famine. The absurdity of Angel's dress affected him not at all; he did not think for a moment that it was her own choice, any more than he thought the insipid prettiness of her face a true index to her character.

"She'd light up," he had thought to himself, smiling over the parallel suggested between Angel and Lucy Hope, who had indeed been a spark to the tempest.

With money enough in his pocket to pay his debts at Neptune Bay, he thought he might honestly return. From Angel he hoped nothing. The one sweet morsel of his wild dance with her was all he knew himself entitled to. Hungry he had gone ever since; hungry he must be. Yet—there was temptation. Bligh, who knew women, knew that he could fan that hidden spark in Angel's character to a flame—he, and no other—had he only the right.

It was incontestable that he had none, to an heiress of the islands, with or without that consent of her guardian that certainly would not be forthcoming.

He pictured her as the island ketch drove through December heat, December squalls, and blinding, luke-warm rain toward Neptune Bay. He thought of her as last he had seen her, standing at the gate of her father's bungalow, with the great plantation behind her, with the tall figure of Bright beside her, barely outsoaring her own, with her pearl necklace and her costly dress, a cherished, guarded creature. . . . He saw himself, sea-battered, shabby, his old felt hat pulled down over his eyes, lying on the hatch of the boat, a blackened pipe between his teeth. . . . More than her equal in the long ago, had he known her; beneath the soles of her light dancing feet now.

They had sighted Neptune Bay; the line of the breakers showed wool-white against the surging green of the anchorage. He could see the plantation. He could see—

"I say," came a half-drunken voice behind him, "where d'ya want to be landed?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]

[THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS]
Continued from page eleven

The owner of the ketch had been lying incapable in the little cabin ever since they started; his native boys had sailed the boat, with help from Bligh. Now he was sobering by degrees and able to talk.

"Opposite Bright's plantation; you know the place," was Bligh's answer.

"Bright's? Bright's? Where in hell've you been livin' that you talk of Bright's?"

"You're drunk. Set me down where I told you."

"Drunk, am I? Well, maybe I am, but I'm not too drunk to know that Bright's dead and buried two munces, and the French Government" (he paused to curse the French Government in gross and in detail) "has the plantation. Put you down at Bright's, I don't think."

"Put me down at the s'uth'ard end of the beach." There was no discussion, no comment. The ketch owner, disappointed in his effect, steered southward, and slung the dinghy out. He was five feet ten, and heavily built; Bligh would punch him one, he thought, if he didn't look out. For he knew that Bligh always punched big ones, let little ones alone.

At the southward end of the beach, with the wet wind blowing, Bligh stood uncertain, dismay in his heart. He knew at once what had happened. All the land titles about Neptune Bay were more or less uncertain. Plantations, trading stations, were held more by might than right, even when the latter existed.

With Bright gone, the tenure of the place he had built up was not to be counted on—if anyone else took a fancy to it.

Besides, Bligh knew—what he knew—about the possibilities of crime and trouble in the islands. Not for nothing was he a student of island politics, curious, interested, as every naval or ex-naval man must be, about international relations. That which he knew weighed heavy on his mind.

"Why didn't I ask the fool where she is?" he thought angrily.

But the ketch was at sea again, reeling drunkenly through choppy waves. Fresh squalls were trampling out from the northwest, the rain was lashing, and there was not a soul on the beach.

Bligh began to run. The disquiet in his mind was almost a physical pain by now. One could perhaps find out something at the plantation. One must!

The gate—how well he remembered it as it had been that night; all moon, with the flags of the tall bananas drooping over, still as banners hung in the roof of a baronial hall. . . . Today the enormous leaves were thrashed and driven, battered to green rags; the gateposts cringed to the pushes of the wind; flowers were knocked down, spattered like confetti about the path. Nothing left to remind one—

STAY. There was something. Just outside the gate, Greaves, the guardian with the flaming sword who had kept watch outside the gates of Paradise that night, was, strangely, watching again. It appeared that he was looking out for Bligh. At all events he stepped forward with a certain eagerness to meet him.

"I seen you coming in the ketch," he stated without preliminary. "You done me in the eye that night the old man give the dance, but I haven't no grutch again you." He stopped and looked at the other appraisingly.

"God!" thought Bligh. "He has aged ten years. What's happened? What's he want with me?" He saw that Greaves was judging him, sizing him up. "Will he do?" was written on the old sailor's face.

"Tell me," shouted Bligh, bending against the wind and the tepid rain. "Where's Miss Angel? Is she all right?"

"No," yelled Greaves in reply.

"Is she here?"

"Yes." Bligh could catch the muttered thunder roll of a good, long, seamanly curse. "Come into the copra house—I'll tell you."

In the semidarkness of the shed, piled up with nutty-smelling bags, Greaves spoke. His teak-hard face showed no emotion, but the eyes were burning.

"The old man, he was hit by a tree which he was fallin'—and he knew no more about fallin' trees than any other sailorman would—and he never lived an hour."

"Yes?" It seemed that Greaves could not unpack his story all at once; bit by bit it came, between the ravings of the wind.

"Compton, he went to the Government, and says to them, 'My company owns this plantation by rights.' And they says, 'Now you mention it, we reckon you do.' And he says, blind him,

'You 'old it for me and I'll run it, and me and my company we won't forget it.' And they says, 'Don't you.'"

Silence again for a moment; coconut leaves thrashing furiously upon the iron roof of the hut as if they would beat it in.

"AND Miss Angel, she come to him, and she says, 'You 'and over my old man's close and watch and the things he 'ad in his room and mine, and my mum's pickcher, and you can go to 'ell if you like.' Or words to that effect. And he says, 'I want fifty pounds for them.' 'Fifty pounds, my granny,' she says. 'You took everything.' And he says 'I never. You got your pearls. I'll 'ave them as security,' says he, 'and when you can give me the fifty, you can get them back, and the boys will take your stuff round tonight.' She 'ad a little house she was livin' in, with me to do for 'er. I wouldn't see the old man's girl left alone."

Bligh held himself in. There was a trickle of blood on his lower lip now, but he did not speak.

Slowly the sailor unwound his yarn. "Miss Angel, she give them, and she got the things all right, and they're in the little 'ut now. So I sold all the bits of things I could and borrowed here and there, and I raised fifty. And she goes to him with it, and, says she, 'My pearls, please, which you 'ad as security.' And he says, 'I dono what you mean; I never had none.' 'Ho!' says Miss Angel, and lef' him, contemptuous. And when she was going out of the gate, he comes after her; he says, 'You'll do instead of the fifty, and maybe I can find some pearls for you after all.' But Miss Angel, she pasted him one on the jor when he tried to kiss her, and she come running back to me."

Another long pause followed. Light from the unwindowed copra shed was fading; through the one door the vision of tumbling seas and wildly thrashing palms grew darker, even as one looked. Bligh, standing with face turned toward the door, saw nothing. Across his eyes there lay the red cloud that once or twice had risen like a mist of blood upon his life and the lives of others, shutting out all else.

"And then," said Greaves in a tone of finality, "I see you comin', and I laid for you."

Bligh turned toward him. His mind was clear now; his pathway clear also, but the red hue remained.

"Why?" was his answer.

Greaves drew the back of his hand across his mouth

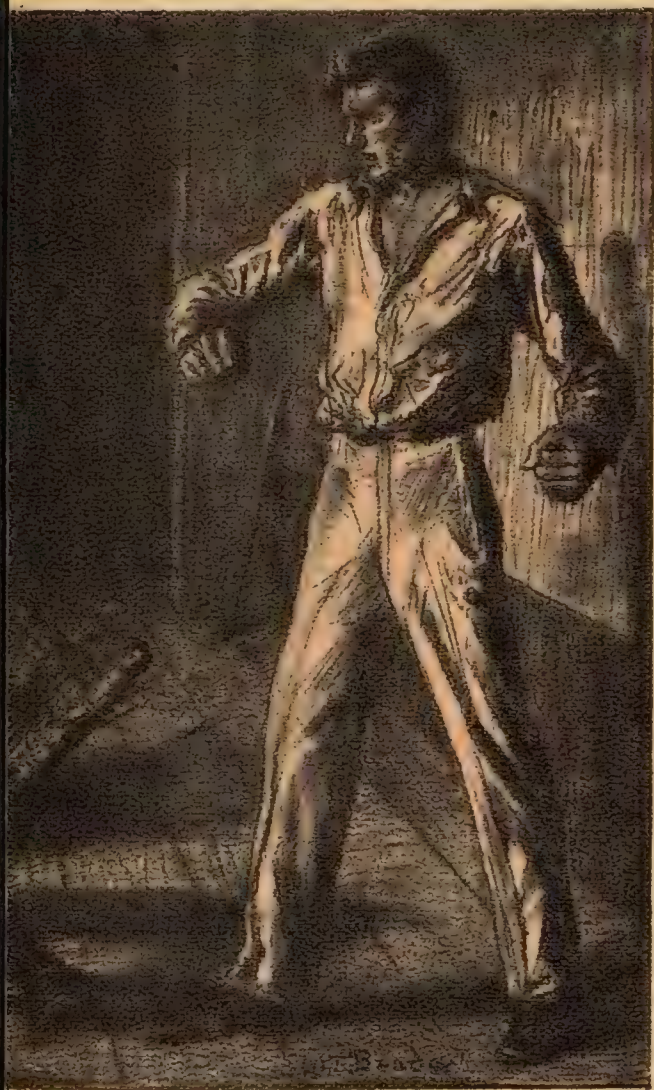


Bligh waited, looking at

in an embarrassed manner. "Becaws," he said, "I knew you didn't stick at nothing. And—becaws—there's only a hiron wall between the two rooms, and she says things in her sleep. 'Bligh,' she says, 'Richer Bligh,' she says, and—"

"That's enough!"

"Well, there wasn't no more, don't you flatter yourself. I suppose she thought she wanted what they calls in the storybooks she's so fond of, a hired hurrah, like." It



ure that lay supine upon the floor.

took Bligh a second or two to puzzle out the meaning of this; realize that Greaves intended, unflatteringly, to compare him to a mercenary bravo.

"Come on," was all he said in reply, turning up the collar of his ragged raincoat, and plunging out into the storm. Greaves, catching him by the elbow, steered the way among the palms that swayed and groaned in the wind to a track among the underbrush. A two-roomed cottage was at the end of it. On the veranda, steadying herself against a supporting post, stood Angel.

She had a coarse, cotton frock on, she who had worn silver and fine lace when last he saw her;

the floating curls were netted down; and the delightful foolish angelic ornaments gone. Something had gone with them, Bligh, in one illuminating moment, saw. Angel the schoolgirl was no more.

She welcomed him courteously. "I haven't seen you lately, have I?" she said, making conversation. "Will you come in and take off your wet coat? Can I get you some tea?" She was polite, a little distant; but Bligh, who knew so much of agony and terror, could see the shaken soul of her behind it all. "They have frightened you," he thought. "They have broken your wings, my Angel." And he swore a silent oath that "they" should pay.

LATER, with the wind going down outside, and the lamps lit in Angel's iron cottage, Bligh heard the story. It was much as Greaves had related it, but there were details. Angel had tried to find shelter with one or other of the trading families till she could get away to Sydney again. "For I know the Sisters would take me," she said. "I could teach music and—dancing." She faltered a little over the last word; Bligh thought, almost, that she blushed. The trading families had made excuse. They were all afraid of the company; if not of the company, the thing that passed in the islands for Government. Only Greaves, with his small savings, and his large loyalty to the "old man," had been willing to stick by her.

But there was more. With steadfast modesty, Angel, pressed for the whole truth, told it. Compton was in love with her, after his fashion, and Compton, it turned out, had a wife "down south," so there could be no question of marriage, and there lay the whole trouble. He desired the plantation; he had got it, illegally—if there was any law in the matter. He wanted Angel's jewels; he had

got them. And now he wanted more. He had tried, the last time she saw him, to force her into the house. She had struck him and escaped.

"But," she said, and paused. "But—" It seemed as if she could not get the next words out. "—I never dared to tell poor Greaves," she half whispered, her eyes growing suddenly dark. "He'd have gone straight away and got killed, and then what would I— He has set the natives on me."

"Compton has?" Bligh spoke very quietly. Angel, looking down on the ground, did not see his face suddenly whiten with the pale rage that shakes, then steels the heart.

"He has promised them rewards," she whispered. "I see them—everywhere. They wait when I go out. I daren't move. They would have me—tie me—take me to him—and all so quietly that nobody would know, until—until—"

She cried. With delicacy, with restraint, with her hands clasped over her face, striving against the humiliation of giving way before this man who was almost a stranger. Bligh watched her in silence for a minute; then he stretched forward one long powerful arm, and gathered Angel on to his knees. "Don't mind me," he said. "I'm just something to cry against. Have it out. Cry as much as you like; it's all over, and you're safe."

"I can't be," she said, drawing a little away from him, her face suddenly flushed. "No one can do anything. The whole island's with him. Missionaries might help, but there's no station here. And, you know, the Government isn't anything."

"No," he said, looking at her strangely. "The Government isn't anything. It's only a name. This is a queer place. The only place in the world where there's no real law; it belongs to the natives; still, and till England or France takes over, anyone can do anything he likes."

SHE stared at him. The touch of his warm shoulder seemed to hearten her, but she could not understand his words. "I—I can't even get away in a boat," she said. "We tried. They were watching—they're everywhere—and they came round in their canoes, and we couldn't even launch her."

"Yes," said Bligh.

She had slipped quietly to the floor again, and regained her seat, whence she looked with some perplexity at this strange, hard creature, so near her, yet so far away. . . . Who could understand him? Yet, and yet, the world was changed since he had come.

She was moved to go on, finish her yet unfinished tale.

"The worst of it is that I think—I think—he means to have the house attacked. Any time."

"Any time," agreed Bligh. Then he got up from his chair, shook hands with her as if he had just concluded an ordinary call, told her briefly that he thought the weather'd improve, but that there was a good deal more rain to come yet—and was gone.

Outside in the watery moonlight Greaves was waiting. The man's whole aspect had altered since the afternoon; he looked younger, excited, almost gay. But he did not attempt to detain Richard Bligh, or to speak to him, beyond one brief sentence:

"Good luck to you—sir."

It was the first time for many years that anyone had called him "sir." There was a pleasant thrill about the sound of it; it stirred him, made him walk a little more quickly down the long pathway and toward the native village. It seemed that he had business to do there.

Later, as he passed the hut again, Angel looked out and saw him; recognized, far off in dim moonlight, the long, easily moving limbs, the head, defiantly tilted backward on its powerful neck, the wide hat pulled low over smoldering invisible eyes. She felt those eyes; she could have drawn the face, line for line.

Angel, like her dead mother, was strong to confront truth. That face, she knew, would henceforward show itself to her, shining above her pillow in the gloom of sleepless nights; the sound of one voice, a voice dark-colored, deep, vibrating like the bourdon hum of dusky bees, would follow her whether she was companied or

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS]
Continued from page thirteen

alone. She, who had never loved, knew these things because of the "wisdom in women, of more than they have known." But whether she was glad or sorry she did not know.

Much she accepted, much left behind, in the long sigh that followed. She turned from the window and busied herself silently with things of the house.

Bligh had reached the plantation, once the property of Bright and of Angel. In front of it he paused a little, taking a long look at the place where Angel six months ago had lived, and where she had thought, no doubt, to end her days. The house was a fine one, as island houses go. It had four or five well furnished rooms, and there was also an extra room, a sort of study or office, set away from the others at one end. Bligh looked at this, and silently mounted the steps that led to it. Within, plain to be seen beneath a hanging lamp, was Compton, casting up accounts. A decent enough fellow he seemed as he sat there, busily at work; plumpish, pink-skinned, rather benevolent looking than otherwise. . . . Bligh understood, almost, why the townsfolk had not instantly taken Angel's part. Who could believe—horrors—of this tidy gentleman?

Bligh could, and so could anyone else who had seen the fine blue eyes of Compton, moved by some vague uneasiness, look up from their accounts and instantly turn to the eyes of a frightened fiend as they caught sight of the unbidden caller, standing stiff and silent within six feet. Compton was very quick in reaching for the table drawer, but Bligh was quicker.

Bligh got his arm before he could touch the knob, and pulled him out of his chair, crooked and swinging, as a child pulls a doll. "Stand up!" he said. Compton stood up. "You can shout if you like," said Bligh. "Your men are my men." Compton remembered that people had said, "Bligh can do anything with cannibals." He remembered that Bligh had always let their women alone; and that he—had not. He knew for how much that stood. He did not shout. Instead, he threw a glance at the safe in the corner, and asked uneasily, "How much do you want?"

BLIGH said, "I want everything." The words fell clipped and cold; they seemed to carry enormous significance, like things heard in nightmares. Compton swallowed once or twice before he answered, "Money? How much? I haven't much. I'm deep in, that's why I—that's why—" His words trailed off into silence; he saw that Bligh was not listening.

"There's no law here," said the cold voice, falling on him again like a wind from the edge of the world.

"No," said Compton, trying to smile. "No law. Certainly not." He felt that all this nonsense must be a dream; he would wake up presently.

"There's justice everywhere," went on the voice. "I'm justice. You may have a chance for your life. Fight."

Save only Bligh himself, there was no finer boxer than Compton in the islands. Soft as he was, indulgently as he had lived, he still had power behind his punch, and the searing knowledge that he fought for life increased that power fivefold. Seven minutes the duel raged before he went down to a blow on the temple that would have felled a fighting stallion.

Bligh waited, looking at the figure that lay supine upon the floor. White and gold moths, satin-winged, beat round and round the lamp; they had not bated an inch of their wild circling since the fight began. Under

the house a frog cried out like a young goat. "There'll be more rain," thought Bligh, watching the still body of Compton. Presently he bent down, looked at the open motionless eyes, felt the place where, ten minutes earlier, the heart had battered, furiously alive. Then he straightened himself and looked at his fingers. They were clean, but he went to the basinstand and washed them.

A bunch of keys was sticking in a drawer. He took it, opened the safe that projected from the wall, and found, after some searching, a small leather case. This he put in his pocket and, without a backward look, went out, leaving the dead man alone beneath the lamp and the white ghostly moths that went on fluttering ceaselessly about the flame like lost souls seeking their way out from hell.

The next day broke too bright, with powdering of gold in the air, and stabbing lights upon unquiet leaves. Funeral purples painted the far-out islands; behind the beach the clustering bush was poisonously green. A strange day, a significant day, a day for endings and beginnings. If Bligh took note of it, he may have had that thought—one does not know.

ANGEL, from her veranda, saw him coming through the bush with his swift unhesitating step, and knew that he was coming to her. The sinister light of that bright day-before-storm surrounded him, and lent his face a curious glow. He was bareheaded; in one hand he held a case of battered leather.

He did not mount the veranda steps. Standing below, his head on a level with Angel's small white shoes, he looked up at her, and met her eyes. "I came," he said, "to tell you you are safe."

She could not speak, knowing what lay behind those quiet words. Storms unheard of shook her guarded soul. He seemed to notice

nothing. He was unfastening the case. Out in the morning sunlight poured the stream of wondrous pearls that had been the dower of Lucy Hope, long dead.

"You're safe," he repeated. "Take your pearls and be careful of them. They'll keep you from trouble—till you get back to where you belong."

"Where I belong?" she repeated as if hypnotized.

"Back where your mother came from." He had put the gems into her hand as she bent down. He was turning away. . . . There was wind this morning, a threatening stir that grew stronger every minute with the growth of the day—but Richard Bligh heard Angel's whisper through it all.

"I can't go—alone."

Smoldering fires, she had called his eyes. They were fires alight and blazing now.

"Angel, I can't ever go back; it's been too long. Think! Think!"

"I've thought. If you had a ship—here in the islands—"

"With you!" He took the veranda in one spring and had her in his arms.

The Mission, struggling under many handicaps, was glad of the royal fee Richard Bligh paid down a week or so later. They were also glad to see him (as they put it) settle down respectably.

They hoped "it" would last, considering what he had done; the man did not even stop at murder, one had heard.

Greaves attended the wedding, unofficially. He had refused everything Angel offered him. "I'd ad to stop and see Miss Angel marrying the devil," he said, "being as it was to be; but I hold with the old man's opinions, and I'm off to sea again."

THE END

M. R. Werner

biographer of Bryan and Barnum, begins a vivid pen-portrait of the Spanish War hero, Richmond Pearson Hobson.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

chronicler of the ways of youth, contributes a searching study of the American girl and what she is like in 1930.

John W. Snook

formerly warden of the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, tells what is wrong with our prisons and why they have mutinies.

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Ronald Colman

The Hollywood Huntresses' Despair

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IF you had to judge Ronald Colman from the things you hear about him, you would find it almost impossible. There cannot possibly be all the Ronald Colmans people put forth.

The one unbelievable thing, you see, is that Hollywood should leave any one unchanged. Wally Reid cracked under the pressure of it. Valentino died in his prime. Jack Gilbert has altered almost past recognition. Friends of the old days can scarcely believe that Dick Barthelmess is the boy they used to know.

Ronald Colman goes on being Ronald Colman, presenting a suave and impenetrable mask. In spite of being a movie star, a matinée idol, and the recipient of an unbelievable salary after lean years, he doesn't change at all.

The difficulty is to determine the real man behind the shifting legends with which he is surrounded.

Hollywood as a whole regards him as a man of mystery.

There is something more in this, declares Hollywood wisely, than meets the eye.

A famous and charming person who apparently takes no interest in women? Who doesn't go places? Who doesn't talk about himself and never gives information about his personal business? Who doesn't give parties, has no gaudy mannerisms, and if he has love affairs has them in private?

Hollywood opines that privacy is a lost art and minding your own business a direct insult. Therefore there "ain't no such animal" as Mr. Colman indicates he is.

In the beginning there was the tale that he hated Hollywood and motion pictures and acting, and desired only to earn enough money so that he might go back to England and live the life of a country squire. He has earned enough money in the last few years to buy Windsor Castle, and still he remains. He remains—and that's about all, as far as most people in Hollywood know.

They say, too, that he is a woman-hater, a legend ornamented with slightly melodramatic yarns about Ronny fleeing in all directions from persistent sirens of the films. Hollywood has no precedent for fleeing young men. So Hollywood reiterates that this Colman is a very queer bird indeed. On the other hand, the small English colony in the film capital—the Clive Brooks, the Ernest Torrences, the Niblo-Bennett clan—lift startled eyebrows at such an opinion.

"Ronny? Nothing mysterious about Ronny. Good chap. Very good chap. Quite like any one else. Good old Ronny."

Then of course there are the men and there are the women. Again we encounter a divergence of opinion.

For the women consider that Mr. Colman is a thoroughly selfish, extremely self-centered fellow, with manners which should be polished up a bit for the honor of England. Also, they accuse him of being difficult, if not



*Ronald Colman
and Ann Harding
in *Condemned*.*

actually dull. He has, they declare, practically no conversation and hence is somewhat dreaded as a dinner partner.

Now, on the part of those ladies who have only met Mr. Colman casually, one might record this under the general title of Sour Grapes.

But even the women who know Ronny well enough to call him friend admit that while they like him enormously, while they believe Ronny is one of the best and would doubtless come through in true British fashion if need arose, still they cannot truthfully deny that he is inclined to be a trifle set and certainly a little selfish and perhaps he is a little hard to talk to.

IN the case of those ladies who without encouragement contracted crushes on him, an old saying may be reversed. They found that beyond Italy lay the Alps.

They protest that they were cruelly deceived by his outward appearance, which suggested romance and passion and ardor under the orange trees. Instead, time and effort discovered nothing but coldness and indifference and other things very chilling to modern ladies in search of adventure. Ronny just isn't having any.

Again the well known state of a woman scorned may color this testimony.

The fact remains. In person, Mr. Colman is no sheik. But how the complexion of things changes when one

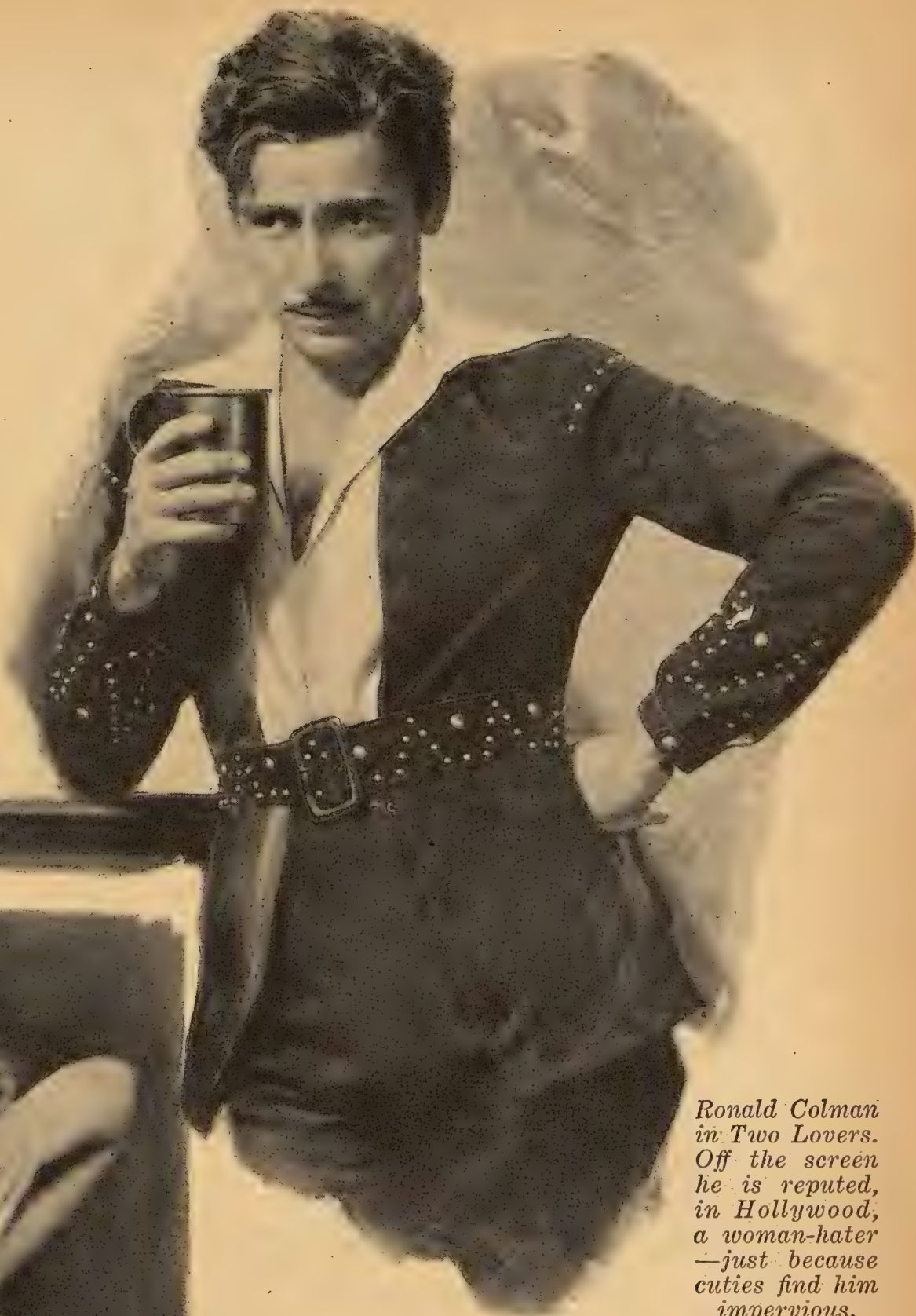
encounters the men! One is almost forced back into such hated expressions as "a he-man" and "a regular guy."

If a man is to be judged by the opinion of him held by men who know him, then Ronald Colman ranks somewhere between Lindbergh and Bobby Jones. Certainly no man has ever inhabited Hollywood who was looked upon by other male inhabitants with such a mixture of admiration, respect, sincere liking, and honest longing for his companionship.

There is nothing of the prig about him, yet they wish to have his good opinion and they look with some awe upon his standards and principles, which, if they cannot approximate, they can at least admire.

He is as good a companion on a stag party as any man could be. He has been known to climb upon a table in an effort to reach the top notes of Hi-Li, Hi-Lo when that good old number engrossed a chosen group of stags in the early morning hours.

But should the masculine urge run to seeking or importing ladies on such an occasion, Ronny quietly fades out



Ronald Colman in Two Lovers. Off the screen he is reputed, in Hollywood, a woman-hater—just because cuties find him impervious.



Lily Damita in The Bridge of San Luis Rey.

of the picture. On the tennis court or a hunting expedition he is the ideal partner, much given to quiet witticism and ready laughter.

William Powell, his closest friend, will talk for hours about a trip he and Ronny made alone together to the Grand Canyon.

"We had the best time I've ever had," says Bill. "You

know, the Grand Canyon gets a bit overpowering if you keep looking at it. I will say it might have become a trifle monotonous in time. But Ronny thought up something new to do every minute. And the conversations he held with those horses that conveyed us up and down the sides of the darn place—he could write dialogue for a talkie comedy any day. I never enjoyed two weeks so much in my life."

Since Bill is a convivial soul who does not share Ronny's reputation as a woman-hater, this is pretty good proof of Ronny's qualities.

So there you have Ronald Colman in the general outward aspect which he presents alike to those who know him well, not so well, or merely by sight. And a fine conglomeration they make, as you will agree.

Is he a dark mystery, pursuing intrigues in his seclusion?

Is he just "good old Ronny"—a commonplace sort of person?

Is he selfish and dull?

Is he witty, high-principled, and altogether a man?

The truth is simple.

Ronald Colman is a young man who lives his own life. He refuses to allow his family, his friends, his business associates, his public, women who fall in love with him, people in general or people in particular, to run it for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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him. Public opinion he considers inconsequential as a rule and so regards it not. Private gossip is beneath his contempt.

His own mind, a sturdy British specimen, has mapped out a plan of exactly how he wants to live, and where, and with whom, and he follows along that path at a steady pace and will continue to do so. Naturally, such unheard-of demeanor causes misunderstanding.

How many people do you know who are strong enough to pursue the even tenor of their ways amid the turmoil and restlessness of modern life? How many people do you know who don't allow outside influences of some kind to sway them against their better judgment? How many do you know who, in such a swift current as Hollywood, can steer instead of drift?

There is nothing of the drifter about Colman.

He has the courage of his convictions. He is not shoved about by life, harassed by relatives and friends and their problems, burdened by the useless chatter of people who mean nothing to him, robbed of precious and fleeting hours by silly social obligations, or caught up in the maelstrom of doing things he doesn't want to do for lack of courage to say no.

Waxing poetic, one might say, "He is the master of his fate, he is the captain of his soul."

No one influences him to any extent. No one coerces him. Behind an armor of smooth and righteous stubbornness he does as he pleases, and he pleases to follow a sense of values far beyond that of most men.

Above all, he abhors waste—of time, of money, of thought, of emotion. You can successfully wager that Ronny never gets jammed into social engagements he doesn't want to keep, that nobody wheedles or flatters him into listening to their troubles unless he can help them, and that he is never at the mercy of the senseless merry-go-round of an overfull life. As a rule the person who thus defies the general trend of living does it because of some resistance to convention, some antipathy to law. Ronald doesn't defy. Quietly, with that charming smile, he ignores instead. He asks nothing but to be let alone, to be allowed the sane, quiet, intellectual life of a cultured gentleman.

Sometimes he tries a thing once. He is open-minded enough to wish to prove his point. If it proves itself, nothing can ever shake him again.

FOR example, once upon a time, after much persuasion, Bill Powell got him to make a trip to Agua Caliente, the "Monte Carlo" which is across the Mexican border just south of Los Angeles. Every one in Hollywood went there and Bill convinced Ronny it was worth a try.

"It was like this," said Bill. "We were standing in the bar having a quiet glass of ale and not bothering anybody. It was a beautiful spot and the ale was excellent. Ronny, who had been extremely dubious because he hates all hotels and public places, was beginning to enjoy himself. And just then the trouble began.

"First it was a slightly inebriated gentleman, who thrust his countenance in front of Ronny's startled eyes and remarked, 'I know you. You're Ronald Colman. You gotta have a drink with me.' Ronny indicated that he had a drink, but it was useless. We had a drink with the inebriated gentleman. In the midst of that one, another gentleman, slightly more hilarious, hove on the scene and craved the honor of buying Mr. Ronald Colman a drink. When Ronny politely declined, he got highly insulted. 'Oh!' quoth he in a loud voice, 'I suppose you think you're too good to drink with me! You picture stars think you're pretty good, don't you? You think—'

"The matter was getting rather out of hand when a third gent imported himself into the cast. He said, 'I know you. You're Ronald Colman. You gotta dance with my wife. My wife's crazy about you. She wants to dance with you. Come on.' Ronald said very courteously

that he was honored but he didn't dance. Which availed not. The lady's husband grabbed Ronny's coat and began to drag him danceward. Upon which, the first gent grabbed Ronny's coat on the other side and proclaimed that Ronny was his pal and he was going to stay right there and have another little drink. The ladies joined the party, and fifteen minutes later Ronny was hiding behind a night-blooming cereus in the patio and giving vent to language which would have delighted a top sergeant. We left immediately for Los Angeles and Ronny's never been anywhere since.

"I thought it was kind of funny—a bit idiotic, but amusing. But Ronny didn't."

The public en masse sometimes demands rather high returns for its gifts of fame and riches. Most stars pay that price, either willingly or unwillingly. Ronald Colman dislikes that sort of public admiration, hates being pointed out in crowds, and refuses to put himself in a spot where it will happen to him.

If he were forced to, the tale about the English squire would probably become a reality. He insists upon preserving his own individuality.

RONNY'S code agrees with the great philosopher who said, "To do for others all things that do not prevent us from attaining our own ends."

Basically, Ronald Colman is a philosopher—a practicing philosopher—and what stranger thing could one find in Hollywood, where life moves at so rapid a pace that there is little time for philosophy? Charlie Chaplin is a philosopher, but not a practicing one, and that may be the reason he is such a very unhappy man.

Finding him a practical philosopher, there are no wild tales, no temperamental outbursts, no weird happenings to record in any honest picture of Ronald Colman. It is the man himself who is striking and vivid because of his strength and his unusual viewpoint.

The nicest thing about Ronny when you come to know him is that he doesn't give a tinker's dam what any one else does. There isn't the slightest inclination on his part to judge others. If they do not see eye to eye with him in any matter, that is their privilege. You need fear no attempt upon his part to regulate your life.

There are among his intimates a number of men who live as differently from Ronald himself as it would be possible to imagine. Yet if he finds in them something worth while, this in no way deters his friendship.

Oscar Wilde has said somewhere that selfishness isn't living as one wishes to live, but in trying to force others to live as one wishes them to. Which would acquit Ronald of the indictment of selfishness and pin it rather definitely upon a lot of other people. That indictment is built solely upon the fact that he isn't at the beck and call of a lot of women.

Now, such reserve, such self-control, such equilibrium are so unusual, especially in an actor, that investigation becomes fascinating.

It is impossible not to wonder how Ronny got that way. Is it altogether natural, or has experience forced it upon him?

Is it a born reserve, or partially a fear of life?

William Powell, who undoubtedly knows him better than any one else, thinks it is a combination of the two.

In other words, Ronald Colman, like most of us, is a result of both his background and his experiences.

What were they?

Well, the background is ordinary enough, though it explains much of Colman.

Ronald was born in London. His mother was Scotch, his father English. It was a large family—brothers, sisters, and innumerable aunts, uncles, and cousins, after the fashion of English families. His early years were those of the average boy of good family and some means in England. The reserve which has been the backbone

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



P. & A. photo

Mrs. Ronald Colman.

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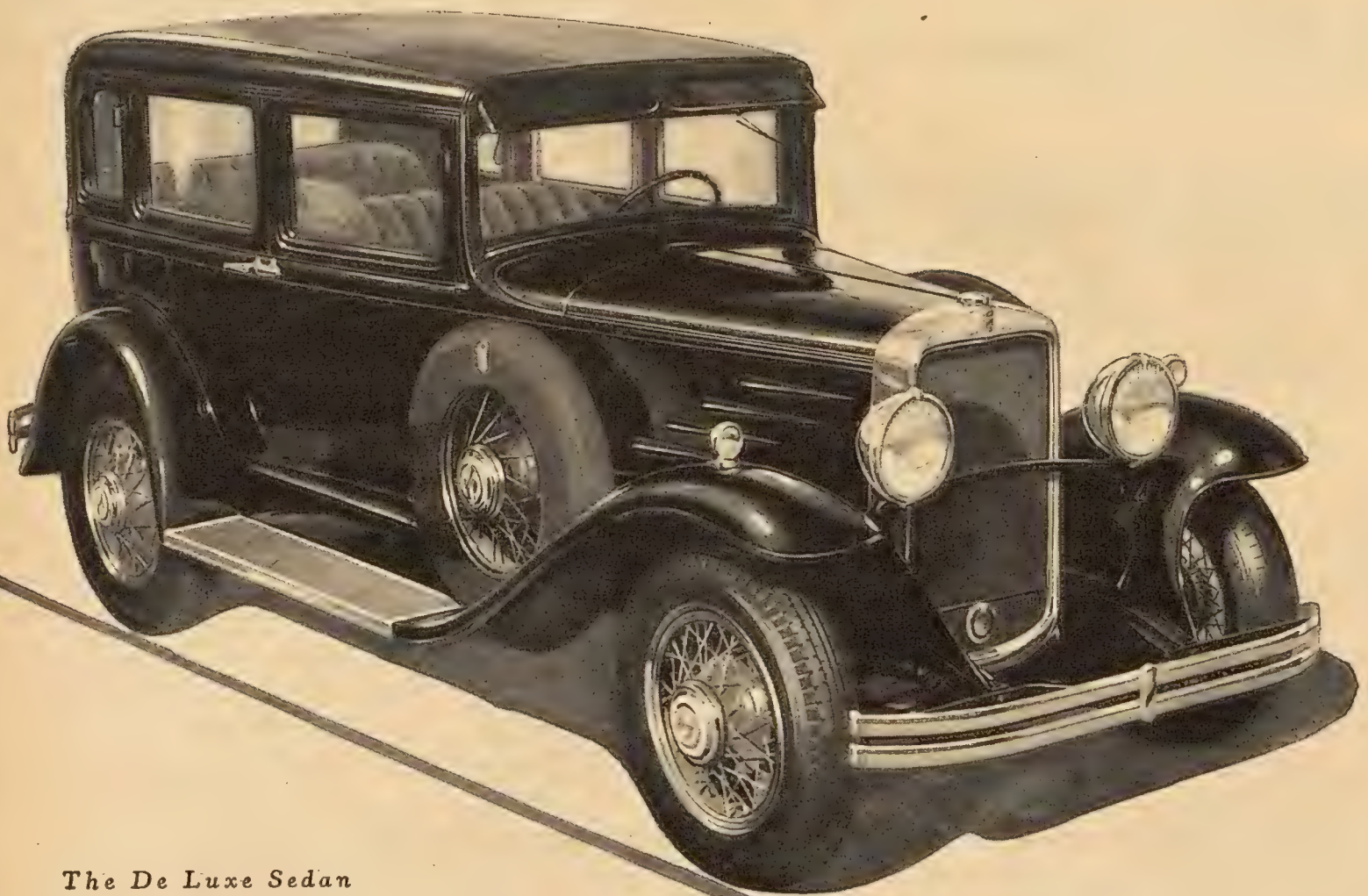
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D U R A N T
A G O O D C A R

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

of the nation was drilled into him both at home and in school. No one in the family thought of him as being any different from the others—and they still don't.

There seems to have been a deep sympathy between Ronald and his mother, for he adored her sense of humor and her detached and impersonal outlook upon life.

Concerning her and her feeling about his enormous success, Ronald tells a delightful story:

"I had gone back to England after a number of years' absence. During that time, my pictures had caught on and I was known a bit. Hadn't been home long before one of my pictures opened at a big London theater. I thought it might be amusing to take Mother down the opening night. I was pretty sure nobody in London would recognize me. Well, we got close to the theater and it appeared that quite a lot of people had decided to see the picture. There were crowds in the street and on the sidewalk all over the place. We had to crawl along for a couple of blocks. Mother suddenly looked out the window and then said to me, 'My dear Ronny, what in the world are all these people doing here? Has there been an accident?' That's about how seriously my family takes me."

His sister, who lives in Australia, came to Hollywood to visit him a short time ago. In order to give her a good time, Ronald quite came out of his shell. He gave several little dinner parties and even took her to a dance—a pastime which he loathes and at which he is by no means an expert.

"I can't see," his sister told a friend, "that he's changed the slightest bit. He was always a quiet chap, you know. I mean, one doesn't notice it when a man doesn't speak a word at breakfast. But one rather expects the silence to be broken at luncheon, what? We had luncheon together today and he never said one jolly word."

"So, you see, he's the same Ronny. If I mentioned it, he'd quote something somebody once wrote that if people only talked when they had something to say there would be a great deal more silence in the world. But he is such a dear, I don't mind. He's so kind, really."

HE is, too. That isn't sisterly prejudice. There is no record of any unkind thing Ronald Colman ever said about anybody.

Every one around the studio knew that he didn't like working with Lily Damita on *Rescue*. Lily must have been something of a shock after the gracious and lovely Vilma Banky. But they knew it only by the way he fought shy of her on the set, by his dignified demeanor. He didn't blah all over Hollywood that his new leading lady wasn't exactly what he wanted, the way most actors would have done. If you criticize any one to Ronald, you will probably listen to a kindly and tolerant explanation which will make your subject's conduct seem much less terrible.

The first break in his normal and fairly placid existence came with the war.

Ronald Colman sailed from England for France with the First Hundred Thousand in August, 1914.

Two months later he was wounded severely in the leg and sent home, where he served out the remainder of the war as a noncombatant in the clerical department. If you question him about his war record, he will mention

the latter part but forget the first desperate two months and particularly the wound, which still troubles him a good deal at times.

Before the war, Ronald had done a few amateur theatricals. After it, he quite suddenly decided to become an actor.

That decision always seems to need explanation.

Behind young Colman's venture was no great artistic urge. He felt no inward craving to "express himself," or to uplift anybody else. But conditions were not all they might have been in England after the war. Men everywhere were trying to fit themselves into peacetime methods. British soldiers and officers were looking for work and work was scarce.

RONALD tried several other things and then decided that the stage was as good a place as any for a young man who had had no time to establish himself in business or a profession before entering the army. Acting had been rather good fun and he had been rather fine at it, so they said. So he went on the stage, playing small parts in London, later in New York, and finally was drafted into pictures when Lillian Gish could find no one in the movies to play the male lead in *The White Sister*.

During this early stage period he got married.

The war was one experience that molded him. His marriage was another.

All men are altered in some degree by marriage. Even if a man marries the right woman, his character and way of life must undergo alteration.

Ronald Colman, so later events indicate, married the wrong woman.

That may be nothing against the woman. She might have been the right woman for one of any number of other men. It may also be that in her case Ronald Colman was the wrong man. Be that as it may, disaster followed.

Her name was Thelma Wray.

Those who were in London in the post-war years may remember her, for she was beautiful and she sang and danced so well that she became a great favorite with musical-comedy audiences. A small, slight blonde, with a triangular face and one of those complexions which Providence has seen fit to bestow only upon the daughters of England.

They met at the theater and were married after some months of courtship.

For a time they were very happy and very much in love.

Then, for a time, they were not so happy.

And then, for a longer time, they were very unhappy indeed.

Into their paradise crept the serpent of a mad and unreasonable jealousy.

"Ronald," said a man very close to him, "is by nature a one-woman man. He would naturally expect and intend to be faithful to his wife. In the first place, he hasn't that terrible interest in women which controls some men. They are by no means a necessary part of his life. In the second place, he is essentially a man of principle. He would regard matrimony exactly as he would regard any other contract—he would consider it necessary to keep his word. Most men desire to be faithful husbands. Ronny would go much further. Once having taken his

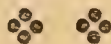
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



Catherine Bennett, who is Colman's best woman friend, and at the right, Vilma Banky, who has starred with him.



ON WITH THE DANCE



A True Story of the Younger Set

THE Friday evening dancing party was the week's high spot for the young folks of a certain small country club. A four-piece orchestra always supplied the rhythm until older members conceived the idea that mechanical music would serve the youngsters just as well—and cost less.

Accordingly, a music machine was installed. The plan worked once, but the next Friday the little band triumphantly returned to the job.

"What's wrong with your new music box?" a father asked. "Wouldn't you rather dance to Whiteman and Vallee records than to a tin-pan band?"

Junior shook his head and quoted the sadder of the Two Black Crows:

"'Even if that was good we wouldn't like it.' Mechanical music is fine at home but it hasn't the right kick for a dance."

Junior and his friends were not concerned about aesthetic values; they simply

ly knew that mechanical music lacked emotional appeal and, therefore, did not suit their purpose.

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RONALD COLMAN
[Continued from page twenty-two]

marriage vows, he would force himself to keep them."

Jealousy, unfortunately, needs no legitimate grounds.

Those people who were in Italy at the time Colman was making *The White Sister* and *Romola* with Lillian Gish tell astounding tales of Mrs. Colman's jealousy and her expressions of it.

"Mrs. Colman," said somebody who had been on the picture, "was the sort of a woman who would be jealous of the ocean if her husband happened to glance out the window at it."

The truth of the matter is that she was a woman of unrestrained emotion and ungovernable artistic temperament. Her charm was undeniable. Every one who saw her admitted her beauty, her intelligence, her wild appeal. But there was no peace in her. The very roots of her character were sunk in strife. The well-spring of her thoughts was drama. A stormy, vivid, lovable creature who must have been absolute torture to such a nature as Ronald Colman's.

When Ronald returned to America, to make his first visit to Hollywood, they agreed to separate. He has seen her only once since, when she arrived in Hollywood upon the wings of one of her emotional storms. She soon quieted down and returned to England, where she lives now.

There has been no divorce and there seems no possibility of one.

Another mystery to Hollywood, where divorces are second nature.

Ronald Colman thinks he couldn't get a divorce without violating his code. Mrs. Colman doesn't want a divorce, and he cannot force or allow a woman to bear the brunt of his own mistake.

Which is rather too bad, in one way. It seems highly probable to any one who has seen Ronny with Bill Powell's small son or Dick Barthelmess' fairy daughter that he would have liked children. In another way, a wife in England has a certain usefulness. She is a protection to that well ordered bachelor existence which seems to please Ronny so well.

IT has been necessary here to tread somewhat lightly in the question of Ronny's marriage. However, I have talked with some of his wife's friends, with some people who had business dealings with her during her visit to this country, and with all of Ronny's friends who knew them during their marriage.

Let it suffice to say that Ronny had an experience which struck very deep. He never speaks of it, of course. But his evident fear of women can be traced definitely to it.

His wife, if men who knew her are to be believed, had every feminine lure. She knew every trick and wile. She knew how to play them both ways, to make a man happy or to make him miserable. The promise of happiness which never materialized was always there.

The thoroughly unhappy and unsuitable marriage

leaves one able to recover. But the one which has promised much, shown glimpses of beauty and joy which like some deceptive mirage vanish into burning wastes, fills a man with fear of life and of woman.

Not only his idealism, of which he had plenty, had suffered. All the reserve, the instinct for normalcy and peace, the desire for privacy, which are so much part of

a man like Colman, had been wounded to the quick.

Not long after the final break Colman came to Hollywood.

A dark, reserved, shy young Englishman, fresh from a world war and a private war.

He had had "plenty trouble." What he wanted was peace.



Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish in The White Sister.

NOW, you can get a lot of things in Hollywood, including fun, money, inspiration, achievement, education. But nobody would recommend it for a rest cure.

Ronny ran into trouble right away, and of the kind he most wished to avoid—"woman trouble."

I have heard people say that they cannot find the peculiar place or colony called Hollywood, that they do not behold the strange glamour and alleged difference of this little kingdom as described in books and articles—especially my articles. That is because they do not know, do not get close enough.

To know and understand Hollywood you must be inside, live there,

watch events over a long period of time. It would probably not occur to the average visitor that attractive and unattached young men are exceedingly scarce in Hollywood.

Few actors are really attractive off the screen. Moreover, they are too self-centered to make very satisfactory lovers. To prove the point, witness the number of outsiders who have recently come to Hollywood and carried off our fairest maidens: Janet Gaynor weds a young San Francisco lawyer; Phyllis Haver retires at the top of her career to marry a New York politician; Constance Talmadge for the third time goes outside the fold and becomes the bride of a Chicago merchant prince; Marion Nixon is now Mrs. Edward Hillman, also of Chicago; Anita Stewart enters the holy bonds of matrimony with George Converse, of the famous New York family.

Yes, an attractive new man is very valuable in Hollywood.

On top of that, the girls in Hollywood have enjoyed a rather wide emancipation. Most of them make a great deal of money. Many of them are the head of the family. They are naturally much sought after and so become sufficiently convinced of their own charms to feel no qualms of maidenly modesty in going out to get their man. The instinct of Diana the huntress, present in the heart of every woman, comes out into the open.

I know one young author who is just about ready to throw up a good movie contract on account of the women, and he was never considered any riot as a ladies' man around New York or Chicago.

When Ronald Colman, English, decidedly unactorish, a war veteran, arrived in our midst, he got a very warm

welcome indeed. Before he had his suitcase unpacked, he was elected by several beauteous young damsels as their next victim.

Within a week, the newspapers had reported him engaged to Aileen Pringle and Constance Talmadge, the latter solely because every man who comes to Hollywood sooner or later falls for Connie.

One lovely creature with more daring than sense was reported to have bribed the manservant and hidden under the Colman bed. Another is supposed to have made a nightly practice of hiding in the garage and leaping out as Ronny's roadster drove in.

At first, Ronny was dumfounded. Next, he was scared to death. Finally, he was very angry.

Being an Englishman, it was his principle to do his own wooing, if any. Being woman-shy, he didn't intend to do any. After all, he was a married man. He didn't hang a placard around his neck to that effect because he considered it nobody's business.

It isn't surprising that he withdrew further and further into himself. The free and easy methods of Hollywood were new to him. Everything was different. He met it with a hauteur that suggested conceit, a reserve which might have been mistaken for dullness, and a shyness that as usual was interpreted as being high-hat.

Confused as he was, Colman was by no means the person to be swept off his feet. He was neither a sweet and temperamental boy like Wally Reid, nor a fiery and not overly intelligent Latin like Valentino. He was a well bred Englishman of more mature years, with experience of a world war and a strong and determined will.

HE sat down on his haunches and refused to budge an inch.

There, in a manner of speaking, he has remained ever since, supported always by the deep and tried friendship of that fine, scholarly old actor, Charles Lane, who came with him from Italy and has lived with him for years.

Little by little the situation liquidated itself. He made a few men friends, chief among them William Powell, Dick Barthelmess, and George Fitzmaurice. He came to know a few English people of his own kind in whose homes he felt at ease. His work interested him tremendously. Little by little the extreme coldness and reserve of that first year melted somewhat. He fitted his life into the new environment and ceased to pine for England.

But he still takes no chances.

And he is still woman-shy.

Lovely Ann Harding, who played opposite him in his latest picture, *Condemned*, was highly amused when on the set the first day she was met with the very best Colman armor. Mr. Colman was polite, he was correct, but not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could he be called friendly.

Having heard something of Ronny's
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



INSTANT IMPROVEMENT

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marvelous beauty bath!

EVERY woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath.

Results are immediate — no discomfort — no waiting — and the cost is trifling!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet.

Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

This is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT
is sold by
your GROCER



the bathway to a
soft, smooth skin

RONALD COLMAN
[Continued from page twenty-five]

peculiarities, Miss Harding brought her husband to the studio with her the following day.

She made considerable fuss over said husband, even going so far as to sit on his lap, a thing she doesn't usually do in public.

Her idea was to convince Mr. Colman that she was a happily married woman and therefore not at all interested in any other man.

Her method was successful. Before the afternoon was over, Ronny was his most charming self.

There was one famous screen beauty who had a somewhat similar experience with Ronald.

She was engaged at that time to a very good friend of his and in consequence saw much of him. She was an altogether charming person, with a fine mind and a sense of humor, and Ronny soon drifted in and out of her house like one of the family. The engagement was broken.

The Ronald Colman of these days, as the prince in The Magic Flame.

The beauty had an idea that Ronald liked her very much, and no doubt he did. It would have been almost impossible for any man to know her and not like her. She had rather counted on him to fill in the gap after the breaking of her engagement. Instead, he vanished into thin air. It wasn't until she was safely married to another man that he reappeared.

Back of these things looms Ronny's keen sense of honor. Since he knows he is not free, he wishes to compromise no woman. So far as I know, his name has never been connected with that of any woman in Hollywood, except in some wild instance where a girl he had scarcely met announced her engagement to him. Those things happen more often than you would believe.

UNDER proper circumstances, he is capable of real friendship with a woman. His best friend is Catherine Bennett, who is the prettiest girl in Hollywood, though she isn't in pictures. Cath is English herself—a younger sister of Enid Bennett—and she is one of the rarest companions in the world. Also, she has a real genius for friendship. She lost a beloved brother in the war and it often seems that Ronald has taken his place.

In addition, Ronny adores "Mummy" Bennett, who is a beautiful white-haired lady of the Whistler school.

The things which Ronald determined he wanted and would have, when he took his stand against the usual life in Hollywood, were books, work, man companionship, and a home. He has them all, and his life is built upon as firm foundations as man can contrive in this shifting world of ours.

The home is on top of a hill just back of Hollywood and one of the best ways to get lost is to try and find it. After turning into highways and byways, you wind

up on a dirt road which ends abruptly at a plain white wall. From the road nothing is visible except this wall, a small section of red tile roof, and a brown door.

Once inside the wall, you are speechless with amazement. You find yourself in a courtyard of rare beauty, filled with moss-covered rocks, tiny waterfalls and fountains, brilliant grass and masses of California flowers. This is the center of three wings of a white plaster Spanish house, which rambles up and down the hillside, with fascinating little balconies beneath the pepper trees.

WHEN the door is opened by a Filipino boy in spotless white, you enter a home that is the picture of harmony, of comfort and ease.

There is a big living room, with a fireplace, books, grand piano, rich dark drapes. A tiny dining room, up three steps. On the second floor, a library, Ronny's own room, Mr. Lane's room, and some guest rooms. Books everywhere. Stevenson is evidently a favorite, since there are three sets of him—one upstairs, one downstairs, one in Ronny's bedroom. Leonard Merrick and Maurice Hewlett complete. Shakespeare in a large, readable print. A much worn Shaw. The philosophers—Spinoza, Voltaire, Francis Bacon, Plato, Aristotle, Spencer, Kant. The books are used and smell faintly of tobacco.

His work he enjoys, but he will overwork for nobody. In his whole Hollywood career he has worked for but one producer, Sam Goldwyn, which is in itself a record.

"Ronald is a fine boy," says Sam. "Five years he works for me. Until last year, when he and I and my wife go east together on the train for the New York opening of Bulldog Drummond, I have never talked with him five minutes. Always it is yes or no, quick. No monkey business. With him you always know where you are. On the train, we get acquainted. I have never expected such pleasantness. Only he does not play bridge. But when we are in New York for the opening!

As he appeared in 1913, when he was an amateur light comedian.

Never have I seen a man so scared. Before, I give at my hotel a very nice dinner party for him. Nice people, nice food—everything fine. He ruins it all! The opening is not until eight-thirty. But he—he must be there by seven-thirty. He will not even finish his dinner. I must go with him. He is going to make a personal appearance only, but

you would think he was going in a lion's cage. I say to him, 'You went to the war. Why should you get so scared now?' In the car he shakes. I'm telling you. People think he is maybe high-hat. That is because he has an English accent. Also, he is shy. Anyway, he is a man and he has sense. You can deal with him. If everybody was like Ronald Colman, what a life I would lead!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is the capital of Czechoslovakia?
- 2—What is a sybarite?
- 3—What is an Afrikander?
- 4—What is the smallest unit of matter?
- 5—Systole and diastole refer to the operation of what organ?
- 6—Who recently was appointed Secretary of War?
- 7—What is the Canadian national holiday called and on what date is it observed?
- 8—What is the least populous state of the Union?
- 9—What was President Cleveland's full given name?

- 10—During what war was The Star-Spangled Banner written?
- 11—What is a factotum?
- 12—Who was the muse of dancing and choral song, in classical mythology?
- 13—How many members comprise the Supreme Court of the United States?
- 14—What is Martha's Vineyard?
- 15—How many degrees in a right angle?
- 16—What five states touch Illinois?
- 17—What is a dragoman?
- 18—What is the source of "The cat will mew and dog will have his day"?
- 19—How many major planets in the solar system?
- 20—What is falconry?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-seven)

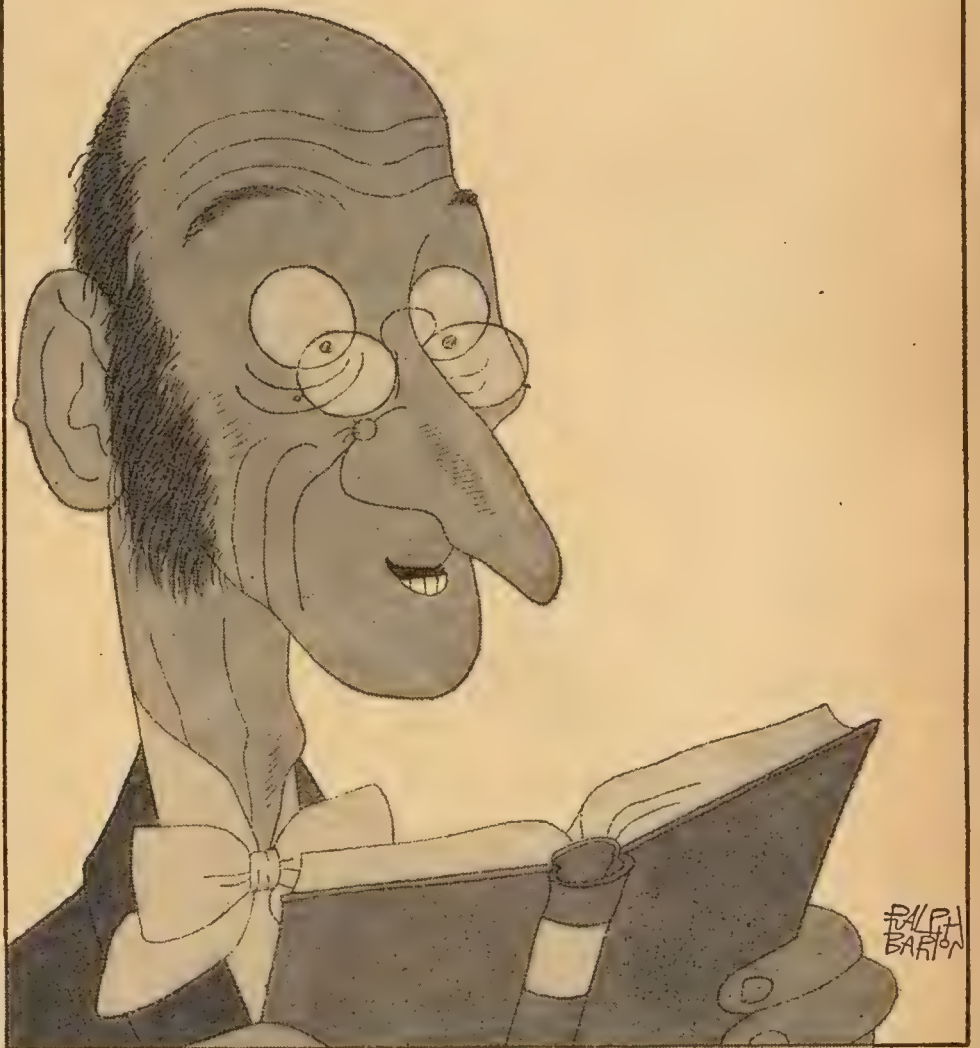
GRAPHIC
SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH
BARTON



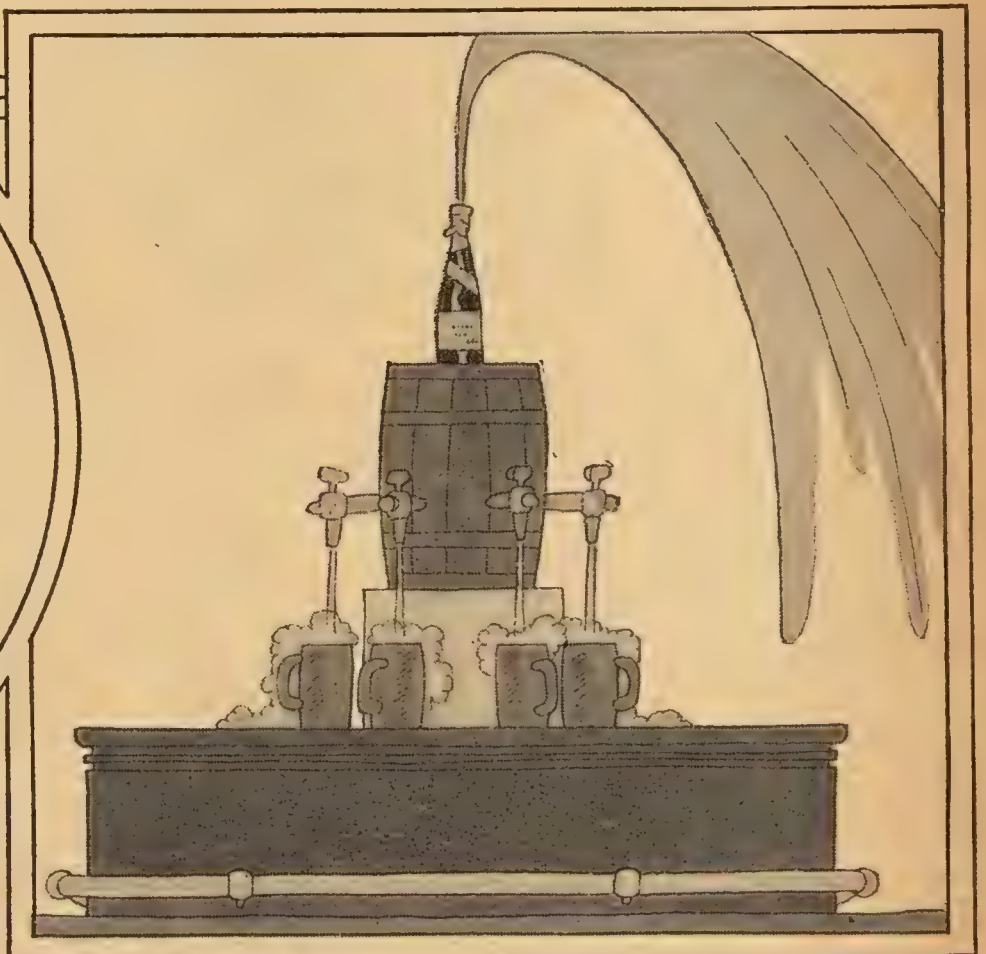
THE NEW ELEGANCE. People who suffered a paper loss of \$46.10 in the stock crash boasting that they are ruined.



IT'S A HARD LIFE for those poor Boston book censors who must read through so many suspected books to find a really salacious one to suppress.



THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK and his cabinet are voted an increase in salary just to show the people of Chicago that a genuinely honest city's officials do not pay for the concession.



A DESIGN, created by this department and respectfully submitted to the people of Pennsylvania, for the fountain they plan to erect on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C.

From Footwork to Fantasy

*A Marilyn Miller Début, a Jules Verne Revival,
and Other Matters*

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ SALLY

ALTHOUGH Marilyn Miller, the Broadway musical star, married Jack Pickford of the distinguished celluloid house of Pickford, she shied away from pictures for years. She sat on the edge of Hollywood without diving in. Now with the divorced Jack in screen

Sally points the way to future sound-film activities. Miss Miller sings well, acts fair enough, photographs in lovely blonde fashion, and dances charmingly. Watch her twinkling feet in the number, *A Wild, Wild Rose*. True, she still has all the stage mannerisms, the little direct preenings to an audience, but these can be softened down by sympathetic direction.

Sally is all Marilyn Miller—but you will like Joe Brown in Leon Errol's original rôle of the Duke of Checkagovina, at the moment forced by revolution to travel incog as a waiter. This was a tough assignment, but Brown does the duke in original style: a sort of burlesque Von Stroheim.

★ THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

Years ago Jules Verne, the imaginative Frenchman who foreshadowed many an invention in his fantastic fiction, wrote *The Mysterious Island*, the first romance of a submarine.

Bear in mind that this was written back in the middle of the last century. An old scientist, Count Dakkar, devises an undersea boat to investigate the ocean bottom. He believes it is peopled by another race, half human, half fish. An unscrupulous scoundrel tries to steal his submarine for war purposes.

Metro-Goldwyn encountered a lot of difficulties in making this film. It was started about three years ago under the direction of Maurice



Three who make one chuckle follow another in The Kibitzer: Mary Brian, Harry Green, and Neil Hamilton.

retirement and with Mary contemplating it, Miss Miller comes to films—a personal hit.

Her début takes place in the First National-Vitaphone production of the Guy Bolton-Jerome Kern musical show, *Sally*, which she played successfully behind the footlights and which Colleen Moore once screened silently. With its *Cinderella* plot of a waitress who becomes a revue star, *Sally* offers nothing cinematically new.

Sally owes its entire interest to Miss Miller and to its sumptuous staging. To those of us who are wearied of stars who have to fake their terpsichorean abilities (with the aid of dancing doubles in the long shots) Miss Miller comes as a relief. This star knows how to step.

I can remember Miss Miller's first hit as a mere kid at the Winter Garden, where, appropriately enough, her film had its New York première. She had toured from childhood with her father and mother. Her Winter Garden success made her a favorite—and she went on to stellar glories with Flo Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham.



An ingenious scene from The Mysterious Island: the undersea people.



Alexander Gray and the light-footed Marilyn Miller, hit of Sally.

Tourneur, partly completed, and then shelved. It was started again almost a year ago, largely reshot—and here it is, a long, rather dull, and pretty uninspired handling of a famous bit of fantasy.

In the process of shelving, Sally O'Neill, the original heroine, gave way to Jane Daly, who used to be known to films as Jacqueline Gadson. And the direction credit now goes to Lucien Hubbard.

The Mysterious Island is without talk save for an introductory sequence. Its chief interest lies in the ingenious underwater photography, in which the real thing, taken via the Williamson process in the Bahamas, is mingled with miniature, trick, and faked studio shots. These are blended, by the way, in baffling fashion.

★ ★ THE KIBITZER

What is a kibitzer? A fellow who butts into everybody's business. A back-seat driver. The person who tells you how to play your poker hand.

Ike Lazarus is a real kibitzer, impertinent, lovable, offensive. He owns a cigar store, but he lets his business slip while he devotes his time to advising other people, leaving their paths strewn with disaster.

He unconsciously unmasks the crooked plans of a

millionaire's secretary—and gets a reward he doesn't deserve.

This Paramount film is a talkie based on the moderately popular stage comedy by Joseph Swerling and Edward Robinson.

Harry Green, the vaudeville comedian, who has been doing Yiddish characters in recent films, is Lazarus—and he is excellent.

Mary Brian is attractive as his daughter, and Albert Gran does a bright bit as the opulent millionaire who takes a fancy to the kibitzer.

Another fine character bit is Lee Kohlmar's playing of the kibitzer's greenhorn brother who speaks but three words of English. This comedy has plenty of chuckles.

★ ★ SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

Maybe you have pleasant recollections (as I have) of Seven Keys to Baldpate, the Earl Derr Biggers-George M. Cohan comedy mystery drama in which Wallie Eddinger once starred.

It was one of the first kidding melodramas.

William Magee is a handsome young writer who wagers \$5,000 that he can dash off a complete novel in twenty-four hours. He intrenches himself in the snowbound Baldpate Inn, a deserted summer resort on a mountain top, and starts. Then



A group from Seven Keys to Baldpate. Left to right, standing: Margaret Livingston, Richard Dix. Seated: DeWitt Jennings, Joseph Allen, Joe Herbert.

things begin to happen. This film marks Richard Dix's debut as a Radio Pictures star. He shows himself a pleasant farceur, apparently now definitely cast in the path of light comedy. This path, I regret to report, never has led a movie star anywhere in particular. Moviegoers want their idols sentimental and serious. Maybe it isn't possible to combine "it" with a sense of humor.

Still, this is an agreeable comic effort.

Do you know that—

Smilin' Through is to be remade as a talkie with Joan Bennett in the Norma Talmadge rôle? . . . Louise Brooks is back from Germany?



International photo

*The U. S. super-dreadnought
Colorado firing a broadside salvo.*

In the Next War— Battleships *or* Airplanes?

By Brigadier General
HENRY J. REILLY,
O.R.C.

IN the next war, what will be the deciding instrument at sea—the battleship or the airplane?

Since General "Billy" Mitchell and the army aviators from Langley Field sank with bombs dropped from their planes, in a series of experiments off the Virginia Capes in 1921, the former German submarine U-117, the destroyer G-102, the cruiser Frankfort, and the battleship Ostfriesland, there has no longer been any question of the airplane being an offensive weapon in warfare at sea.

That these tests were not performed under war conditions does not alter the fundamental fact, until then vigorously disputed, that airplanes can, by means of their bombs, sink warships, including battleships.

Our navy today has incorporated airplanes in the United States fleet as an integral and essential part of its organization. In that fleet are not only airplane carriers but also a large number of planes distributed among the ships of older types, such as battleships and cruisers.

Thus hundreds of planes—for scouting; for "spot-

ting" or adjusting the fire of the big guns at ranges beyond the horizon that is visible from the ships themselves; for bombing enemy ships of all types; and for aerial combat—are found ultimately interwoven with the organization of the United States

fleet for combat purposes of all kinds.

Our naval authorities believe that this organization represents the best possible, taking into the fullest consideration the strategical and tactical lessons of the Great War of 1914-1918, and the improvements in air, surface, and subsurface ships of all types and in their various weapons.

A school has grown up which maintains that our naval authorities are wrong: that the lessons of the war and, above all, the developments in aviation and submarines since, show the battleship to be obsolete. They therefore insist that the money now being spent to maintain our battleships, plus that which will be spent in the future to replace them with later types, should be spent instead on aircraft and ships to carry it, and on submarines.

The Battle of Jutland, fought in 1916 between the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet, was analyzed in last week's Liberty.

This analysis showed that superiority in big guns carried in big ships with heavy armor played the predominant part in giving the British victory. The destroyers present on both sides carried well over 500 torpedo tubes, or practically as many as there were big guns. Yet the damage done by torpedoes was insignificant in comparison with that done by guns.

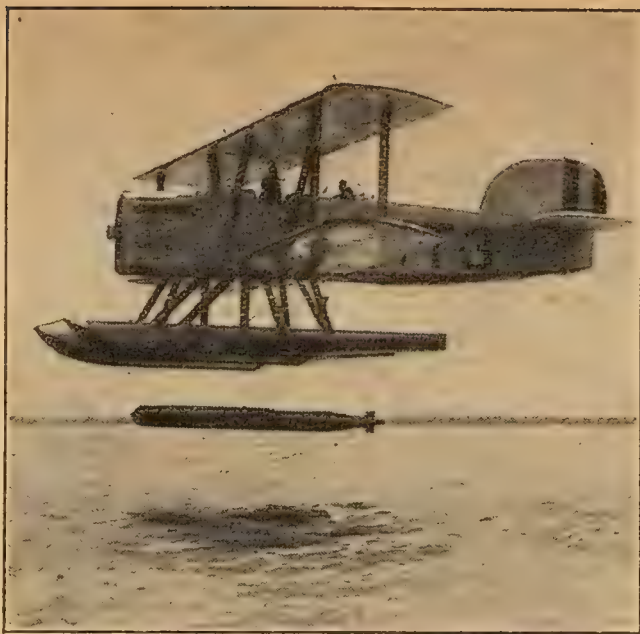
There are two important reasons for this.

One is that torpedoes are badly outclassed by heavy gun shells in the rapidity with which they can be fired, in the range or distance to which they can be sent, and in the speed with which they travel. The effective range of the best torpedo today does not exceed 10,000 yards, while that of a 16-inch gun is easily 24,000 yards. The fastest torpedo does not exceed twenty-six miles an hour, while a 16-inch shell travels its first twelve miles in thirty seconds, and nineteen miles in fifty-seven seconds. A ship can see and dodge torpedoes fired at her, but not shells.

THE second reason is that destroyers, being unarmored, cannot stand up and take heavy shellfire. Such fire rapidly destroys them. Dreadnought battleships can be hit by torpedoes as well as shells and remain afloat. The British dreadnought Marlborough was torpedoed but kept her place in the fleet for five hours afterward. Then, due to the amount of water she had shipped, she had to drop out of line. She did not sink.

In other words, the torpedoes could not strike the blows the big guns could, nor could the ships which carried them stand the blows which the big-gun ships could take and keep on fighting.

These two reasons are important because, since the beginning of combat on land and sea, other things being relatively equal, the victory has gone to the side which could give and receive the harder blows over the longer



A plane launching a torpedo.

period of time. When this age-old rule was pointed out in the early days of the torpedo, the answer of the torpedo enthusiast was that the great speed of the torpedo boats and the small targets they presented would enable them to dash in on the big-gun ships.

However, the Battle of Jutland proved once more that these attributes cannot overcome the power to give and take hard blows over a long period of time.

ALSO, the destroyers of a fleet, being in advance of the big-gun ships as a scouting and protective screen against enemy submarines and destroyers, come in contact first with the destroyers of the opposing fleet. This leads to a fight between these forces with a consequent neutralization of each other.

The story of the Battle of Jutland, which gave in detail the activities of Admiral Jellicoe's one aircraft carrier, of Admiral von Scheer's eight Zeppelins, and of the submarines on both sides, shows that the aircraft and submarines had no part in the actual combat and did but little of important value in scouting.

The advocates of aircraft and submarines say that neither admiral in this battle had really planned to use these weapons to the maximum advantage of which they were capable at that time.

They also maintain that the Battle of Jutland is not a fair test for today, because of the considerable development in the power of submarines which has taken place since, and the tremendous development in aircraft.

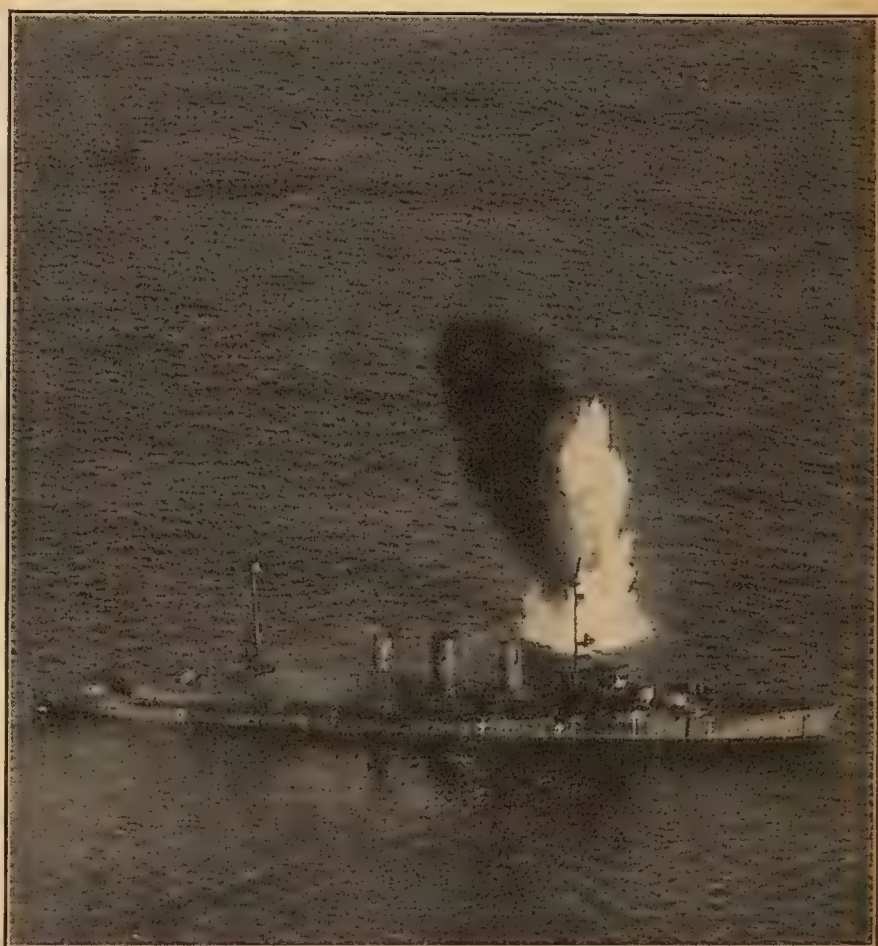
The supporters of our present naval policy of using the latest type of dreadnought battleships as the backbone of our fleet insist that the incorporation in this fleet of aircraft on the different gun vessels and in aircraft carriers, and also of fleet submarines, makes the fullest use of these latest developments that is possible under modern conditions.

They insist that today's powers and limitations of aircraft, aircraft carriers, and submarines make all these

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Wide World photo



U. S. Army Air Service photo

Air bombing tests on scrapped warships: an 1,100-pound bomb scoring a direct hit on the old Virginia; and at the right, a bomb exploding in the water close to the Frankfort, surrendered by Germany.

[BATTLESHIPS OR AIRPLANES?]

Continued from page thirty-one

auxiliary to the heavily gunned, heavily armored battleships.

They insist this is true because aircraft and submarines are incapable of giving and receiving, and above all continuously over a long period of time, the blows which with a battleship are the commonplaces of battle.

Disputing this, the school which believes the battleship to be as obsolete as the knight in armor maintains that our fleet should have no battleships. They advocate substituting for them as many airplane carriers, with their planes, and as many submarines as the money equivalent will construct.

Short of a war in which such a fleet without battleships will fight an action with a fleet constituted as ours is today, the only way to get an idea as to which of the two would be victorious is to analyze what would happen in such a battle.

Of course, such an analysis can be only approximately correct in many details. On the other hand, as we know the kinds, the distances, the rapidity, and the power of the blows that can be given with all the different weapons as they exist today, we can come to a reasonable conclusion about their effect upon different kinds of warships, in the air, on the surface, or below the surface.

It is a reasonable assumption that a balanced fleet, in accordance with our naval ideas of today, would consist of

Eighteen super-dreadnought battleships

Twenty-eight 10,000-ton cruisers with 8-inch guns

Ten destroyer leaders

One hundred destroyers

Thirty fleet submarines

Five airplane carriers with 350 planes

As the backbone of this fleet, in accordance with our accepted naval principles, to which the aviation enthusiasts take exception, consists of the eighteen heavily gunned battleships, its admiral can be called the "Gun Admiral."

The fleet of his opponent would be the same, except that instead of the eighteen battleships, the money which they cost, say \$30,000,000 apiece, or \$540,000,000, would have been used for additional aircraft carriers, aircraft, and submarines. How much of this would have been spent on aircraft carriers and their planes, and how much on submarines, is a difficult question to answer.

THE latest type of submarine is the French Surcouf, just launched. She is 3,900 tons and thus bigger than the cruiser Raleigh, one of Dewey's principal ships in the Battle of Manila Bay in May, 1898. She carries an airplane and has deck armor to protect her against shells and airplane bombs. She has four 5.5-inch guns. However, her main offensive weapon is the torpedo, for which she has fourteen tubes. Thus her main power of offense has all the limitations of that weapon. Also, the power of submarines to operate by surprise, because hidden below the surface, has been greatly diminished since the war

by the tremendous improvement in sound-detecting apparatus, carried not only by enemy surface vessels but also by enemy submarines.

The airplane bomb of the larger sizes carries several times as much high explosive as a torpedo. Airplanes carrying such bombs can go, say, 250 miles from their carrier to hunt the ship which they intend to bomb. Torpedoes can be fired only, say, 10,000 yards, or something under six miles. Thus it can be said with reasonable

exactness that it would pay to put the greater part of the \$540,000,000 in aircraft carriers with their planes, particularly as such carriers cost \$40,000,000 apiece as against \$4,000,000 for the latest type of submarines. A reasonable division might be twelve carriers costing \$480,000,000, with the \$60,000,000 left spent on fifteen submarines.

Thus, the fleet of the admiral without battleships, properly called the "Air Admiral," would be

Seventeen airplane carriers, with 1,190 planes

Forty-five submarines

Twenty-eight 10,000-ton cruisers with 8-inch guns

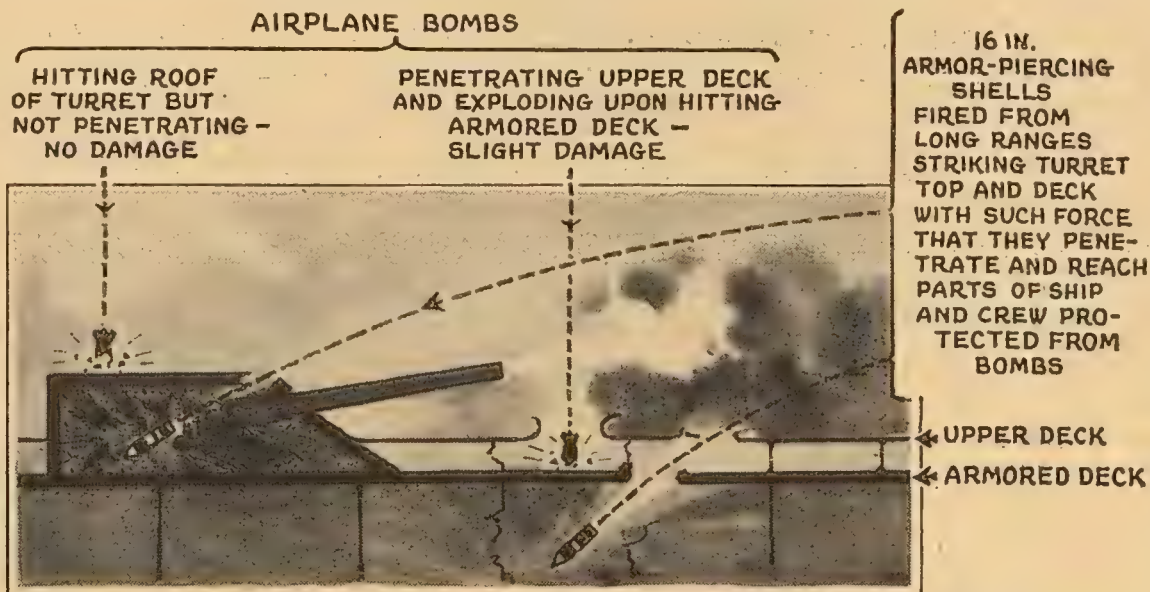
Ten destroyer leaders

One hundred destroyers

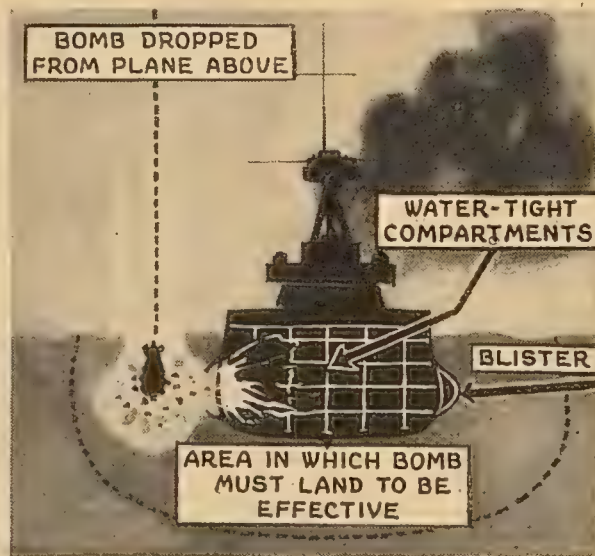
IN order to make this comparison a just one, we can assume all these vessels, with their weapons, to be of the latest types, with the latest improvements. That is, all aircraft carriers would be of the type of our Lexington and Saratoga, which are larger, faster, and carry more planes than any other carriers in existence. Arguments are being advanced in favor of smaller carriers. However, if there were no limitations upon tonnage, imposed by international treaties, or upon finance by national budgets—both of which limit the number of carriers a country may possess—the chances are that these big carriers would be the favorites. They carry approximately seventy planes each; have a speed of 33½ knots per hour; are divided into many compartments as a protection against under-water torpedo and bomb attacks; have some side armor for protection; carry eight 8-inch guns each, to fight off enemy cruisers and destroyers, and twelve 5-inch anti-aircraft guns, for use against enemy aircraft.

The British dreadnought battleships Nelson and Rodney, built since the Washington Arms Conference, are admittedly the most powerful battleships afloat. They carry nine 16-inch guns each, as their main battery; twelve 6-inch guns each, primarily for use against any torpedo attack made by destroyers or submarines on the surface; and six 4.7-inch anti-aircraft guns, besides two torpedo tubes each. In addition to having heavy armor over all their

vital parts, and lighter armor over their less important ones, they are subdivided into many compartments as a protection against torpedo and under-water bomb attacks. They are probably as far superior to Jellicoe's best dreadnoughts at the Battle of Jutland as those dreadnoughts were to the original Dreadnought built ten



A graphic comparison of air bombs and shells from 16-inch guns at long range as to effectiveness in direct hits on heavy armor.



Showing how close to a super-dreadnought an air bomb must explode in the water to do her much damage.

years before. All the lighter guns and searchlights on all ships can be assumed to be provided with armor protection against bombs and light shells, and also against gas, as is true in the latest type Japanese ships.

If two such fleets were approaching each other well out to sea, what plan would each admiral make to gain victory over his opponent?

The plan of each would have to depend on two things: first, the mission assigned to each admiral by his government; second, the means in the hands of each admiral for carrying out his mission—that is, the fighting powers and limitations of the different kinds of ships.

After all, the primary purposes in building and maintaining a navy are two. The first is to keep an enemy from invading the home country; the second, to keep the enemy from cutting off the national overseas commerce.

These two things can be accomplished only by having a fleet strong enough to meet and beat an enemy fleet well out to sea. A fleet of inferior strength, like the German High Seas Fleet in the Great War, which must keep close enough to its strongly defended home ports to run to their shelter, cannot successfully do these two things. Having no fleet at all and relying upon strong coast defenses is a still weaker, and generally much more unsuccessful, means.

Let us give the Air Admiral the defensive problem. First, because it is the easier. Second, because those who maintain that modern developments of aircraft and submarines have rendered the battleship obsolete always insist that this is all the more true if a purely defensive rôle is adopted as a national policy.

THE Air Admiral's problem, then, is to use his superiority in aircraft and submarines to sink, or so damage that they are put out of action, enough of the fleet of the Gun Admiral to cause its remnants to run or surrender.

To accomplish this, the Air Admiral must break up the backbone of the Gun Admiral's fleet. This consists of eighteen dreadnoughts, with their 162 16-inch guns and planes, and five airplane carriers, with their approximately 350 planes. How can he best do this?

He has a tremendous advantage over the Gun Admiral because he has many more planes. Therefore, in any combat between their aerial forces he is certain of success. As a consequence he can take the fullest advantage of the ability of a plane to fly many times the range of a gun, and can send out his bombing planes, properly escorted by fighting planes, whenever and wherever he sees fit. The Gun Admiral on the contrary must be on the defensive in the air.

The next question for the Air Admiral is, what target shall he assign to his superior airplane fleet when he decides to send it out?

He can have them concentrate on and destroy the Gun Admiral's five airplane carriers and their planes. He can have them concentrate on the eighteen battleships when those battleships are still 150 to 200 miles away and therefore helpless in so far as any chance of their guns reaching his airplane carriers is concerned. Or he can assign a sufficient air force to overcome the Gun Admiral's carriers, while having the balance attack the battleships.

The third course he undoubtedly will eliminate, because it means a division of force, always a dangerous move in war.

Knowing that his superior air force enables him to destroy the Gun Admiral's five aircraft carriers and planes at any time he chooses to concentrate this force against them, the question for the Air Admiral is, what is the best time? If he does this first, before he attacks the battleships, these big-gun ships undoubtedly will continue to advance toward his carriers during the time taken up by the attack, and during the return of the planes to their carriers to reload with bombs in preparation for their second attack, this time on the battleships.

The question of time is of vital importance to the Air Admiral.

While he can bomb at ranges far beyond the fire of the biggest gun, he cannot keep up that bombing uninterruptedly over a considerable period of time, the way the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Approaching baldness?

business is crying
for youth don't
let falling hair rob
you of opportunity



BEFORE it is too late, safeguard yourself against baldness. First of all, if your general health is not good, see a doctor. Diet and health affect the hair.

And in any event, you need to care properly for the scalp. Try this simple home treatment: Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp; massage it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. This relieves dryness and tightness, softens the hair follicles, stimulates the blood flow to the scalp, which helps new hair to grow in and replace what is lost. Then shampoo with a mild soap. The Tonic cleanses and supplies necessary oil—you know dry scalp is one of the chief causes of falling hair.

Do try this. You'll find it really beneficial. And you can use a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as a dressing between shampoos, too. It is obtainable at any drug store and is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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*in this
modern
form if
you are
run down
fagged out
and.....*

**ONLY
HALF
THERE**

**EAT
YEAST**

For health
and vigor
eat yeast.
But get it in
palatable con-
venient form!
Yeast Foam Tab-
lets are pure yeast;
they are easy to swal-
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-WEBC-KFAB



[BATTLESHIPS OR AIRPLANES?]

[Continued from page thirty-three]

gun can keep up its fire, once within range. Big guns can be fired at least once a minute for a relatively long time, and at least twice a minute for short periods. Navy bombers can carry only one 1,500-pound bomb each. That dropped, they must return to the carrier, reload their bombing racks, and again fly off to the target. All this takes a considerable period of time.

In the first place, a carrier, to launch her planes, must turn her bow to the wind. If the direction in which the carrier is going is against the wind, she can launch her planes and keep her course.

However, if the wind is blowing from some other direction, she must turn off her course into the wind and must go forward several minutes in this direction, in order to launch her planes with the maximum efficiency and safety.

To be on the safe side, the Air Admiral will, therefore, probably allow a minimum of half an hour to get his planes launched and started on the bombing expedition. Assuming that the point chosen for an attack is 200 miles away, it will take the planes, at 100 miles an hour, two hours to get there. That the attack can be executed and all the bombs dropped within another half hour is an assumption generous to the planes. Another two hours will be needed to fly back. Again making a very generous assumption, it will take two hours to get the planes on board, their racks reloaded, and everything ready for a second flight to the attack. This totals seven hours between the attacks of the bombers.

Battleships which are listed at twenty-three knots an hour can be counted upon to advance at the rate of twenty knots an hour. In seven hours, therefore, they can move 140 miles.

A GREAT question for the Air Admiral is, what will the Gun Admiral do after he is sighted by the Air Admiral's scouts and during the two and a half hours it will take the bombers to be launched from their carriers and to fly to the locality, 200 miles away, where the Gun Admiral's fleet will be if it continues on the course on which it was going when first sighted by the scouts?

If, instead of continuing on a straight course, the Gun Admiral changes course to the right or left, then additional time will have to be used in locating and attacking him.

If the first bombing attack is on the Gun Admiral's carriers, what will he do with his battleships during the seven hours which must elapse before

the bombers can return to attack those battleships?

If the Gun Admiral continues to advance straight ahead, and the Air Admiral keeps his carriers in the same spot, the Gun Admiral's battleships, having come 140 miles in seven hours, will be but sixty miles away from the carriers.

While this will considerably shorten the period of time necessary for another bombing attack, it will



U. S. Navy Official photo

A giant navy bomber in flight.

also put the battleships rather close to the aircraft carriers. These carriers, having neither the heavy guns necessary to "beat up" the battleships nor the armor on the sides, and much less on the flight deck, to resist even

the shells of the battleships' lighter guns, can do nothing but take advantage of their superior speed to run away when the battleships approach.

If the carrier's planes, fully prepared for attack, have just taken to the air, then she can exert her maximum strength against the battleships. If the planes are away; if they are returning, their bombs having been dropped; if, their flight over, they are being picked up by the carriers; and, above all, if they are crowded on the flight deck about to take off, the carrier is helpless. She cannot damage the battleships. What is worse, she faces destruction from the tremendous power of the battleship salvos, arriving at least two each minute, and consisting each of nine 16-inch armor-piercing shells, weighing 2,100 pounds and traveling 24,000 yards, or more than thirteen miles, in about thirty-three seconds.

Unless one bombing attack suffices to sink or disable the greater part of the eighteen battleships, the balance would be able to cover the sixty miles and attack the carriers, if the latter remained where they were, before their planes could get their second loads of bombs and fly off for the next attack.

The only way to avoid this would be for the carriers to retreat between attacks, so as to keep 200 miles away from the Gun Admiral's battleships. However, if they continued to retreat, the time would arrive when they would be back in their own harbors. Thus, as much as if beaten in battle, they would have failed in their mission of keeping the enemy's fleet from reaching their own coast.

If instead of retiring they kept a safe distance by moving to the right or left, they would be in danger of having the enemy's fleet get between them and their own coast, on which were their navy yards and their bases of supply and repair.

For all these reasons, the Air Ad-

miral would undoubtedly decide that his first bombing attack must be made against the battleships.

The next question the Air Admiral must decide is what use he will make of his superiority in submarines.

He has his cruisers and destroyers in a wide screen a considerable distance ahead of the backbone of his fleet, which consists of airplane carriers.

This screen has two purposes—scouting and protection. Its fast surface vessels scout for the enemy, aided by the scout planes carried by the cruisers. Once the enemy is located it is the business of this force to keep his cruisers and destroyers from rushing on and, with their guns and torpedoes, attacking the main fleet, in this case a fleet not of battleships but of aircraft carriers.

Since the war, the common practice has been to add to this screen the new big fleet submarines, with similar scouting and protective missions or duties.

THE Battle of Jutland bore out the experience of previous battles, both on sea and on land, in that the scouting and screening light forces put well to the front of the main forces generally engage in a free-for-all fight with one another. Thus they neutralize each other and leave the main bodies free, when they get within range, to fight it out with little or no interference from the light forces.

The Air Admiral, having no battleships between his light forces and his aircraft carriers, must have this screen as strong as possible, in order to prevent any enemy surface vessels breaking through and attacking his carriers while his planes are absent or being taken on board or while they are on board but not ready to fly to the attack because their racks are still empty of bombs.

The Air Admiral fears that the Gun Admiral, knowing this to be the case, may assign several battleships to his opposing screen, in order to strengthen it sufficiently to break through and get at the airplane carriers in these their weakest periods.

The Air Admiral should not break up his superior air force to attack at the same time both the enemy's battleships, say 200 miles off, and an enemy's screen, say 100 miles off. Thus if he wishes to concentrate his whole bombing air force against the battleships, the only reinforcement he has available to strengthen his scouting and screening force consists of his fifteen additional submarines.

Therefore, the Air Admiral decides that when his scouts first determine the location of the enemy's fleet, he will dispatch his bombers to attack the battleships, while using his additional submarines to strengthen his scouting and screening force, thus giving his aircraft carriers the maximum defense against enemy surface-attacks.

What plans can the Gun Admiral
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The TONIC which Doctors prescribe for themselves

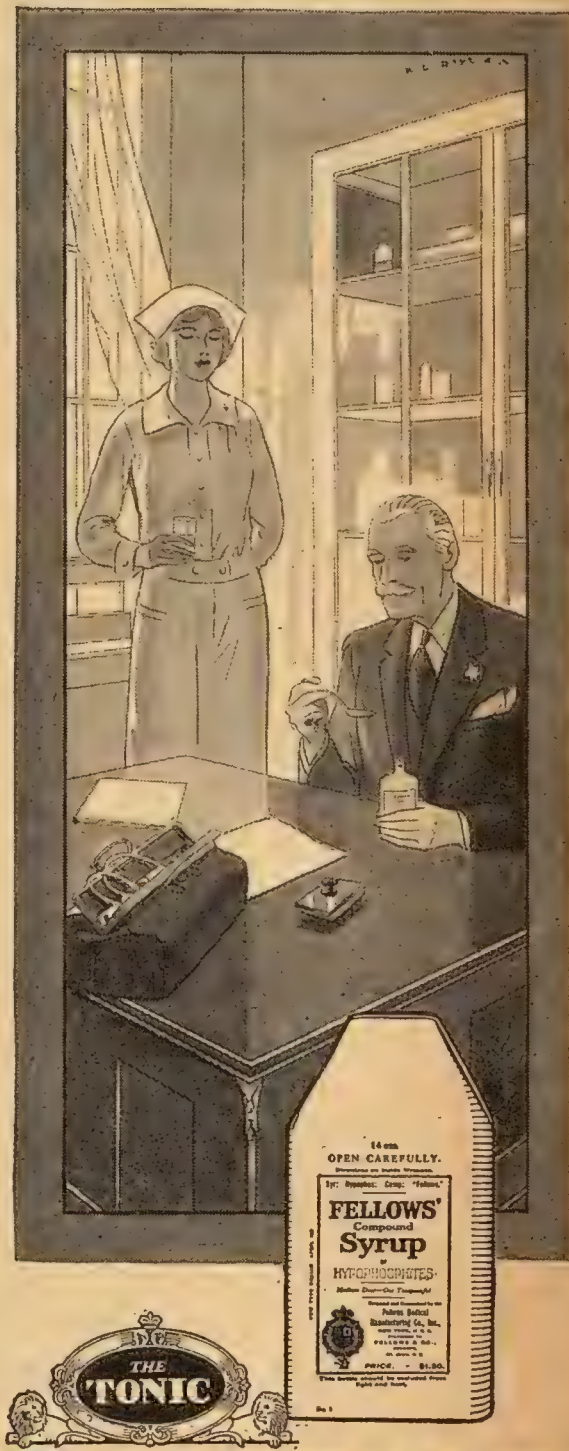
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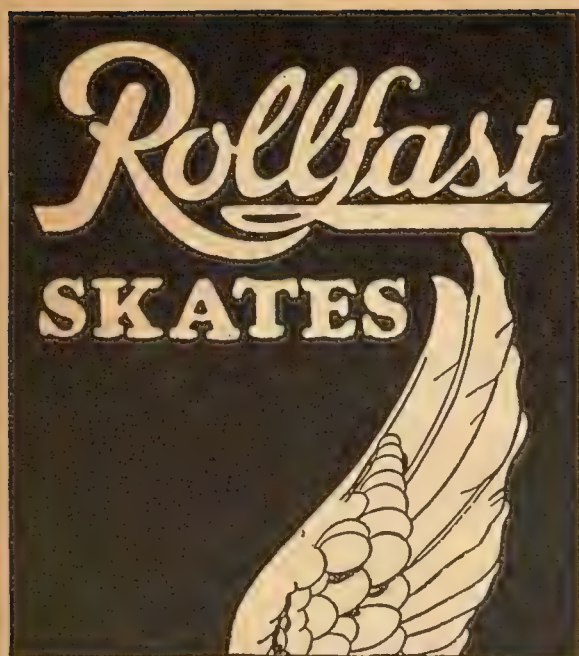


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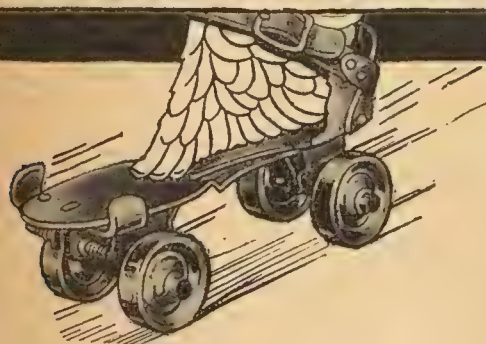
F. Scott Fitzgerald says GIRLS BELIEVE IN GIRLS

● NEXT
WEEK IN
LIBERTY

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D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

[BATTLESHIPS OR AIRPLANES?]

Continued from page thirty-five

make to meet his opponent's fleet and beat it despite its superiority in the air and under water? Or is that superiority such that he can only act defensively?

Whether he will take the offensive or the defensive, and what is the best plan in either case, depends upon the use which he can make of his weapons to do two things: first, to put the maximum number of difficulties in the way of the Air Admiral's attempts to take advantage of his air and submarine superiority, and, second, to take the fullest possible advantage of his own superiority in big guns and well armored big ships.

That the Air Admiral will use his superiority in bombing planes, and their ability to strike hundreds of miles away, is a certainty. That this superiority enables the Air Admiral to destroy the Gun Admiral's five aircraft carriers, if he can find them, is equally certain. That such an attempt would be made the first thing, if two fleets, each constituted like the Gun Admiral's, met in battle, is also reasonably sure. However, as the Air Admiral has no battleships to protect his airplane carriers from the Gun Admiral's battleships, should they use their great strength to break easily through his scouting and protective screen, it is reasonable to suppose that his first object will be to attempt the destruction or neutralization, through great damage to their guns, hulls, and machinery, of the Gun Admiral's battleship force.

THUS he deduces the probability that the first attack will be on his battleships. Similarly, he deduces the probability that the enemy's superiority in submarines will be used to strengthen his scouting and screening force. As he has no storms of 16-inch steel shells arriving on and around his battleships, at the rate of two salvos a minute, to fear, the formation of his eighteen battleships does not have to be that which would enable their guns to give the most effective answer. In other words, the usual formation of a long line of battleships, one behind another at intervals of a few hundred yards, is not necessary.

The hardest target for attacking planes would be a formation in which

his battleships were distributed in an irregular checkerboard fashion, with the widest distances and intervals between them which would enable the anti-aircraft guns of several to concentrate their fire above any one. This formation would insure that no bomb which missed one ship would hit another. Also, no two ships being on the same line right and left, front and rear, or diagonally, no plane having passed over one ship would find another directly in its path. In other words, attacking airships would have to pick definite targets and then get in a proper position for attack.

Also, such a formation, properly worked out to scale on a

plotting board by the admiral's staff, would permit, particularly with the long ranges of the modern 16-inch guns, powerful concentrations of fire from these guns against any enemy surface vessels which might come within range during the advance of the battleships while deployed in this manner, both in depth and breadth.

IN other words, it would only be doing at sea what the army has long since done on land: that is, abolishing a rigid line formation in favor of a loose formation, scattered in breadth and depth, thus offering the poorest possible target to an enemy, while in no way interfering with the maximum and most powerful concentrations of gunfire against the enemy.

The Gun Admiral knows that the Air Admiral probably has seventeen airplane carriers, carrying a total of

approximately 1,200 planes. With the usual organization, the probabilities are that not more than 25 per cent of these are heavy bombers. In other words, the enemy has 300 bombers which can deliver an attack at the same time on his eighteen battleships.

That is, each battleship will have to face an attack of sixteen or seventeen heavy bombing planes. Each plane can carry only one 1,500-pound bomb or one torpedo.

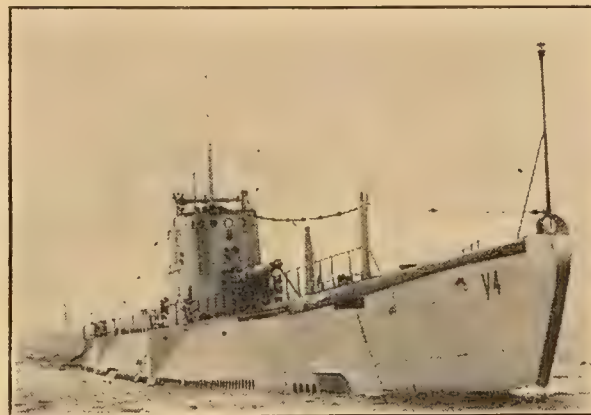
The fact that a torpedo is discharged at a ship from a plane does not make it any more dangerous than if it were discharged from a destroyer or a submarine.

It cannot travel any greater distance through the water in order to reach its target; it cannot travel



Underwood & Underwood photo

The airplane carrier Saratoga in the Panama Canal at Paradise.



International photo

The U. S. submarine V 4.

that distance any faster or, when it arrives, do any more damage.

The latest types of ships are not only divided into many compartments, but also have a "blister" of additional compartments which stick out under water from their sides. The war showed that the compartments alone would enable a battleship to stay afloat after being torpedoed.

Despite the improvements which have been made in torpedoes since the war, the improvements made in ships have rendered the torpedo, if anything, less dangerous.

As has been noted, the heaviest navy bombers can carry only one 1,500-pound bomb to the attack. On any part of a ship above the water, despite the fact that such bombs contain more high explosive, they are far less dangerous than the armor-piercing shells of the big guns.

In order to save weight for a large quantity of high explosive, their metal walls are made relatively thin. Thus, when they strike armor, instead of piercing it and then exploding, they smash on its outside and explode.

The blast of the explosion is strong enough to kill or wound human beings and wreck light structures of thin material. However, no damage is done to the guns, men, or machinery behind the armor.

The only way in which these large bombs can materially damage a ship is to drop in the water close alongside and then explode. If close enough—and it has to be within a few feet—such an explosion, aided by the tamping effect of the water all around the bomb when it goes off, will blow a considerable hole in that part of the ship nearest to it.

HOWEVER, with modern blisters, such an explosion, while ripping a hole and allowing a lot of water to come into the blister compartments, and probably into the neighboring compartments of the hull proper, will not sink the ship; and probably, in a considerable number of cases, will not force her to drop out of her battle position any more often than was true of the torpedoes which hit ships at Jutland.

After all, the Gun Admiral can figure that once the sixteen or seventeen bombs or torpedoes have been aimed at each of his battleships, they cannot be again attacked in this fashion until the considerable period of hours has elapsed which is necessary for the planes to return to their carriers, reload with bombs, and return to the attack.

If these ships were in action against enemy battleships of similar power, they would have to stand up under salvos of nine 16-inch shells, arriving one or two a minute for a considerable period of time. In other words, each ship would have easily to stand up to the attack not of sixteen or seventeen projectiles, but of thirty-six in four minutes, forty-five in five minutes, and many more over a longer period even though at a slower rate of fire.

During the first phase of the Battle of Jutland, which lasted over an hour, and in the second phase, which lasted about one and three-quarters hours, Beatty's and Hipper's big-gun ships pounded each other practically continuously with storms of steel—not such heavy projectiles nor so many per minute as the big-gun ships of today can hurl, but, to the ships of that day, proportionately as damaging.

Each of the 16-inch shells weighs 2,100 pounds. Their metal walls are made so thick and strong, and the velocity with which they arrive is so terrific, that they will pierce any but the heaviest armor and explode after they have done so, thus robbing the men, guns, and machinery back of that armor of its protection. Incidentally, the salvos arrive with an accuracy which no bombing squadrons of aircraft can yet attain in the discharge of their bombs.

In other words, the Gun Admiral would undoubtedly come to the conclusion that his eighteen battleships could weather a heavy bomb attack lasting but a few minutes, and only to be renewed after a considerable

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[BATTLESHIPS OR AIRPLANES?]

[Continued from page thirty-seven]

interval of hours, with less danger than a determined heavy gun attack by eighteen enemy battleships, did they exist.

Suppose a ship or two should be sunk and several more so crippled as to be unable to keep up. The fact would remain that he would have in his hands, during the hours which must elapse before another attack could come, the great power of the remaining ships and guns for free use in working toward the carrying out of his mission of driving through to the enemy's coast.

The next question is, how will he meet the menace of the enemy's superiority of fifteen submarines? As his cruiser and destroyer force approximately equals the similar force of the Air Admiral, these fifteen additional submarines added to the Air Admiral's screening and scouting force could turn the tide of battle against his own, unless it were reinforced.

As he has no enemy big-gun battleships to attack him, there is no reason why he cannot bring his battleship force close up to his screen, thus enabling the long-range fire of his 16-inch guns to be brought to bear on the enemy cruisers and destroyers—more than turning the balance in the favor of his own force.

What will he do with his five airplane carriers? If he has them only a few miles in rear of his battleships, during the attack of the enemy's air force on the battleships it might be tempted also to attack the carriers.

On the other hand, if he puts them a hundred or more miles to the rear, where they will be reasonably safe, their 350 planes may be too far off to be available for the counterattack on the enemy's air force which he plans to have them make, once that force has become well involved in the attack on his battleships.

To carry out the above ideas, particularly as the enemy planes would travel at 100 miles an hour while his ships could move at twenty, the Gun Admiral must have information as early as possible of the departure of the enemy attacking planes from their carriers.

He therefore decides, while keeping some of his lighter vessels in a close screen around his battleships and airplane carriers as protection against destroyer or submarine torpedo attack, or against cruisers hunting for his aircraft carriers, to have the balance of his lighter forces in a widespread screen far to the front, to get and wireless to him that information as quickly as possible.

TAKING all these things into consideration, the Gun Admiral decides on the following plan—the distances between different parts of his force, and the times at which the moves are to be made, being worked out carefully to scale by his staff on a plotting board.

Immediately he learns that the enemy's planes are en route to the attack, his battleships will assume the formation he has decided upon and the aircraft carriers will take station far enough to the rear—probably about sixty to seventy-five miles—to enable their 350 planes to take off and counterattack the enemy's attacking air force, once it has become well involved in its combat with the battleships.

Knowing that the enemy had no heavy battleships to be attacked, all heavy bombing planes were removed from his carriers and attack planes were substituted before he left his home ports.

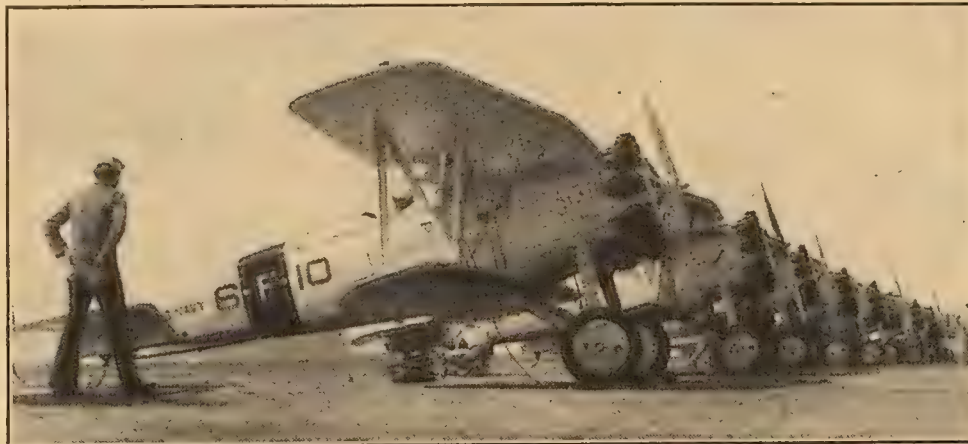
He orders the planes to be catapulted from his battleships in ample time to escape the enemy's air attack and

to be able to join the planes from his aircraft carriers in counterattacking.

He orders the vessels of his advanced screening and scouting force, which he has sent well in advance, once they have found the enemy to retire and join the close screen near his battleship force, thus drawing the enemy screening force within reach of the heavy guns of the battleships.

By these means, he will have the maximum concentration of his combat power to use, not only to resist the enemy's air attack but also to break through, destroy, and disperse the enemy cruiser, destroyer, and submarine screen at the time when the enemy's planes, their ammunition exhausted, are turning to fly back to their carriers.

If the carriers wait for their planes, they are in danger of destruction by the Gun Admiral's guns. If they do not wait, but take advantage of their superior speed hastily to retire toward their own coast, the consequence may well be that they will have to abandon their planes, either to come down on the open sea or else to straggle back, if they still have the fuel, to the coast.



U. S. Navy Official photo

Navy observation and scouting planes at San Diego.

OF course, like any other problem in war, the above can be worked out in a variety of ways. However, certain fundamental facts cannot be escaped. The

most important is that while aircraft carriers can strike heavy blows at distances far beyond anything that is possible with guns' range, they cannot keep up these blows over a long period of time, and they cannot stand up under blows themselves.

In other words, while aircraft carriers with their airplanes can strike hard and perhaps unexpected blows by their power to dash in and dash out, their inability to keep on striking these blows while receiving heavy ones themselves makes them suffer from exactly the same disadvantages as the torpedo and its carrier, be the latter a destroyer or a submarine. Thus, like these, they are still auxiliaries.

They might be compared with the heaviest type of artillery on land, which can strike tremendous blows at distances far beyond anything the weapons of the infantry or light artillery can attempt.

However, these guns are so vulnerable to the attack of infantry and light field artillery, once those arms get those big guns within the range of their own weapons, that a large part of the heavy guns' long range is used in placing them far enough behind their own infantry and field artillery to prevent any sudden rush of the enemy from capturing or otherwise putting them out of action.

No matter what plans are made for the airplane carrier, her weaknesses as she stands today are such that, without the protection of the heavily gunned, heavily armored battleships, the fullest advantage cannot be taken of the excellent qualities which, possessed by these carriers and their planes, make them vital parts of a modern fleet.

After all, the important fact in a combat at sea is not how many ships are sunk or put out of action. The important fact is the accomplishment of the mission assigned an admiral by his government.

If his mission is to open the seas for the free use of transports carrying military expeditions to an enemy's coast or to the help of an ally, and of the merchant fleets carrying food and supplies the world over, it makes no difference how many ships he loses in battle, provided that battle results in the enemy's fleet being sunk or driven to take refuge in its own or neutral ports.

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What is Beauty in Sculpture?

By

GUTZON BORGLUM

who is the sculptor of the colossal head of Lincoln in the National Capitol; the Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain—which he designed and began; the national memorial on Mount Rushmore, in the Black Hills; and many other conspicuous works. He is also a painter and a writer and has repeatedly proved himself a two-fisted fighter—in politics, in the wartime aircraft investigation, in connection with some of his big sculptural commissions, and in his active interest in boxing. Born in Idaho of Danish parentage, he lived west of the Missouri until he was nineteen, and then on his own earnings went to Europe.

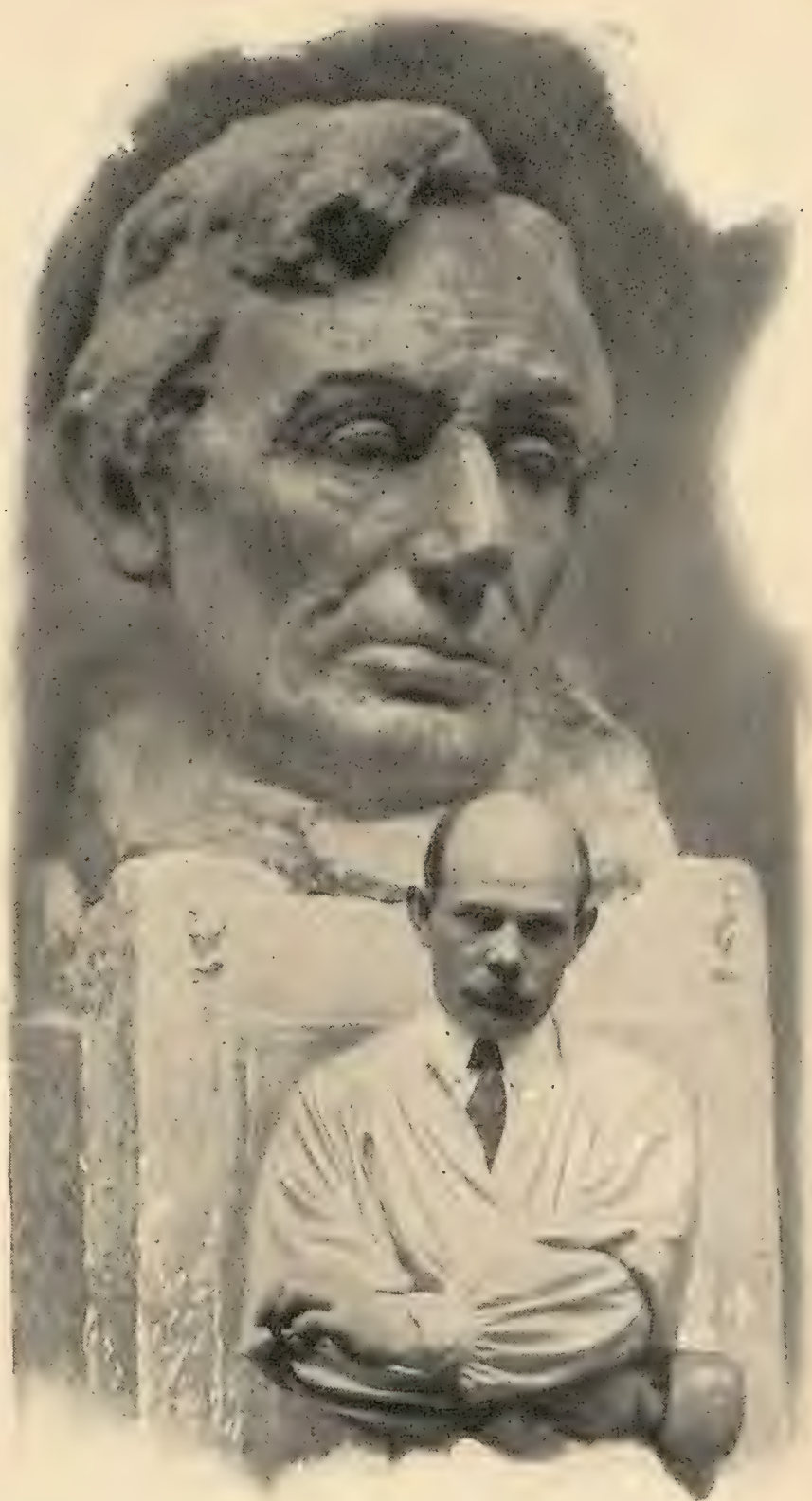
“**L**A lumière tombe; faut l'arrêter joliment.” I know not who is the author of this profound and beautiful observation: “The light falls; we must arrest it beautifully.” If we cannot find here much of the creed and inspiration of sculptured beauty, then I am wholly at a loss as to where to look.

Before we enter into any analysis of beauty, let us develop this thought regarding light, for light is not only the revealer of beauty but becomes itself an indispensable factor in the revelation; it gives quality to the form revealed. Beauty of form means something more than perfection, therefore it may be something less than “perfection.” Beauty means something more or other than “order.” It means the presence of charm—an idea so ordered and so happily arranged that light betrays and reveals it; and in this, at least in part, one's own ideal is born, a sense of one's own perfection is revealed; memories, dreams, of which we may or may not have become wholly conscious, are revealed and beauty is born.

Beauty is like a soul that hovers over the surface of form. Its presence is unmistakable, in art or in life, with or without action, with or without color. It is nowhere; it is everywhere; it is in us. The measure of its revelation depends on the measure of our own soul-consciousness, the boundaries of our own spirit. And yet beauty exists quite apart from and without us. We have as little to do with it as with the stars or the moon, but like the rainbow we must be where it can be seen or we do not see it. Beauty is as undefinable as spirit, and yet it is the most potential, dominating force in civilization. It invades everything; it has no night nor day; it is sleepless. One need only not oppose it and it will become one's nearest soul companion. It finds its way into movement, into manners, into all living relationship, carriage, gesture, dress, home, privacy.

When Beauty has invaded one's privacy, she has made her supremest conquest. Beauty that follows one beyond the locked or bolted door is the purest; that alone is sacred. When beauty homes with us alone, she becomes fecund, she becomes the light that leads civilization. No age is great that is not on the most intimate terms with beauty; no age grows without her biting lash and caress.

I've heard it somewhere that billions annually are spent on cosmetics, on this department alone of make-believe,



Brown Bros. photo

The author and his colossal head of Lincoln.

masking the time-engraved cheek or doctoring the blue lip or tired eye. This is not the beauty with which we are concerned. Masks have never succeeded in being other than masks, and they deceive and blind only the masqueraders.

THIS brings us to the artificial, to the academic criterion that measures beauty in terms of physical regularity. We do not admit that physical regularity standardized is more than an aid to beauty. Vigor, health, and something we call soul determine in sexual selection, therefore these qualities nature determines shall prevail in the creative world. This indubitable law should warn the academic that regularity of form is likely a de-souled product and characterless, a mask simply of perfection. Perfection of form, color of hair, the drawing of a brow, nose, eyes, mouth, chin, throat, shoulders, bust, arms, hands, body, mean nothing in themselves; there is no beauty in a face or body that lacks animation; there is no beauty in perfection of form that lacks inspiration. No better proof of this exists than the lifeless copies of masterpieces that litter the world. Sculpture is dead that is not inspired.

For a quarter of a century I have pursued and worshiped this illusive goddess we call Beauty as one does a religion, and I have found her as intangible as infinite. I have also found that the only enemies to great beauty were canons or academic formulæ in command of the

overeducated; that all standards were lifeless or died immediately they became established. Finally, I have found that if beauty were definable or could be made conventional, it would long since have ceased to lead youth to new civilization, new consciousness. Beauty must be the will-o'-the-wisp of creative impulse. It must be the beckoning lure to every soul born related to the creative impulses in nature, whether he dream in harmonies, color, form, or language, in Babylons or, like Justice Holmes, in law.

I want to return to our beginning before I get too deep into nowhere. Out of the heavens the light falls. Let me picture what happens, and then review further the theory and some vagaries of this strange lure that affects not only the animal world but the universe, or, as they say, everything under the sun and beyond.

Let us imagine a square space, framed, black as space, utterly devoid of light, therefore devoid of color or visible form. It is as a blind clouded night. Let us imagine then that suddenly a beam of light is freed from somewhere above. In the center of this dark space, light reveals a round, soft, blurred spot of gold; from this about halfway down springs a line suggesting the segment of a circle, somewhat like the inverted crescent of a moon; the line travels down and is lost like the moon in the dark.

Suddenly you recognize it's the head of a child, and with this recognition all that's latent in human relations responds. In the curving line you see the shoulders, the back; in the quick trembling and general contour you recognize life, youth, grief! Every fine emotion one possesses is awakened, and yet light has revealed only a circle of soft gold and enough of a larger circle to awaken a world of the finer human responses.



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library
*The world-renowned
Venus of Milo.*

blinking fingers clutch at a throbbing throat. Observe how this face arrests the light; how the light falls; how, softened and broken by the falling hair, it rests and plays on her forehead, on brows puckered, eyes wide in wonder. Note how the light passes through a tear as if it were a jewel, and on into the eyes and, arrested there, reveals the little one's soul. Note how the light draws, in half light, the nervous fear-revealing fingers. Farther down in the dark the light reveals a knee—and, far back and

under, the edge of an upturned foot. Compose this as your fancy dictates.

The light falls; you may stop it in a crystal ball, in the palm of an outstretched hand, over the knuckles of a clenched fist. However you do it, arrest it beautifully—that is, with meaning.

Or again, take the figure of a man, the torso of Belvedere. This torso is almost the nude of Moses. Study it, hold it aloft in the night and let a single ray of light fall upon it. One first senses rest, then power. These qualities are shown by the entire upper part of the figure, gathered as if ready to spring, resting on the hips. To this Angelo has added arms that hold in themselves power—and the law. There is here the repose, the static dignity of the gods. We do not think of Moses or David or the recumbent figures of Night and Day by Angelo as objects of beauty any more than we think of the Venus of Milo or the Victory of Samothrace as an object of beauty; and yet it is precisely these masterpieces of great art that have determined and fixed into marble in themselves the ideals of beauty of form of their respective ages.

RECENTLY I was speaking to one of America's best known sculptors of the indispensable part light played in revealing, also in creating beauty. He confessed he was nearly sixty before he recognized the witchery, the infinite variety, the charm and mystery that lay between light and shade, and the care one should give to modeling

form in half light. I was dumfounded, but I understood at once why his art never rose above lifeless bulk and physical but effeminate mass, and remained mediocre.

No department of museum construction is so stupidly, so thoughtlessly han-



Ewing Galloway photo

The National Academy of Sciences building in Washington, D. C., regarded by Mr. Borglum as the late B. G. Goodhue's masterpiece.

Then, if your æsthetic senses have experienced any awakening, the wonder and impersonal beauty of the revelation bursts upon and absorbs you; surprises your mind and intrigues it to wander into the half light and on into the shadows, to find other forms that memory delights in recalling.

DWELL a long moment on this simple example of the light as it falls and how the head arrests it beautifully. For suddenly the child raises a tear-covered cheek; hand and trem-

dled as the lighting. I do not recall one, and I am familiar with most, that wisely, perfectly lets the light in upon its art works. Wall lights, sky lights, lights from everywhere, and the masterpieces of an age strung along the walls and in corners.

Size and floor space determine museum arrangement, not the Venus of Milo or any less or greater example of a people's soul. Two bits of sculpture in all America leap to my mind, because they are properly and gloriously lighted, therefore can be seen as their creator saw and created them. Both are in the Boston Museum; both are Greek. I could name a dozen equally great masterpieces strewn about the floors of America's storerooms of ancient and modern sculpture, unknown, unrecognized, unseen, because no one in authority knows how to place or light them, knows their beauty or how to find it.

What I say about the value, the effect of controlled light, applies to everything, to the world; our village, the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library
*The Victory, or Nike,
of Samothrace.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

country, New York look their noblest for some minutes at dawn, as the sun steals quickly over the horizon and its beams touch the tops of things—when gray night has not had time to get away. Don't forget it is night, shadow, darkness, makes light beautiful. We would not look twice at the moon, or ever see her great beauty, if she floated in a blaze of light.

While in Washington last spring and having in mind the principles here discussed, I walked down to the great obelisk called the Washington Monument. I approached within fifty feet of it and stopped. I could not, nor do I try to, suppress, to convention, my impulses. I thought what a stupid, dull thing this post was, raising its monotonous ugliness for five hundred feet. "Look," I said to my companion, pointing at the bottom and describing its straight upward course; "cold, dead, and bad Egyptian—not even good building. It's only bigger." We turned away resentful, disappointed at the unformed æsthetic spirit in America that built such borrowed piles, unrelated to our men, and in a country governed by a political philosophy opposed to everything Egypt represented. Cleopatra's Needle in New York, in line and proportions, is a thing of individual beauty.

We wandered toward the Lincoln Monument, but our destination was Goodhue's masterpiece, the Sciences Building, to the right of Bacon's Lincoln Memorial. We had crossed Seventeenth Street and were turning toward the Memorial when I looked back.

The purple of the evening hours was settling among the trees; about a third of the shaft was in cool half light; there was no definite sharp sunlight, but the remaining part, in soft rose color, pierced the heavens with a majesty I have seen but few times in my life—once in a grizzled giant redwood, its lofty top holding still the sun when all the world was caught in the gray cloak of evening. So the Washington Monument, like a finger of God, rose into eternity, silent as the pyramids, lonely as Washington.

Then I wondered and exclaimed to my friend, "How beautiful!" and we both marveled. Ah, but heaven had lent a hand—atmosphere, evening, singleness of light lingering upon it alone; and there was a fine Colonial flush on the great shaft that recalled the portraits of those days.

WE tarried in the grip of great beauty, of nature and art, until art lost what nature contributed—lost its soul and became a ghost in the night. We turned toward the Lincoln Memorial. I've always hated it; it represents nothing to me; there is not a line in it that one can, by any stretch of fancy, relate to Lincoln.

Its general form, the architectural orders that clash and are wholly out of spirit with the simple Rail-splitter, and the overscaled statue shoehorned into the anteroom in a classic chair, shock even the craftsman in one, if the artist, poet, or historian be asleep.

We both stopped and each reached to stop the other. Each exclaimed and each swore with pleased surprise:

"It's the tomb of the great Emancipator! It's the mausoleum!" For the spirit of the great Savior of the Republic had entered the memorial.

Marble takes on a wonderful color when the evening sun sinks behind it. The long pool, stupidly regular, ugly in its long, unbroken line, still reflected with great beauty the monument. As it rested there between heaven and earth, it held the body, the soul of Lincoln; the spirit of the hour carried quite to where we stood.

"What do you make of all this?" I asked my companion. "Here are two monuments about which we are agreed that neither, in the full light of day, in form, quality, or conception is above a thousand other make-believe productions in America, though these are the most pretentious—and yet, given certain conditions of light, a certain time of day, which means nature's adornment, they rise into the elemental, they become a part of creation, they succeed not only as fitting memorials to the great they represent but acquire a nobility and beauty, a sincerity all great art attains."

THEN we came to Goodhue's masterwork. I'm prejudiced in favor of Goodhue. I think him easily one of the greatest, one of the most cultured and at once boldest artists America has produced.

But, after the two long-shot impressions we had received of the obelisk and the Lincoln Memorial, I must confess Goodhue's building became a thing to hold in one's hand to caress.

The beauty of Goodhue's form is not dependent on staging, though it is, like all in this world, dependent on light. No man has carried suggestion, delicacy of draftsmanship, exquisite definition as far as Goodhue and retained wholesome, bold, masculine character. The façade of his building is equally fine, but the backbone or sky line, the general upthrust, lacks meaning, is indifferent. I stress this because all great conceptions in form, though not bigger than a scarfpin, show in the faintest light their purpose in contour, their character, and much of their charm.

A careful review of Greek, British, French, and German authors on æsthetics, including Plato, Spencer, Lessing, Baumgarten, and Schiller, leaves our subject as virgin and free as when they began. All agree that Art is an expression of ideals, revealed in sound, language, color, line, and form primarily for the purpose of mental and spiritual or emotional relief, and that Beauty is the inevitable flower that may or may not bloom in the process.

To the artist, the creative soul, I would say this, after a quarter of a century of breathless pursuit: Beauty is ever at large; her boundaries are the infinite; her forms can never be fixed or measured. She is like the rainbow: where the sun ray

and mist meet, there she bows, but you will not see Beauty, you will not ever know her, until the relations are perfect, until in fact you yourself have become her high priest.

This concludes a series of answers to the question What Is Beauty? which has been appearing from time to time in Liberty.

Liberty is offering

\$100 Apiece
for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—not merely stamps.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.



Wide World photo

The Lincoln Memorial.

REVOLT

A Short Short Story

By



CHARLES W. B. HURD

who was born in Tonkawa, Oklahoma; is twenty-eight; says he was educated here and there; has worked on newspapers from St. Louis to New York and still thinks there's romance in it. He is now on the reportorial staff of the New York Times.

HERMAN FOTHERGILL was born to worry. He had worried himself through school; worried himself through courtship; worried himself through matrimony; and had found what he thought was the ultimate in worry as bookkeeper for the Haddon Corporation through thirty painstaking years.

Then, like a dream, his worries had been dissipated at six P. M. of the previous day. Of course, he had known that Cousin Millicent would remember him in her will. But then, he hadn't known her means, and the \$50,000 bequest was as yet quite incomprehensible.

He had returned to the furnished room in a suburb that had been the retreat of his five-year widowerhood, a childless one. The room where he had lived in the elegance afforded by thirty-five dollars weekly that remained after he had put five in the savings bank.

There he had sat in his rocker, a fifty-year-old, slight emblem of patience, unimaginativeness, the embodiment of the "timid soul." There he had sat for two hours, nursing the cigar the lawyer had given him. Then he had risen.

"I'm damned!" he said under his breath, and went to bed. But he did not sleep.

Fifty thousand dollars!

He pictured himself walking into Old Man Haddon's office and, in a firm, low voice, saying, "You can go to —" But then he realized he didn't swear; wouldn't know how to say it right. "Damn" was his limit. It took practice to say "hell" right. And Old Man Haddon was so—so damn big.

Or he might not go in town at all. But no, that would not be right. After all, he had his responsibilities. So through the night, until dawn broke around five A. M. and, in the cold reasoning of daylight, he got it, the perfect, practical idea to assert his independence, prove that he was *not* a worm, as he knew full well he was.

He got up, dressed carefully in the usual Oxford gray, and prepared breakfast. For some reason, never since Martha's death had he been able to face breakfast in a restaurant.

There were no card games or tall story-telling contests among old cronies on the 7:34. Those things happen on trains that arrive in the city at nine or thereafter, among the substantial citizenry who sign pay checks for the Fothergills. So Herman was alone with his newspaper in peace. He didn't care specially for publicity, but he amused himself by wondering just how big a story would be run if the newspapers heard of his new fortune.

A short paragraph among the want ads perhaps. He was not vain.

He would have liked to be busy, to have been forced to take a week off to consult people about things. "My inheritance, you know." But it wasn't so and he couldn't bluff it through. The lawyer, knowing him, had taken charge; had prepared a slip of paper for him to sign, placing the fund in the care of a conservative financial institution for investment.

There was nothing to do, which he knew was best.

The lawyer, knowing him, had taken charge; had prepared a slip of paper for him to sign.



There remained, however, his idea, and it was with a certain definite gesture that he, habitually first to arrive, unlocked the office door. He switched on the lights, and, by force of habit that had started as a courtesy gesture, went into Old Man Haddon's office and turned on his desk light.

Out of the door before he realized what a menial task he had done, he stopped, considered for a moment. Then, looking over his shoulder involuntarily, he re-entered the office and turned it off. In exactly four minutes he had arranged his ledgers and the new daily record cards in the auditor's cage where everything would be exactly on hand.

NOW, Herman had not been browbeaten into doing these things that an office boy would willingly have done. He did them because he wanted to; liked everything "neat as a pin and spick and span," as he frequently told dimple-kneed and dimple-chinned Madge, his typist.

"I like it that way," he had said to her repeatedly. "It's my way. Don't like people fussing around my work. But," he had confided once, "there's one thing I don't like. And that's being tied down. A man should be free to come and go as much as he pleases, so long's he's responsible and does his work."

So that day Herman worked like a Trojan; scarcely greeted Madge or his other coworkers; said not a word about his inheritance. He ate no lunch, for it was imperative that yesterday's accounts be entered in the books considerably before five o'clock if he was to carry out his plan. Finishing "on time" would not be sufficient.

At three he seemed almost clear, but Haddon called him into his private office for some essential figures and data to lay before a directors' meeting. Herman fretted inwardly as he gave his chief an outline of what he wanted to know, all the while keeping an eye upon the clock.

Four o'clock. Would Haddon ever get it into his thick skull? The Old Man seemed particularly thick-headed. But at five minutes after he had the stuff in mind and dismissed Fothergill.

At 4:15 he had made the last entry. He rose from his desk. His great moment, the one he had pictured for a quarter century, had arrived.

"Madge," he said, "will you put the stuff away?" He reached for his hat. His action was unprecedented; seemed to Madge to portend something terrible. It was so unlike Mr. Fothergill.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Are you ill?"

"Me? Ill?" asked Herman, and he smiled. "Why, no, but I'm cleaned up for the day. Think I'll go—go to the club."

Jauntily, triumphantly, secure as are only those who have the authority of wealth, he walked from the office with his head high. He was still smiling triumphantly five minutes later when he walked into the Automat for a cup of coffee and a roll with sugar coating on the top.

THE END



Vox

Testimony on "Testimony"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read "Testimony," by Paul Gallico, and never did anything touch me as that short short story.

Mr. Gallico, allow me to shake hands with a man!—*Ras.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Disgusting is only mildly expressing what I think of "Testimony."

It is an insult to one's intelligence and most disappointing to find the signature of Paul Gallico.

Liberty will lose many readers if you continue publishing such rot. Did you read the sacrilegious last sentence, the one in which God was made to say, speaking of the dead Negro: "One of my children has come unto me"? Shame for daring to print a story like this.—*Kay Frank.*

DETROIT, MICH.—"Testimony," the short short story for January 4, was the most beautifully written piece of its kind that I have ever read. I want to say that I think Paul Gallico has an understanding heart.

If he hadn't, I don't think he would have written the last line in his story!—*L. M. C.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The short short story, "Testimony," by Paul Gallico, in Liberty, was testimony to the value of this brief literary form of expression. I think it is the most brilliant thing that has yet appeared on this page.

Gallico has used skill and imagination in painting a picture that lingered in my mind after I had finished it.—*Ned Goldschmidt.*

WESTBURY, N. Y.—I am roused to action after reading the short short story, "Testimony."

What a bloodthirsty and gruesome conglomeration of nonsense!

I am surprised that a man of Paul Gallico's standing should write such trash.

Boxing is not such a hideous sport as Mr. Gallico, with his abominable literary effort, would mislead the uninitiated into believing. It is quite evident to anybody who has engaged in boxing that Mr. Gallico learned what he knows about the game from some place outside of a ring.

As a boxer I felt compelled to write something in defense of my profession. Prize fighters are generally regarded as having strong bodies and weak minds. It is articles similar to "Testimony," written by the same type of people as Paul Gallico, that are responsible for this conception in the minds of the general public.—*Harry Sankey.*

YORK, PA.—Paul Gallico's short short story, "Testimony," is a distinguished and a beautiful piece of work, and you

are to be congratulated on having published it.

Not for years have I read anything so touching or so sincere; it is the work of an artist.—*Katharine Haviland-Taylor.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The short short story by Paul Gallico was the finest tale printed yet.

I'm hard-boiled but I'll be darned if that little story didn't bring tears to my eyes. It's a story you just can't forget.—*Mrs. R. I. W.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—For a long time after reading "Testimony," by Paul Gallico, I pondered over why you had paid a perfectly good one hundred dollars (which could have been spent for a good short short story) on such trash as that.—*T. B. Trotter.*

De Gustibus

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I regard it as unfortunate that Mr. Joseph Breck, in Liberty, should stamp as "dunderheads" those visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art who are not genuinely thrilled by the sight of a French eighteenth-century armchair.

Mr. Breck is familiar with art, but how's his therapeutics? Can he explain the theory of relativity? Can he properly conduct a lawsuit in court, or run a corner grocery and make it pay?

Condemning one's sense of beauty is like condemning one's religion; you can never be cocksure that your own is correct.

The mouse is a thing of beauty to the cat; not so, generally, to the cat's mistress.

Not all people see beauty in antique furniture; nor do all people like raw oysters. Both are very good, but appreciated only by those having acquired a taste for them.

If I had to spend the major part of my life around antique furniture I'd either learn to like it or go crazy. Mr. Breck, I assume, has learned to like it.—*A Dunderhead.*

For Beverly Smith

WHITE DEER, TEX.—Have just finished reading Beverly Smith's tale, "Holy Night."

To my way of thinking this is the best short story that I have ever read in any magazine at any time.

While I will frankly admit that I do not admire all the things you indorse in your magazine, I will say the above-mentioned story was well worth reading fifty-two issues to find, even though, in the preceding issues, I had failed to get my full five cents' worth.—*Bob White.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish to congratulate you upon, and thank you for, "Holy Night." It was just about your best.—*Ex-Marine.*

What Solomon Meant

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus," certainly hit the nail on the head and drove it clear through the Board of Temperance. But while you were about it, why not clinch it? I hold no brief for the wisdom of Solomon. Maybe he was as wise as tradition paints him and maybe he was just King of the Play Boys of the Eastern World, as the alleged facts about him seem to suggest. But I do not see why we should assume that he was an enemy of good liquor, except, perhaps, in the early morning.

Judging by his other accomplishments and the general habits of his time, he was probably an able and practical judge of the local and foreign brands of hooch. He was admittedly a devotee of women and song. Why leave out the wine?

Certainly, if we give his words their logical and plain interpretation in the proverb you quote, he said a mouthful. But he did not say anything about good wine. He said, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Meaning, obviously and plainly, "Look not on the wine while it is still in process of fermentation."

Any farmer's boy whose impatience has got the better of his judgment and caused him to drink new cider while it is still working will bear out Solomon in his pronouncement that "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The good temperance folks have a habit of twisting the Bible words to suit their special needs, but it seems clear that if a man says to you, "Never drink whisky under three years old," he distinctly is *not* saying, "Never drink whisky." The implication is exactly the opposite.—*E. W. Sherbrook.*

We Are Watching the Rolls, and Will Do Our Best

NORWOOD, MASS.—Each week you print 2,500,000 copies of the best magazine in the world.

Out of that number isn't there one that is rejected on account of going through the rolls and coming out with a blank page where Elliott White Springs' story should have been? If so, please save that copy for me and I'll pay you a dollar for it instead of five cents.

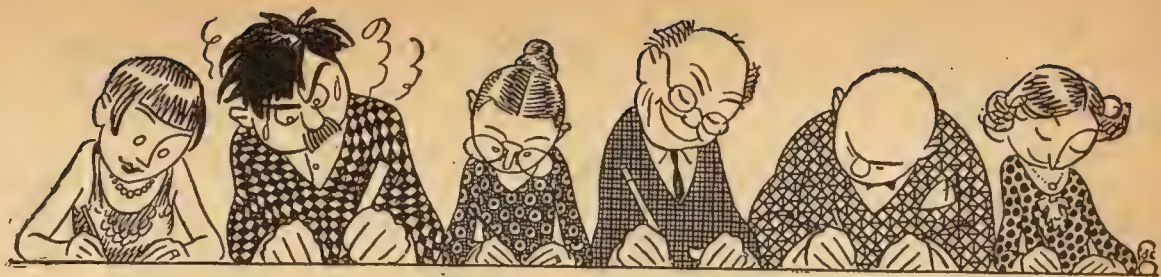
If you are hard up for material, run "Robinson Crusoe" serially. Better than Springs.—*D. S. Learnard.*

Or Write Herself Another Piece of Kandy?

GREEN BAY, WIS.—I enjoyed every word of Mary Richart's "On the Road to Kandy." Couldn't you see the jungles, and sniff the air of Ceylon?

When it comes to description and realness—well, Mary can just cut herself another slice of cake!—*Wisconsinite.*

Pop



Kind Thought from St. Paul

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Why is it that you always just miss the mark? Take your editorial of the issue of January 4, in which you idealized "local option." You ended your editorial with the words: "In other words, local option would have saved us a mess of trouble."

But did it?

If people of any length of memory will recall twelve years ago, they will recall that this country *was* under local option. Illinois was wet, Kansas dry; other states had subdivisions dry, wet, or under the dispensary system.

Why isn't this so today? Because the wets would not respect local option. There were no states' rights belonging to dry states. Maryland insisted upon shipping her alcohol into Virginia, Illinois into Kansas and Iowa, St. Louis into Texas.

It is a whole lot easier for the United States to prevent "good liquor" coming into this country from foreign countries than policing every state line. If the fools kill themselves off drinking the grade of liquor now obtainable, just to be "agin the government"—well, so much the better.—George W. Jones.

Yeh

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—In my opinion it is a disgrace to Americans to have prohibition written into our constitution.

If the taxpayer wants a drink nowadays (and why shouldn't he want a drink once in a while?) what does he do? He pays the bootlegger a big price for rotten stuff and then, when his tax bill comes, he pays the city, the county, the state, and the federal government something to help catch this bootlegger.

Some system!—J. G. D.

It Seems as Though Life Is Just Practically No Good

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Just finished reading the comments in Vox Pop on Grace Robinson's "The Job of Being a Wife." All I have to say is that I work six days a week and I just wish the right man would offer me the job of being a wife.

I would leave my little old thirty-dollar-a-week job so quick, and I wouldn't have one regret. I am tired of crabby bosses.

It surely must be easier to please one man than a dozen. And wouldn't it be fun to have your own home where there were no catty women supervisors or jealous office girls?

Maybe I'm wrong but I don't believe married women know when they are well off. The trouble with them is that they are afflicted with movieitis. Every wife gets to thinking she is a Gloria Swanson and it insults her when any one suggests that she do such a thing as cook! Ridiculous!

If any wife wants my rights around this office she is welcome. If I ever marry I shall know just what my husband has been through all day when he comes home at night. And it's no picnic, this laboring to eat.

My trouble is that if I got married my husband might expect me to keep on working both places. There's where I rap the men. We can all get dozens of that kind, but why take one more trouble and keep what you have?

If I had to work in an office, I don't think I could make a success of marriage. Not the kind of a success I want to make.

One has to go over thirty to find a man worth while, almost. It seems that the younger ones are mostly mollycoddles.

I'm strong for the boys when they are real men, but the good Lord deliver us from the sissies we are producing!

Pretty soon a man and his wife will be arguing over who is going to wear the orchid step-ins to work tomorrow, if it hasn't come to that already.

Heaven send us cave men!—Stenog.

And They Say It's Easy—

ADRIAN, OHIO—"Tarnhelm"! Should have been "Much Ado About Nothing"! No plot, no logic, fantastic characterization, implausible! Gosh! I read all the darn thing hoping something would turn up—but I only got dizzy.—Susan N. Dibble.

—To Tell What People Want

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.—Let us have a lot more stories by Hugh Walpole. He is a knockout.

His story, "Tarnhelm," was the best you have published since "Kept," by Viña Delmar, came on the scene.

You could raise the price of Liberty from five to ten cents if you would keep on publishing Walpole's stories.—E. J. W.

And How Long, Dear Reader, Did It Take You to Think That Up?

HOLYOKE, MASS.—In your article, "The 5-Day Week and How It Works on Liberty," many of the department heads mentioned a "skeleton" office force which is maintained on Saturday. Judging by some of your recent issues, the entire magazine must have been edited by that skeleton.—A Reader.

A Drug Clerk Speaks

CHICAGO, ILL.—I always considered Liberty a sensible, modern magazine, and now, since reading your article on the five-day week, I know it is.

Thank God, some one, somewhere, has a little consideration for their employees.

I am a registered druggist, and after four years spent at a college of pharmacy, learning the technicalities of my trade, and several years' practical ex-

perience, I still work twelve hours a day, six days a week, and six hours on the seventh.

Would to God some one with the power of expression in print would investigate and publicly criticize our working conditions.—A Chicago Drug Clerk.

Continued on Page 60

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I enjoyed the editorial, "A Christmas Present for the Filipinos," as it was well written, but evidently by one that knows very little of true conditions in the Orient.

To give the Filipinos their independence now would be much the same as a father telling his twelve-year-old son to get out and shift for himself.—Ray Blain.

BALTIMORE, MD.—You said in your editorial about the Filipinos:

"In our opinion, the best thing we could do for the Philippine Islands at this Christmas of 1929—best for them and best for us—would be to give them their freedom."

Freedom for the Filipinos would be best for us, maybe, but for them *never*.

When you say most of the Filipinos say they want independence I can only assume that you are referring merely to the proverbial Volstead percentage of one-half of 1 per cent, as that figure would more than cover the number of Filipinos who do want independence.

That number, also, is approximately the total number of the half-caste, half-breed, political ward heelers who are the only Filipinos who do want independence. Having lived in the Philippines for nearly seven years, I think I know the Filipino far better than the average American.

The Filipino who says he wants independence is, I am firmly convinced, paid to say that by the Japanese agents who have been scattered all over the islands for many years. Should we withdraw our troops from the Philippines and give them their independence, I venture to state that before the last transport had left Manila Bay a Japanese army would be storming Manila.—John Doe.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Your recent editorial entitled "A Christmas Present for the Filipinos" was a masterpiece. It should adorn the home of every true lover of humanity, liberty, freedom, and fair play.

This government was the power that gave Cuba her freedom and independence, but, up to date, has denied similar treatment and magnanimity to the people of the Philippine Islands. Why this? Is "stable government" the real reason for keeping the Philippine Islands under our subjection and protection? Or, is the real reason due to imperialism and a Far East strategic key?—Joseph T. Mahoney.

TAP-DANCE

for Your Ankles

By
EILEEN
BOURNE



Brush one foot forward, scraping floor with sole, and put it down with a tap. Same action on other foot. Brush foot forward, then brush it back, and then tap. Same action on other foot.

YOU'D better start your toes to tapping since everybody's learning to tap-dance. It is not for its parlor and stage advantages we advocate it here, however. It is for what it does for legs, feet, and general lightness of body. In itself, tap-dancing is a perfect leg, foot, and arch exercise, and any exercise that allows you to turn on music while you play at it has special recommendation. Any fox-trot tune will do.

Miss Betty Compton illustrates here a few of the rudimentary steps. They will give you an idea of their exercise value. Skilled tap-dancing is a combination of these and other steps woven together with fleet feet and snappy rhythm. Why not join up with a class or take a few private lessons? It is fun—and it is reducing, lightening, and rejuvenating.

*At left:
Instead of
brushing foot
forward,
brush foot
back and tap
with the
sole. Same
action on
other foot.*

*Brush forward, then
back, with right foot; hop
on left, crossing right
over and tap. Left foot
same way.*

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.

City State 181

Photos by
Nickolas Muray

*Feet apart.
Slap with
right foot;
with weight
forward on
left foot,
tap left and
right heels
almost
together.*

*Holding
chair, hop
with left
foot,
scraping
right foot to
right and
back; give
one tap.
Reverse.*



The New Neighbor

A NEW FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WITH a lazy clink-of rattling chains on the snow, three green moving vans lumbered down the street and parked in the snaky snow ruts before the empty corner house.

Six men hopped out. They lit cigarettes, flipped matches at each other, swung open the doors, and plunked down ponderous furniture slides. There was a storm cloud of dusty snow as brown pads and decadent bed quilts, oozing cotton, were tossed upon the sidewalk.



This week's cover picture.

"What under the moon is moving in?" Lil murmured from behind the double lace curtains of her sitting room. "An army, or are they opening an asylum?" She really wasn't nosey, but one of the vans had back-fired and she'd rushed to the window to see who'd been shot, although the tabloids would tell her all about it. For once she longed to see the spot that X marked!

"Watch out! Watch yur neck!" one of the men was yelling as he ran up a furniture slide. And he ran right down, having grabbed a stool and a roll of clothesline.

A cleaning woman appeared at the front door. She pointed to left or right and called out to "cart in the rugs before the other things and don't crack a mirror!"

"De rugs foist? We did that before our eyeteeth was cut," a man laughed. "Now we put 'em down last. It gives you dames a longer chance to change yur minds." He balanced a brass umbrella stand on one shoulder.

The great moving-day parade had started! Lamps, mirrors, chests of drawers, a desk, a green chaise longue, and an ash can of crockery! Also a bedspring.

"Oh, what's coming now?" Lil said right out loud. "A freight car on legs?"

It was no freight car. It was a long, long sideboard with dark cavernous sections plenty large enough for kegs of beer. Then came a trunk. A heavy, unwieldy trunk which left a trail of liquid in its wake.

"Oh!" Lil gasped. "It leaks! Bootleggers are moving in. They'll be raided and disturb our peaceful street."

A clothes tree, two valises, and a mattress now marched across the sidewalk, up the steps, and disappeared from view while the cleaning woman went through traffic-cop motions. A stuffed owl, and an armful of aprons.

"What's that ugly thing?" Lil was asking. She sped to the desk, picked up the opera glasses, and returned to her vantage ground with the glee of a whaler's wife spying for The Molly, New Bedford, Mass.!

"What awful taste!" she said, focusing her glasses upon the great furniture parade across the street. "Oh, it's a horrible pink mantel clock with china cupids and doves crawling up its sides!"

The clock was followed by ugly vases to match, headboards, footboards, tables, and a hamper.

A coal truck drove up to the side entrance. A sleek gray car appeared. A stout young woman, rouged like a rose, waddled to the sidewalk—and an adorable little golden-haired girl hopped out after her.

"Hello!" she called to Ulysses, who was swinging on his own front gate. "Ask your mother if you can come over an' play. I was named Gwendolyn after a rich cranky aunt an' I'm your new neighbor!"

(Next week's cover adventure: *The Snow Fight*)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

When Arms and Shoulders Pain

you can find relief from the
TWINGES OF MUSCULAR ACHES in

WELDONA TABLETS

Real Comfort to Those with
a Rheumatic Tendency



Grandma's
Rheumatism's
Gone

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SELLING
RHEUMATIC
TABLET
IN THE
WORLD

The field for Weldona, the largest selling rheumatic tablet in the world, extends not only to those suffering from severe forms of rheumatism, but to its more general use for those with a rheumatic tendency. After ex-

posure to cold, rain, dampness or fatigue, to escape the twinges of muscular aches, to relieve the pain of arms and shoulders at night they are a real comfort to one with a rheumatic tendency. Weldona tablets can be had at druggists everywhere.

The LINDBERGH of Yesterday..

CAPTAIN RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

was our national hero some thirty years ago. He risked his life in a glorious attempt to bottle up the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago ... Until Lindbergh, no other American had enjoyed such a hold on the public affection. His later career has carried out the brilliant promise of his youth ... His story as told for Liberty by M. R. WERNER, is packed with thrills for every patriotic American ... Don't fail to read

HOBSON

by M. R. WERNER in Liberty

NEXT
WEEK

The Payoff

*The Story of
a Racketeer's Revenge*

By

LAWRENCE
SAUNDERS



who is, or shall we say are, man and wife, neither of whom was ever named Saunders or Lawrence. One came from Texas and the other from Missouri and they now live and do their work in New York city. She has published a novel recently; he writes advertising publicity. This story was a fifty-fifty collaboration.

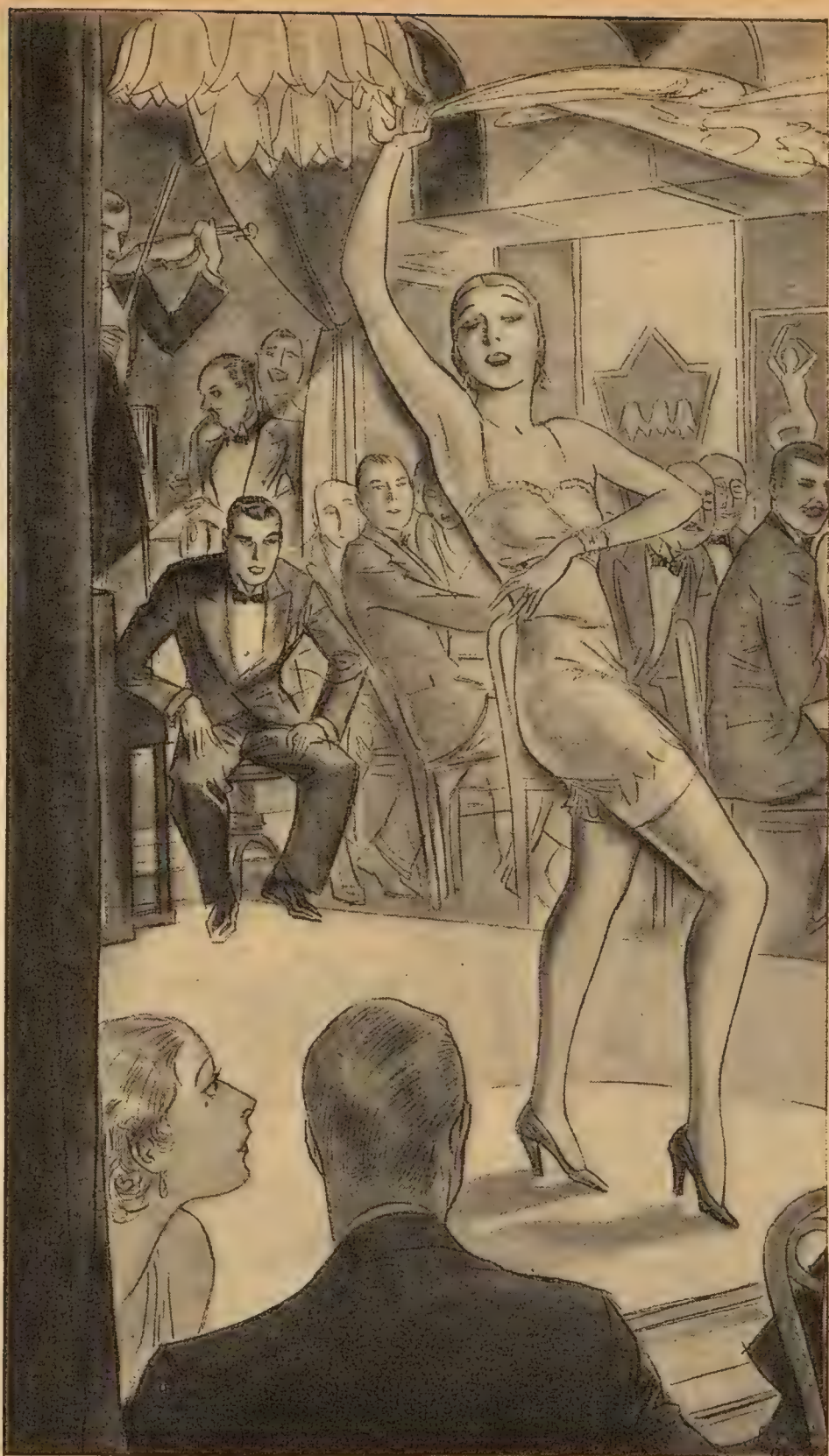
Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

THREE Harlem Hawaiians were creating the magic of moonlight out of shimmering steel strings; a capricious night-club crowd was actually listening. Denny, first to foresee that hula music was ready to come back into vogue on Broadway, smiled at the way it was succeeding with this smartest mob along the Rue de Ribaldry as he wove his way among the chairs on which his customers were crowded knee to knee, elbow to elbow.

His marcelled hair was a trifle too crisp, his dinner jacket a trifle too smart, the single smoked pearl in his bosom more than a trifle too large; he was the glass of Broadway fashion and the mold of night-club form. A flat-hipped dancer with the shoulders of a pugilist and the profile of a faintly decadent Greek, he was a honey-pot around which women buzzed.

"Round heels" he styled them when they were easy. Denny had money to gain, fame to garner, and publicity to plant and gather. Women took up too much of a man's time and energy; two or three a week was enough for any man of affairs who had to ration out his hours. Without knowing it, Denny heeded the advice of another great man: "Avoid entangling alliances." And now he was moving toward the humblest table in his snobbish salon, drawn by a long look from a golden girl in a pale green gown.

The unceasing cinema that was Dennis O'Hara's subconscious mind flashed out a subtitle: "Watch your step!" This dame had hooked him across half the width of his little kingdom, the smoke-fouled, noise-crammed, low-ceiled room that was the famous Club Denny—couvert five dollars (better dress)—the rendezvous of the rich, the rare, and the racy. He had a stricken instant, wondering what he was going to say to her. Well, here he was, and she was looking at him.



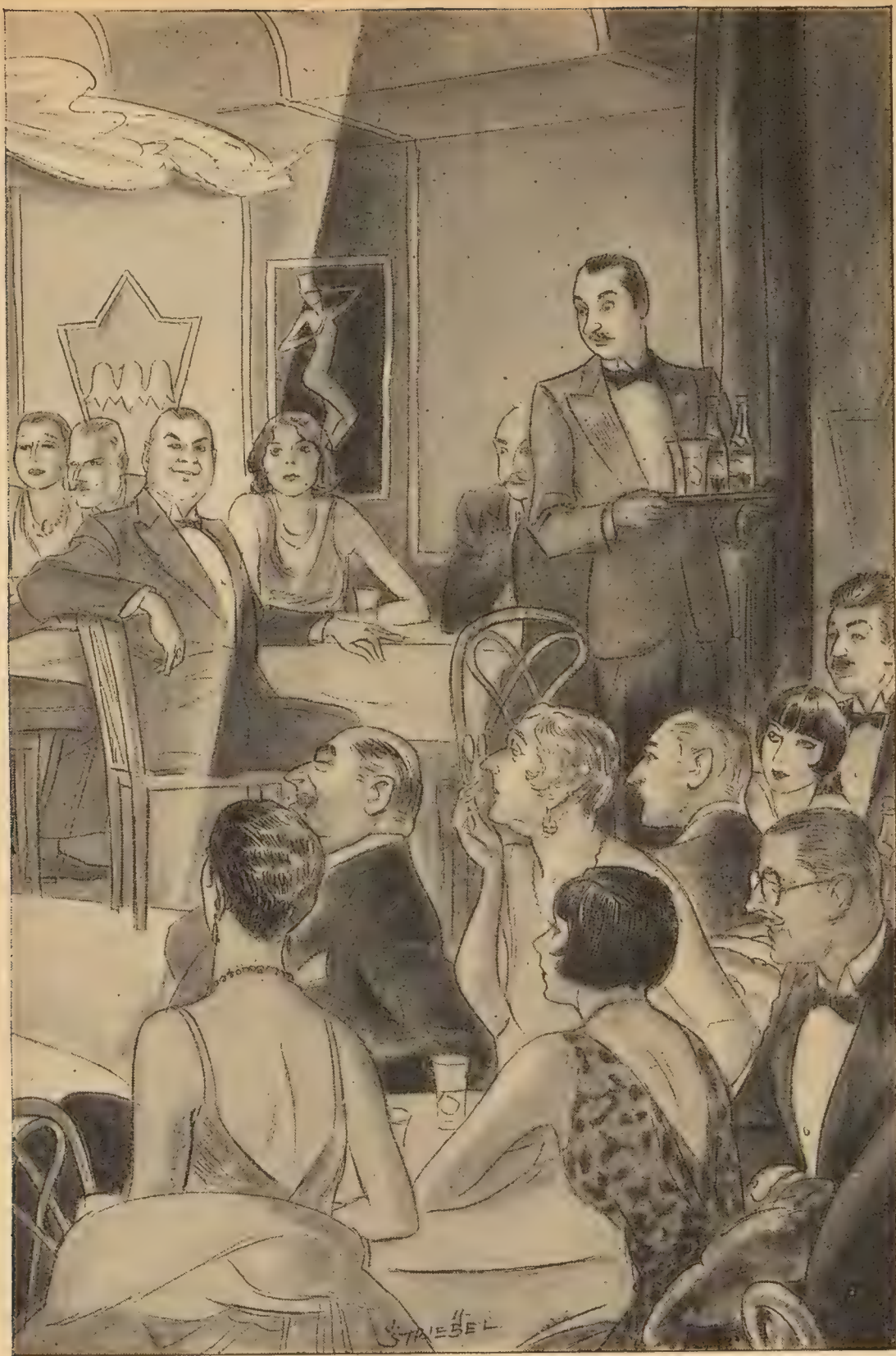
Up came the hem of the skirt; over her head. She had it

Denny bowed as low as the cramped space would permit. Violet eyes, their irises ringed with black, widened; she looked as though she were about to rise and flee. Her gown, his mercantile training informed him at this incongruous moment, was cheap—Sixth Avenue Paris. She was not in show business, nor yet from Park Avenue. The man with her was as distinguished as a good tailor can make a medium-stout American, faintly flushed with good living, by decorating him with the rubber stamp of dinner clothes.

"YOU can't see or hear well here," Denny ventured in his violoncello voice, addressing the man and talking to the girl. "I have my own table at the ringside. Wouldn't you like to move over?"

The man glanced at Violet Eyes; she smiled shyly. They rose, followed their host to the one vacant table on the shore of the little pool of polished hardwood dedicated to the dance, to song, and to the wit and wisdom of Denny, troubadour, jester, and viceroy of that jolly tyrant, King Whoopee.

There was a buzz at this mark of favor bestowed upon a nobody whose pale green gown looked so sweet to the men and so cheap to the women. Lorgnettes and eyebrows were elevated; one gaunt woman across the shimmering floor scrutinized the pair through mother-of-pearl



in one hand like a green snake. She was ad libbing—and how!

opera glasses. "May I sit with you until this number is over?" Denny asked the man, answering himself by easing into the chair opposite the girl. Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight was approaching its saccharine extinction.

The medium stout was moved to speak.

"Mister O'Hara, this young lady is Marie Starr. She's from Georgia. My name's Johnson; I'm from Atlanta, myself." He extracted his bill fold and handed over a business card. He was president, Denny noted, of "C. W. Johnson, Inc., Cottonseed Products."

"Miss Starr is right smart of a dancer herself," volunteered C. W.

"Is that so?"

Denny smiled at Marie Starr. She smiled, too, a forlorn, almost tearful smile; she looked like Little Bo-peep who had lost her sheep and wanted some big, strong man to find them.

The music died to a wailing whisper and was stilled. Denny rose, held up a long, strong hand, white skinned, its back furry with dark hair.

"I neglected to tell you, denizens of the Club Denny, that these three sirens of the strings," he waved a graceful hand at the Harlem Kanakas, "are Joe Cook's original Three Hawaiians whom you have so often heard him imitate. Beware, my friends, of imitations. They will now go out and blow on their fingers for a few moments while

we continue the merriment. And now, ladies, gentlemen, and college chums, we are about to have a surprise. I have with me this evening a little lady from Atlanta, Georgia—way down South in Georgia—Miss Marie Starr, a Georgia peach. . . . Stand up, little lady; the pretty people won't hurt you."

A spotlight, stabbing down through the blue smoke, following his dramatic finger, turned Marie Starr's bronze helmet of un-hennaed hair into a Gorgon's casque of flashing copperheads.

Eyes downcast, she rose, and melted back into the chair, mantled in real blushes.

"And in this corner," Denny continued smoothly in the effortless voice that carried to the remotest table, "we have C. W. Johnson, the original Cottonseed Johnny Johnson, also of Atlanta. Just call him C. W., here in the club."

Mr. Johnson, undecided whether to grin or glare, compromising by looking foolish, rose and bobbed. Inspired to perform, he shook his own hand over his head, in the immemorial gesture of the prize fighter. Denny grinned.

"C. W., you will note, is an accomplished performer. I am giving away no secret when I tell you that he is the life of any party in Atlanta, a charming city, but one we Broadway boys hope our dear old Uncle Sam will never invite us to visit."

A ROAR greeted this. Men slapped each other; an enameled and bediamonded statue of Venus knocked an iced highball into her lap and arose shrieking and clutching. Ribald advice was flung at her. Marie Starr, of Atlanta, still bathed with the amber spotlight, kept eyes demurely downcast.

Denny held up a hand from which a pigeon-blood ruby flashed like a traffic stop signal. The din diminished.

"I hear that Miss Starr is right smart of a dancer, as they say down in Georgia. I wonder if she would dance for us." Denny didn't know why he had said that. Of course she would refuse, resent his exposing her to humiliation, walk out of the club, and be lost to him like a drop of water falling into the sea. Try to find a

girl in New York without her address or telephone number! He could probably find Johnson by sending his confidential man and bodyguard around the big commercial hotels, but would Johnson . . .

Denny's pessimistic afterthoughts shut off like a radio set suddenly dialed. The girl was coming toward him across the obscurity of the polished floor, the spotlight following her. She held up her arms to him. Before he could recover his poise he had almost picked her off her feet to kiss her. She was going to dance, and she expected to dance with him.

Ferdie, alert diplomat of the orchestra baton, was already vamping for a waltz. Denny nestled the girl into the crook of his arm; she was taller than he had thought. Ferdie had chosen a Southern medley waltz—old favorites orchestrated into crisp, modern modulations. The girl was as cool as an absinthe frappé in that pale green frock—and—she—could—dance!

Denny beamed over her shoulder at C. W. Johnson, Inc. Then he set himself to devising a waltz worthy of the pale green mermaid who swam in his arms through the amber murk of this sea cave. She reminded him of the copper-haired Miranda of Willy Pogany's pastels in that illustrated de luxe edition of *The Tempest*.

The pictures had made him read the play; some of it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

was swell poetry; some of it was too deep, and bored him, but the color plates delighted his eyes. He left it lying on the table in his room over the club. It impressed women. There was nothing effeminate in owning Shakespeare; Tunney had taken the curse off it. He'd seen several Shakespeare plays himself; he went to all the first nights when he wasn't starring in a revue. It helped business.

This being the gentleman night-club owner and revue wit was a long way from lower Tenth Avenue. This little Southern lady in his arms, gliding and dipping and swirling and swooning—her father would be an old colonel with a white goatee who put mint in his whisky. Wonder what he'd think of that one-time drayman, Finis O'Hara, and of the Irish immigrant girl who had married his father because waiting on tables was too hard on her feet?

The waltz was coming to a close. There was a barrage of applause that aroused him from his reverie like a sudden shelling when he was driving an ammunition quad at the front. Well, he was an officer and a gentleman when he came home from France. Was there such a thing as love at first sight? He bit his underlip; snapped into character. The perfect host stepped back and clapped his hands too.

The din would not die down. He moved insensibly toward the girl. She looked as though she were making up her mind to say something; it flashed across his own that so far she had smiled and nodded and blushed and said never a word to him. He wondered, fleetingly, if she would shatter his dreams when she did. Most of the exquisite women he had met on Broadway—the street of much illusion and few illusions—would be better off if they had been born mute. They were already dumb enough. . . . That was a good line; he must manage to work it into his floor patter before he forgot it. His patrons like to be insulted subtly.

"Will you ask them to play a Charleston?"

THANK God for that voice. A contralto with a bead on it like prewar rye. No, it was more like old brandy—not too sweet—with a tang and sting. It warmed you. . . . Watch your step, Denny!

Like a tiger in mating season, conscious of his strength and grace, Denny moved over to the waiting Ferdie. The sleek leader murmured to his men, rapped; the applause subsided.

Came the blast of a negroid hymn to Venus; a wail of hyenas under the African moon; the throb of tom-toms through the jungle black; the hiss of a cobra, the tuba roar of a lion singing the blues away. (Denny had been reading Martin Johnson.) Some day, when he had made

enough out of this racket, he was going to kill big game—and name each beast after a Broadway rounder before he shot it. . . . The girl could Charleston, too. . . . Getting rather old fashioned. . . . She shouldn't have tried it before this gang. . . . She'd fizz out like an empty seltzer bottle. . . . That skimpy frock was too

tight around her thighs. . . . What in hell—!

While the music twitched and throbbed like the hands of a lover around her slender greenness, the girl was—good God!—she was taking off her dress! Up came the hem of the skirt; up over her head; a blindfold wriggle; she had it in one hand like a green snake. And what was she dancing? Not a Charleston! Not anything that Denny had ever seen. She was ad libbing—improvising—and how!

WHAT a slap in the bored faces of this sated crowd! Pale green panties, pale green chiffon on two flying legs, a strip of ivory around each thigh where the flesh was bare. Nothing else but a pale green brassiere. Denny's knees suddenly turned to water; he fumbled in the dark, found the stool of the tiny floor piano, sat down heavily. His palms were sweating; he wiped his face until his handkerchief was sop-

ping. She was coming toward him, swinging that twisted rope of green dress like a poison snake.

He had never seen a white woman dance like that—Josephine Baker, maybe. He must keep this girl; she'd be famous tomorrow all up and down this Rue de Ribaldry. . . . The showman was asserting himself. . . . Hellinger and Winchell from the tabloids were in, thank heaven! These two could make the whole town talk about this. What was her name? Marie Starr—The Bopeep of Broadway. . . . He could carry out that idea: have her enter in a shepherdess dress like that fellow Watt—Watteau—with a floppy hat, and dance a minute, and then—jungle jazz—drop the costume on the floor—just a few beads on her and that dance. Hot! It would burn out every fuse on the Great White Way! Good God, she had fallen!

Denny crossed the floor like the college halfback that he had never been. He swung the jade and ivory figurine up against his shirt front. She was limp and slippery with sweat and he almost dropped her. He headed for the dressing room, kicked open the swinging door, put her down on a divan, galvanized a fat colored maid into darting out the door for whisky.

The jade and ivory figurine, topped with the disordered copper locks, lay on the Chinese red of the divan and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]



The girl was as cool as an absinthe frappé in that pale green frock—and—she—could—dance!

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Michael Arlen	Rita Weiman	Frederick Palmer
Rex Beach	M. R. Werner	Westbrook Pegler
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A Weekly for Everybody

BIGGEST NEWSDEALER CIRCULATION OF ANY MAGAZINE

THE PAYOFF
[Continued from page fifty-two]

panted. He bent over her. She was smiling at him—no, she was grinning like a little girl who had been naughty but knew she was nice. And then a gush of quick tears.

Denny fell on his knees and gathered her to him. Her mouth clung to his. He opened his eyes—she was looking again like Little Bopeep who wanted some help with the sheep. He had to smile, though it broke the spell of the kiss.

She wriggled; sat up.

The maid was hovering behind Denny with a glass of iced brown liquid. The girl seized it and gulped.

"Oh, golly, that's good!" she said, her nose in the glass. She lowered it. "I spoiled your shirt front." Denny didn't take his eyes off the violet stars that were looking anywhere but at his.

"I didn't faint," she resumed, her nose in the glass, gulping. "I just didn't know how to get off the floor, so I left it to you. I reckon I've been very naughty."

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Denny with almost rude earnestness.

"I'm Marie Starr, from Atlanta, Georgia, mister," the girl drawled teasingly.

"No fooling."

"Cross my heart."

"Ever dance professionally?"

"No. Just at the Junior League shows and charity blowouts, you know."

Denny nodded. "Folks live in Atlanta?"

"My sister does. She's married. Father and mother—are dead." Suddenly the girl seemed conscious of her near nudity.

"GET her dress, out on the floor," Denny instructed the maid. "Don't mind me; I'm used to seeing girls stripped. You're all dressed up to be dancing on my floor. I suppose you know you're one in a million? Is there any reason why you couldn't dance for me? Regularly. Say a hundred . . . and fifty a week to start, and a contract and more money as soon as you find out whether you like the work."

There was an expression in Marie's eyes for an instant that didn't remind Denny of Little Bopeep. "Make it two hundred a week and I'll take it," she said crisply. "The extra fifty is for all the hell I'll catch from my sister and her husband and the in-laws and relations and friends. But I'm of age, and I came to New York to dance on the stage, and I don't see why I shouldn't begin on the ground floor. Suppose you give me a cigarette."

Thus did Dennis O'Hara, prince of the realm of Night in New York, wit, raconteur of those droll bedtime stories in the Milkman's Hour (by radio direct from the ring-side), become in turn the discoverer, the employer, the exploiter, and the slave of Marie Starr, the Little Bopeep who lost her sheep, her frock, and her chemise twice nightly, at one and three A. M., in the Club Denny, Rendezvous of the Real People.

Atlanta is the home town of practically every Broadway girl who doesn't come from Richmond, Virginia, or Louisville, Kentucky, and you're not a gallant Southern gentleman if you doubt the word of a lady. The odd fact

about Marie Starr was that she did come from Atlanta and had danced at Junior League charity shows, though she was not a Junior Leaguer. She could be described as a prominent Atlanta society girl, because the newspapers that notice night-club celebrities did so describe her. It is permissible to stretch the tight garter of truth a bit to put snap into a Broadway story.

Little Bopeep lived in a suite at the Plaza-Paris that rented for something more than her weekly pay at the Club Denny; she gave the pistache green evening dress to her first maid, who gave it to a poor relation. Denny was notoriously and, Broadway thought, comically faithful to her. Indeed he had asked her to marry him before dawn of their nuptial night. She had refused, for reasons she declined to state.

SHE was stubborn and so was he. Their bitterest quarrels followed his subsequent proposals of marriage. He was, in the vernacular, "that way" about her; he "carried a torch" for her of hopeless love even while she lived with him.

After Marie had danced a season of thirty weeks in his club,

Denny knew that the time was ripe for her to move on to Paris and the smart European watering places; offers had been made. But Denny had to go to Chicago with the revue in which he was featured, he couldn't afford to break a contract and rupture profitable and pleasant relations with his producer just to follow Marie to France. Marie was obdurate against going to Chicago. Denny, as even he had discovered by now, was very much in love with her. He let her have her way and a suite on the Saturnia with its own sun deck.

With eight stage performances a week and his work at the night club until four o'clock in the morning, he had to sleep late through the week during the night-club season and take his exercise at Philadelphia Jack's gym; afternoons without matinées he spent in his office, for he was a man of affairs. In summer he could play golf.

Marie boasted that she didn't have a jealous bone in her body, but she was rather well aware, Denny knew, that she had no cause for jealousy. He had never even thought he loved a woman before, in all his dealings in human flesh; he knew he loved this one; the rest were just "dames," or, if young and presumably chaste, "kids."

This could be said for Marie, Denny reflected as he watched the tugs escort the steamer out into the river that spring night: she didn't give him any cause for jealousy, either. She accepted homage, petting, flattery, flowers, and liquor from men in the club as a matter of course; she nipped all further advances in the bud like a spring frost. He had had to throw out only a couple of them who wouldn't take no for an answer, depriving the waiters of that pleasure.

The prime showman in Denny had soon informed him that he had overestimated Marie as a performer. She was lazy; a Bopeep who wouldn't go to the trouble of walking a mile for any sheep; she expected everything she wanted to be brought to her. If she would put herself into the hands of a hard taskmaster of the dance, now, she might attain to the revue or the musical comedy stage; she hadn't the voice to be a prima donna; she was



"Denny," she began, "you ought to strangle me! Why don't you beat me? I'm just a fool!"

tall for an ingénue; her training as a dancer hadn't been severe enough to make her the accomplished acrobat that the producers demanded for specialty work, though she might, as the phrase ran, get by on her personality.

In a night club Marie's value lay in the one thing that had swept Denny off his sophisticated feet; the surprise of seeing a demure and decently clad young lady suddenly cast off her clothes and turn into a brazen bacchante. There were only half a dozen smart night clubs in Manhattan and a few around the country where such a frank display of the primitive was permissible. Except in this aphrodisiac setting, Marie didn't dance well enough to seem remarkable; there were half a dozen slim sprites of sixteen in the Club Denny floor troupe who, as they were frank to say in the dressing room, could dance rings around her in the conventional steps and formations.

The night-club circle, moreover, was not large; there were too many "regulars" in every nightly roomful; they demanded new faces, fresh bodies, new steps, and new sensations. In one season Marie Starr's act, however she might dress it and disguise it, would be an old story and could startle only what Broadway elegantly described as the sucker trade. A smart rendezvous that begins to cater to the visiting mainlander shortly isn't considered smart; presently there will be a chop suey palace occupying its quarters.

Now that he was going to try to do without her for four months or so, he summed her up thus, riding back to the club in a taxi. He loved her. He wanted her to marry him, but that got nowhere with her. She was a luxury he could well afford; she was no more extravagant than most kept women—he winced at his own label.

SHE wrote to him from Paris, Biarritz, the Lido, once a week, always on a Sunday, always twitting him: "I hope you are enjoying your golf today." Denny was in Chicago with the revue; the New York club was dark for the summer.

Her letters punctuated the routine of sixteen successful weeks in Chicago. Denny fell into the habit of writing on Sundays, too. His letters mostly concerned interesting people he had met, places he had seen, amusing anecdotes, flashes of wit, wisecracks; he had once read in a book that gentlefolk didn't write letters filled with nothing but their own doings, thoughts, and feelings; they were "elegantly impersonal, charming, and amusing."

Marie's four pages were always

about herself, directly or indirectly. Denny didn't criticize her style; he was too greedy for news of her. She didn't ask for money; she was making plenty. He cabled her sums every few weeks "to buy pretties for Bo-peep"; she thanked him each time and listed what she had bought with the last five hundred. His letters always ended: "I love you with all my heart, and I'm living for the day you'll come back." Hers ended: "Take care of yourself, dear," or "Be a sweet boy." Some people, particularly well bred ladies, just weren't demonstrative.

THE envelope from Marie was fatter than usual this morning. When Denny slit it open, sitting up in bed with the breakfast tray waiting, a green check slid out from between the folds of the three folios of paper and settled face up on the coverlet. It was a New York cashier's check, made out to Dennis O'Hara, for \$2,000. Puzzled, he opened the letter.

"Dennis, dear," he read, "I've been putting this off like a coward for weeks, but it has got to be done. I am writing this on the steamer and will mail it in New York. By the time you get it I will have gone through Chicago on my way to the Coast.

"I have known for some time that I am all washed up in club work in N. Y. And I don't see any chance to get anywhere in musical comedy or revue work. I have thought that you might have helped me more with the producers, and I know you did bring nearly all of them to the club to see me work and meet me, but that

seemed to end it. I am not reproaching you—you have been an angel to me, but ambition must be made of sterner stuff, as Hamlet said.

"Now I have a big chance to try the movies. I have always thought I would do well in M. P. work, and about six weeks ago at the Lido, on the beach, I met a big man in one of the

production companies and he said right away that he thought I would go big in the films. He had seen me work in the club and knew me right away and got a lady to introduce him.

"Now don't be evil minded about this, Denny, he has been a perfect gentleman. He is Jewish Jew and you know I never have liked them, so he will just get nowhere with me if he should try any funny stuff. I am not going to tell you who he is because I am afraid you might fly off the handle and do something foolish, and I know you can find out who he is soon enough if you want to but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



What's to be done with
**THEATRE
COUGHERS?**



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Two Suggestions from *PHIL BAKER*

- No. 1. "Use them for backstage noise."
No. 2 "Give them S. B. Drops."

"THEATRE coughers aren't very popular with the actors or the rest of the audience. Of course, we could use them for imitating machine gun fire back stage. But they probably won't want to—they came to enjoy the show from out front. All right—then I suggest S. B.'s. They'll fix the cough—and how! . . .

"Those little drops are my throat insurance. Whenever I feel the slightest tickle in my throat I take one or two and—presto—I feel like a nightingale again. . . ."

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SPOOKS *in the*
PRESS BOX
in Liberty
NEXT WEEK

THE PAYOFF [Continued from page fifty-five]

by that time you will have had time to cool off and be reasonable.

"This is my big chance, honey, and if you love me as I know you do you won't stand in the way of my taking it.

"Remember he is Jewish and that is a barrier to all sentimental relations so far as I am concerned. I know you think that is narrow minded, but that is the way I was brought up and I suppose now you are glad of it, maybe.

"I don't want you to think I am taking presents from you under false pretenses so I am inclosing a check for the money you sent me while I was abroad. Now please don't be offended—it is a matter of honor to me and I was brought up to be honorable in all things. I have a few hundreds of my own left and my expenses are paid from the time I leave New York for the Coast.

"I have taken my clothes out of the apartment and you will find everything in order when you get back.

"You can write to me care the Ambassador, Los Angeles, but please don't do anything foolish like rushing out there to make a scene. My mind is made up and has been made up since before I sailed for Europe. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere and I was determined to take the first good chance that came my way and meeting this movie maggot, as you call them, looks like the answer to a maiden's prayer.

"I hope you don't think my joking about this is crude; I am just trying not to cry my eyes out whenever I think of poor Denny without his Little Bo Peep. But as I said before ambition must be made of sterner stuff and I am trying to be brave."

HALF an hour later, leaving the breakfast tray untouched, he got out of bed.

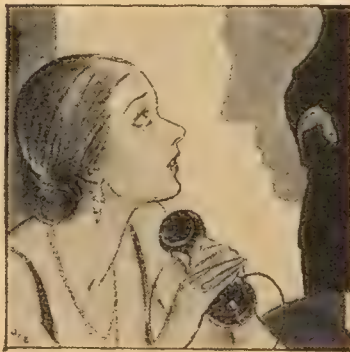
He whistled under the shower, spent five minutes selecting and knotting a cravat from his gay sheaf, unpacked a new Panama from its box, and went out, swinging a doggy stick with the usual Denny O'Hara briskness.

Nobody, indeed, knew anything had happened to Denny. No one, that is, except Cherry Chase, the brown-eyed bundle of bounce and biological urge who had joined the revue in Chicago, replacing the featured specialty dancer who had boy trouble. Cherry had been out on the end of the limb for Denny for weeks, and that red, red robin had just gone bob, bob, bobbin' along, never appearing to notice the tempting morsel.

Marie took her screen test; the verdict was "so-so." She played a minor rôle in one night-life picture;

she danced in another; she "rested." Yet she prospered. She had a bungalow, rented furnished from a minor luminary who was down on her luck; she had a mustard yellow roadster of vicious power. Denny's loving friends brought back the gossip, piece by piece, for New York and Hollywood are but commuters' stations for itinerant celebrities.

Two weeks after Marie had arrived in the film capital, Denny jumped to Detroit with the revue, but he got a full report of her intimate doings without the trouble or expense of hiring a detective. Thereafter he knew every move she made, as well as some she didn't.



TWO months later, when he had just returned to New York from Philadelphia, where the revue had closed its tour, he had word that she had appeared at a ball quite drunk, had slapped Fishbein's face in the middle of the floor, after telling a baby star of three seasons since just what sort of baby she was, and had stalked out, leaving the baby star, who had never grown up, to console the furious Fishbein. That report had come to Denny after Max Mantell, the suave screen comedian, had talked to his first wife in Hollywood, making his weekly long-distance query about the health and requirements of the children.

Mrs. Mantell, Mrs. Tommy Guilfoyle the third, had been dancing not ten feet from Fishbein when the scene occurred.

"I guess Marie will be back crying on your doorstep," Mantell added innocently when he had finished relaying the news to Denny.

"Maybe," said Denny laconically. "Thanks for the dirt, old man."

He called Mantell a vile name under his breath, walked into the bathroom, and spat. Then he went back to bed. Tomorrow he would have to get up early and supervise the final touches in the redecoration of the Club Denny. His headliner this year would be young Cherry Chase, the California girl who had been a sensation in Chicago, but had never danced in New York.

He was already rehearsing for and helping write and direct the Asininities of 1929, belated this year, but louder and funnier than ever.

He had another big season ahead; another thirty weeks of double, double toil and trouble, mazda burn and champagne bubble, in night club and revue.

He had better get to sleep. . . . But the news from Hollywood disturbed him.

In his heart a slim, copper-haired corpse turned over in its grave. He lay awake, thinking, listening to the putter and rasp of the taxis through the street. The clock on the Paramount tower showed two o'clock; he wondered if it could be right.

He switched on the light: it was 2:20.

He picked up the bed telephone, called the Plaza-Paris, asked for Miss Cherry Chase.

She had left orders not to be disturbed.

"Ring her, please," he ordered curtly. "This is Mr. O'Hara."

The night after the gala reopening of the club, Denny saw Marie come into the vestibule just at midnight. She sent the page in for him, but he was already on his way to meet her. She was in evening dress under a chinchilla coat. Twenty grand, at least.

"Hello, Marie," he said as casually as he could manage.

She came to his arms as though she had been away seven hours instead of seven months. He kissed her gravely, freed himself, and followed her up the velvet-padded stairs to the balcony and into his tiny rosewood and silver office.

"Well, Marie? The lost sheep has come home?"

The violet eyes were wet with tears. She nodded.

"You still cry easily and charmingly," he observed, his voice shaking.

She slumped down in the big chair and gave way to sobbing. Denny patted her shoulder. He saw a reflection of his face in the mirror behind her and looked hastily away.

"Denny," she began, when the hysterics had passed, "you ought to strangle me! Why don't you beat me?" She dabbed at her eyes. "I'm just a damned fool! I couldn't stand that louse, not if he got me Garbo's job. And I hurt you horribly, just because I was ambitious. Denny, will you let me come back?"

"ARE you through with this Fishbein?"

Marie nodded with emphasis.

"Sure?"

"How can I prove it, Denny? You'll have to take my word for it. He wants me back, Denny, but he can't keep me in pictures. I just don't screen well, and neither does my voice, and I don't want to go back to him. I won't go back! The kike! He hired a man to watch me, Denny, and then he chased other women."

"I heard about that," said Denny. "Here, I'll tell you what you can do. You can call him on this telephone and tell him you never want to see him

again. I've got to go downstairs and ballyhoo the first show. Still a working man. The page will call me when the operator is ready with Los Angeles. You put in the call, and stay here and wait for it. I'll send you up a drink."

The first show was nearly over when the page came for him. Marie was just getting Franz Fishbein on the wire.

"What'll I say?" she whispered, frightened.

"Tell him he's a dirty kike and you never want to see him again."

"Hello. . . . Hello. . . . Can you hear me? . . . Yes, it's me. Can you hear me? . . . Yes. . . . Listen, Fishbein, you needn't wire me any more like you did on the train. You're a dirty kike, hiring a dick to shadow me and then chasing after last year's chickens! You needn't lie to me! I never want to see your greasy face again."

A pause.

"What? I'm at the Club Denny, if that means anything to you. What?"

SHE listened in silence for a full minute; softly she replaced the receiver.

"The language that pig used to me over the telephone!" Marie whispered unsteadily. "Oh, Denny, thank God you're a gentleman!"

Denny, standing in the door, weighed his words slowly.

"I believe that squares us up. Good luck to you, Marie. Ambition has to be made of stern stuff. Always remember that. It's a great motto."

Panic flashed across the upturned face.

"Denny! Aren't you going—to take—me back?"

"I didn't say anything about taking you back. Even if I wanted to, I'm afraid my wife would object. She knows too much about you."

"Your what?"

"I married her this afternoon at Port Chester. The papers haven't found it out. You must have read about the hit she made here last night. She's going into the new show with me. Her name is Cherry Chase."

The perfect host bowed as low as the cramped space would permit.

"Madame, the doorman will see you to your cab. And tell the driver—for me—to go straight to hell."

THE END

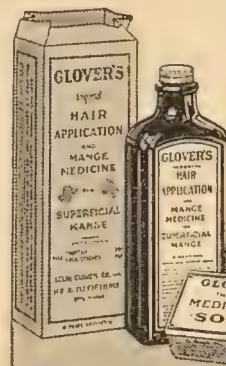
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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

- 1—Prague.
- 2—A person devoted to luxury and pleasure.
- 3—A white native of South Africa.
- 4—The electron.
- 5—The heart.
- 6—Patrick J. Hurley.
- 7—Dominion Day; July 1.
- 8—Nevada.
- 9—Stephen Grover.
- 10—The War of 1812.
- 11—One who has many diverse activities.
- 12—Terpsichore.

- 13—A Chief Justice and eight associate justices.
- 14—An island off the coast of Massachusetts.
- 15—Ninety.
- 16—Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Kentucky.
- 17—An interpreter; so called in the Levant and other parts of the East.
- 18—Hamlet, Act V, Scene 1.
- 19—Eight.
- 20—The art of training falcons, or hawks, to pursue and attack wild fowl or game.

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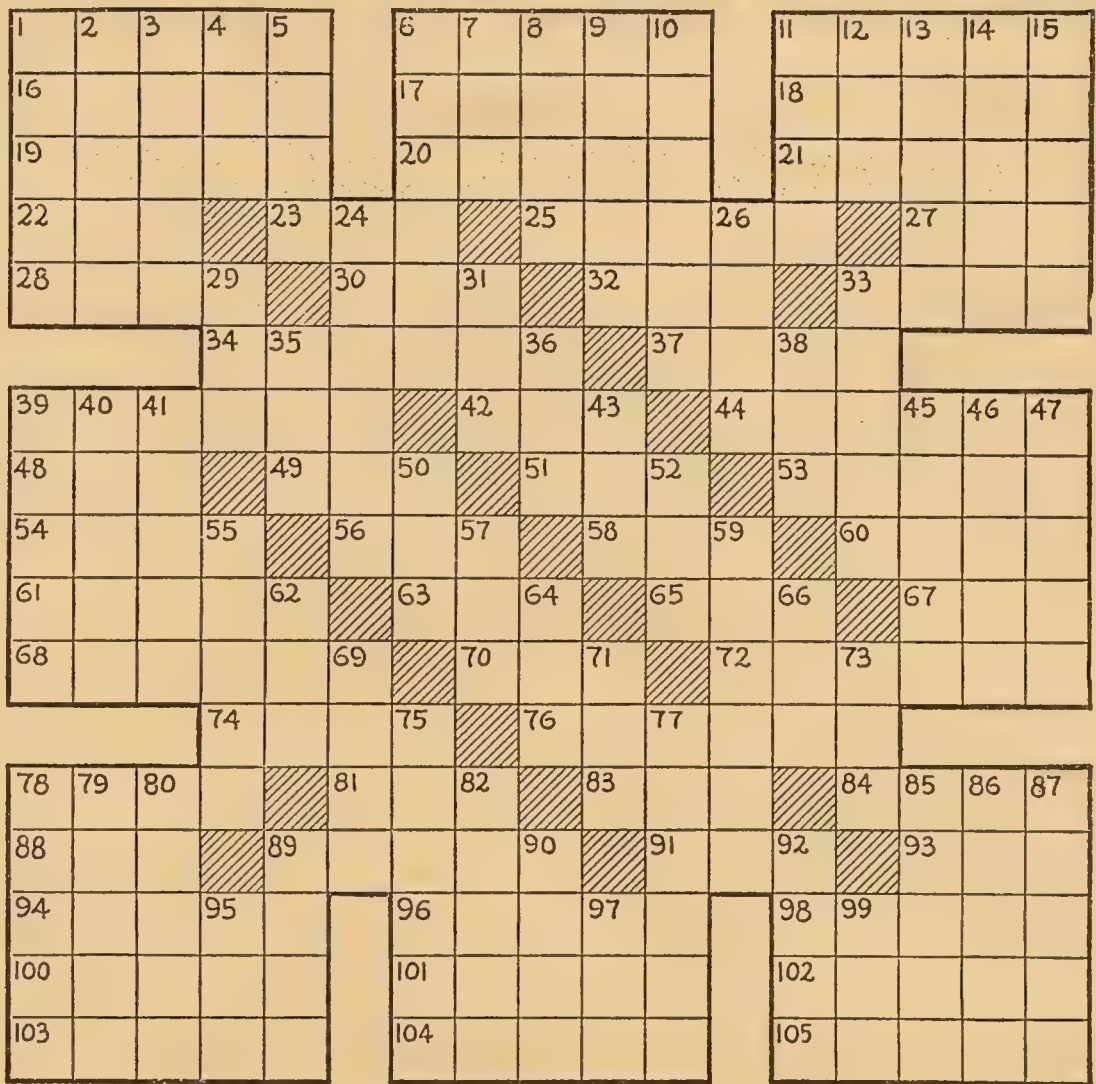
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HORIZONTAL

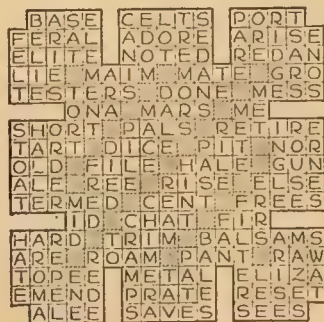
- 1 Color qualities
- 6 Assumed name
- 11 Poker stakes
- 16 Similar
- 17 Woman's name
- 18 A shade of red
- 19 Bishop's headdress
- 20 Cast or throw out
- 21 Commonplace
- 22 Evening (poetic)
- 23 Eagle
- 25 Wild plums
- 27 An insect
- 28 Vassal
- 30 Uneven
- 32 Printer's measures
- 33 Surgeon's probe
- 34 Misused
- 37 Man of wisdom
- 39 Wading birds
- 42 Form of to be
- 44 Uneasiness
- 48 A color
- 49 Lair
- 51 Assent
- 53 Beneath
- 54 River in England
- 56 Small mark
- 58 Small child
- 60 Progenitor
- 61 Fairies
- 63 Deer
- 65 Domestic animal
- 67 Grassland
- 68 Chooses
- 70 Small horse
- 72 Disturb
- 74 Observed narrowly
- 76 Remission or payment back
- 78 Heavenly body
- 81 Part of a circle
- 83 Joined
- 84 Sour
- 88 Comrade

- 89 A staple article of food
- 91 Spawn
- 93 A collection of facts or bits of information
- 94 Irregularly notched
- 96 Odor
- 98 Hesitate
- 100 Birds of prey
- 101 Resign
- 102 Turn inside out
- 103 Colorers
- 104 Cubic meter
- 105 Signs used in music

VERTICAL

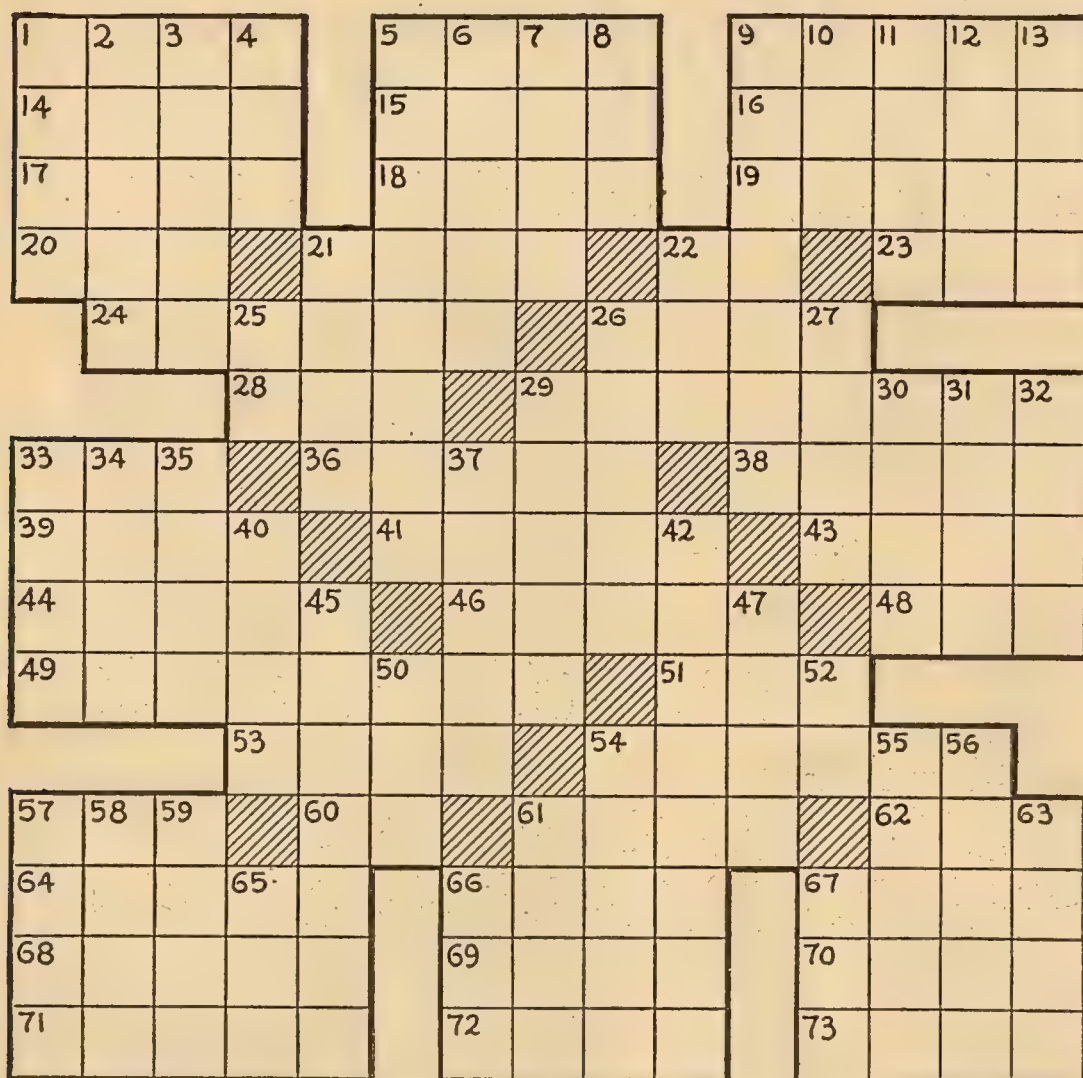
- 1 Subjugates
- 2 A fruit
- 3 Saltpeter
- 4 To piece out
- 5 Dry; withered
- 6 Corrects
- 7 Fall behind
- 8 Anger (plural)
- 9 Passageway
- 10 Devices for causing discharge
- 11 Deeds
- 12 And not
- 13 Social group
- 14 Consumed

- 15 Fine driving icy particles
- 24 Aroused
- 26 Son of Isaac
- 29 Fanatic (colloq.)
- 31 Moisture
- 33 Gulls
- 35 Couch
- 36 Division of time
- 38 Antelope
- 39 Thin, crimped stuff
- 40 Riotous festivity
- 41 Worship
- 43 Put in place
- 45 Roman magistrate
- 46 Becomes withered
- 47 Minister to
- 50 Drowse
- 52 Turf
- 55 More discriminating
- 57 Measure of weight
- 59 Love apple
- 62 An inclosure
- 64 Attention
- 66 Obtained
- 69 Burn to hardness
- 71 Precious stone
- 73 Meadow
- 75 Fears greatly
- 77 Scold
- 78 Rapidity
- 79 Linger
- 80 Single
- 82 Proof reader's mark
- 85 Caverns
- 86 Inactive
- 87 Goes forth with suddenness
- 89 Woman's nickname
- 90 Cupola
- 92 Pitcher
- 95 East Indian weight
- 97 Russian village community
- 99 Hail!



Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



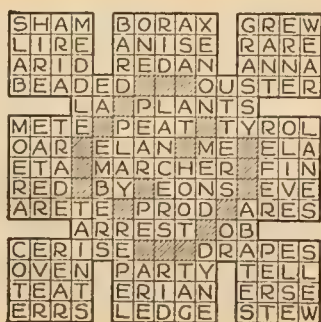
HORIZONTAL

- 1 A Shoshonean Indian
- 5 A king of Midian (Numbers xxxi)
- 9 That on which a thing rests
- 14 Former Russian tsar
- 15 Affliction; injury
- 16 Humble; degrade
- 17 Spanish and Portuguese measure
- 18 A route across an ocean
- 19 South and Central American animal
- 20 A tree
- 21 Commanded
- 22 By
- 23 Compass point
- 24 To greet; hail
- 26 Measure for diameter of wire (plural)
- 28 Bewilderment
- 29 Heeled over, as a ship
- 33 High in the scale (music)
- 36 Brings to its correct condition
- 38 Shop
- 39 Biblical land (Numbers xxi)
- 41 Sharpening device
- 43 Flexible tube
- 44 Bay or recess
- 46 Import; meaning
- 48 Man's nickname
- 49 Dies
- 51 Hawaiian garland
- 53 Tiara (poetic)
- 54 Controlled
- 57 Billow
- 60 Chinese measure of length

- 61 Thigh of an animal prepared for food (plural)
- 62 Cause to be quit of
- 64 Division of a poem
- 66 Prefix: half or partly
- 67 One of the incarnations of Vishnu
- 68 A flower
- 69 King of Sweden (1560-68)
- 70 Roman highway
- 71 Tall bamboolike grasses
- 72 Mounds
- 73 Greatest in number

VERTICAL

- 1 Place swarming with busy occupants
- 2 Ellipses
- 3 A city of Emilia, Italy
- 4 Feminine personal name
- 5 Narrators
- 6 To avoid by artifice or subterfuge
- 7 Any twining stem, or flexible shoot
- 8 A beverage



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 9 Encounter between ships of war (plural)
- 10 Sleeveless garment worn by Arabs
- 11 Subverts by digging or wearing away
- 12 Daughter of Set and Nut (Egyptian mythology)
- 13 Dry and withered
- 21 Range for target practice
- 22 Melody
- 25 Note of the scale
- 26 Worker in stone
- 27 A son of Adam
- 29 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
- 30 Time when the sun is on the meridian
- 31 Gaelic
- 32 Act
- 33 Surrounded by
- 34 Single
- 35 A soft mineral
- 37 Complete; absolute
- 40 A vegetable
- 42 Disputants
- 45 Makers of clothes
- 47 Portuguese coins
- 50 Capuchin monkey
- 52 A preposition
- 54 Bast fiber of an Asiatic plant
- 55 Muse of lyric poetry
- 56 Coins
- 57 A cicatrix
- 58 To comfort; to relieve
- 59 Poker stake
- 61 At this point
- 63 Short lance or other pointed missile weapon
- 65 Spread for drying
- 66 Put in place
- 67 Margin

PATENTS



When two or more Inventors want the same Patent . . .

We have one Patent Office to serve an inventive nation of 125,000,000 people. It is not surprising then that frequently two or more individuals, living in different parts of the country and entirely unknown to one another,

make application for a patent covering substantially the same idea.

When this happens the patent is granted to the person who can prove that he was really the first to conceive the invention and was sufficiently diligent in reducing it to practice. But—and this is important—the burden of proof rests upon the individual who filed his application last. Sometimes proving priority of invention is easy—sometimes very difficult, depending upon how carefully the inventor has made and preserved dated records.

If you have a useful idea and you intend some time to apply for a patent, you may have much to gain by taking steps to make your application promptly. Delays in filing the application have been known to result in the loss of the patent.

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The booklet shown here contains valuable information relating to Patent procedure that every inventor should have. And with it, I will send you my "Record of Invention" form, on which you can sketch your idea and evidence its date before a witness. Such evidence may later prove valuable to you. Simply fill in the lines below and I will send you complete information on how to proceed without charge or obligation.



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Yes, We Have the PHILIPPINES

But Why Keep Them?

By
FREDERICK
PALMER

HOW many of the European and American delegates to the Naval Limitations Conference in London have ever been to the Far East? For the Japanese it is home grounds.

I wished that the delegates of the other four powers might have been with me as free travelers, having all other as well as official sources of information at their command, through Japan, Manchuria, and China, regions that have more population than the United States and Europe combined.

The climax of that revealing journey was at Hong Kong and Manila. The island mountain of Hong Kong off the southern coast of China landlocks a capacious bay where sea routes from the Panama Canal to the Suez, from arctic to antarctic meet. Modern tugboats steam in and out among Chinese junks. Half a million Chinese are said to have no homes except on boats.

When the British took the island in 1842, the practiced eye of land and naval gunner and human instinct itself favored its choice as a place of refuge, under British law, for British merchants and seamen from Chinese pirates and the exactions of Chinese viceroys. Later, the British annexed the Kowloon Peninsula, making all sides of the bay British.

In 1842 there was not a level space broad enough for a baseball field on the beaches that indent the island's precipitous coast line. Its rocky sides had been denuded of all scrub that would make firewood. It was a desert overlooking the area of the densest population in the world.

Now Hong Kong is an immense Chinese city whose residents profit under British rule. The island is a natural wonder that man has made an artificial one. Globe-trotters remember it as they remember the Pyramids or Niagara.

Trade brought the British to Hong Kong. Trade keeps



An Igorrote and his wife from the interior making friends with a bluejacket at Baguio.



*Underwood & Underwood photos
Carabaos pulling a native cart.*

them in residence. Trade builds more villas. From the peak, at an altitude of a thousand feet, of that rocky island Gibraltar, which has an area of only thirty-two square miles, the Briton has been wont to look out as lord of the seas he surveys.

Westward the British flag flies like a bird of passage over Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bombay; across the Indian Ocean to Aden, guarding the British Red Sea and British Suez Canal, and on into the Mediterranean with its British island of Malta; and finally to that other rocky Gibraltar at the Atlantic entrance to the Mediter-

anean, more than 7,000 miles from Hong Kong.

From all the region from Persia to China south of the Himalayas, except through Siam and French Cochin-China, men or goods seeking the sea by the southern route must pass over a British pier. This Britain won by

wisdom and sea power; and has held, and must hold still, by wisdom and sea power. And ship-borne men and goods from the eastern coast of the American continent go to the Pacific through the Panama Canal, more than 7,000 miles from Hong Kong, which must also be held by wisdom and sea power.

Looking north to the Chinese mainland, the resident of the Peak of Hong Kong, protected by the island's batteries, is concerned with no immediate threat to his security by China's four hundred and fifty millions.

Looking eastward across the Pacific, there are no British outposts from the Mediterranean short of the Canadian shore. Between Hong Kong and Canada is the island chain of Japan, with a mighty modern navy and the largest number of trained soldiers of any nation.

And south of Hong Kong are the Philippines, also with the chain of Japanese islands strategically between them and our Pacific coast. In 1898, when Dewey with his squadron left Hong Kong and took the Philippines from Spain, he had no idea that we were going to keep them. But he followed his government and its bow to destiny.

We had made war with Spain to free Cuba from misrule. We decided that destiny had included the Philippines as part of the task. Instead of exacting an indemnity we paid the Spaniards \$20,000,000 for those far-away islands.

At that time Japan had not yet won her place as a power by beating Russia. China was still asleep. Its break-up was in prospect.

The Philippines would be an Asiatic base in our protection of the Open Door in China. Americans were talking of the Pacific as an "American lake"—a memory which may bring a smile to some of the Japanese delegates to the Naval Limitations Conference in London.

AMONG other things we bought with the \$20,000,000 was a native rebellion. Emilio Aguinaldo, the insurgent Filipino leader, who had come to terms with the Spaniards and retired from the field after his first effort, was back in the islands on the warpath against us, the American deliverers.

Having relieved the Philippines of Spanish rule, we had to establish our own rule in order to give the natives the blessings we had in mind for them. This required two years and as many as 70,000 American doughboys.

President McKinley's "Benevolent Assimilation" for the Philippines was then as famous a Presidential phrase as "Watchful Waiting" or "Noble Experiment" in later days. We would inject the Filipinos with A B Cs and the virus and vaccines of medical science. Once they had popular education they would learn how to govern themselves.

Reports as to the primitive life of the Filipinos encouraged us with the prospect of the great market that was coming when we should have introduced them to everything from bicycles to modern cooking ranges. One stove merchant who had never been where it never snows was particularly enthusiastic.

To carry out our mission we made a great choice in William H. Taft, later President and now Chief Justice. Primary-school teachers were being dispatched to him at

the same time as soldiers to the commanding general. On the heels of our advancing battalions we set up local self-government in the villages, and our Public Health Service began its labors.

THE British thought we were quixotic. And the Dutch who ruled over the neighboring Java thought we were crazy. Democracy in the Orient! The Filipinos were Malay. No Malay race had ever had a nation. Other races had always ruled them.

Being young then I looked forward to returning to the islands some day to see how the great experiment had worked out. Now, twenty-nine years after I had left Manila, I was again arriving there from Hong Kong.

We struck the same heat wall I had remembered when we came into the lee of Luzon, the same sun flashed its brazen rise on the bay. But the fishing boats in the bay did not look to be native as in the old days. I found that the Japanese were doing the fishing there in sight of our new pier, the longest in the East.

And among the customs inspectors, so proud of their jobs, there was not one American. There was such a swarm of native news reporters and photographers as would greet a visiting European prime minister in New York harbor.

And the newspapers, with their very American headlines after the sedate British sheets of Hong Kong! Manila has more newspapers than Chicago or New York, excluding foreign-language dailies. In Manila America might see its likeness in the tropics from the press to the impressive new university buildings and the capitol for the houses of the

Congress. If Chief Justice Taft should return to the scene of his early labors, he would need a guide lest he lose his way.

In place of the dirty old canals with their green scum are well paved streets. The Luneta, where people used to ride in their traps around and around the band-stand promenade, watching the sunset, has been broadened to a great green plaza. It continues in the new Dewey Boulevard on made ground along the water front behind the new breakwater. Fashion's homes front on the boulevard; so does the Polo Club. The big Army and Navy Club—not limited to the two military services—and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Showing how Japan's island chain commands the Philippines, and how remote they are from Hawaii as a naval base and from our Pacific coast. Above is part of Hong Kong, Britain's Gibraltar of the East, as it looks from the bay. In 1842 it was a barren island.

[YES, WE HAVE THE PHILIPPINES]

Continued from page sixty-one

the big hotel with its broad verandas, its dancing floor and jazz orchestra, look out on the rows of palm trees and across the bay.

"Some difference from the days when we chased Aggie and his Gugus on bacon and beans and notice," say the old-timers who helped suppress the Filipino rebellion.

Aggie is Aguinaldo, who still has no gray in his pompadour black hair. It was quite a moment when I met him in his office in Manila surrounded by busts and photographs of his generals of the time when he was the native Napoleon. He and the old-timers march in the Decoration Day processions together. What do these young fellows know about life, anyway? Aguinaldo's son was for a time at West Point where he roomed with the son of Aguinaldo's captor, General Frederick Funston.

In Manila itself the "crazy experiment" appears to have succeeded. And as you spin out into the country on fine asphalt roads, this conclusion is confirmed by other first impressions.

New town halls are the evidence that the people have learned to govern themselves; the schoolhouses, that they are being educated. Pupils are going and coming with books under their arms. When some of our own girls are giving up theirs, the Filipino high-school girls have taken to stockings in the land of eternal summer.

But when they return to the parental home, where mother and father are barefoot, their high heels usually climb the bamboo ladder of one of the line of nipa huts in a village that is otherwise much the same as of old.

MOTHER did not take to the kitchen stove. She cooks still in the open in a pot. There is no call for steam radiators nor worry about coal bills in that climate.

The peasant, called the "simple tao," cuts the bamboo for his house from the nearest grove. He has his meat supply in the scavenger pigs. For fruit he can pick bananas from a tree in his yard all the year.

Out of the rice-planting and harvesting seasons he has not one chore except to take his carabao (water buffalo), his beast of burden, for its daily wallow in a water hole. Otherwise he spends hours preening his gamecock.

But some say that cockfighting is on the wane; the tao has caught the American urge for luxuries. He will mortgage his carabao, or even his shirt, to pay the first installment on a car. He has to earn money if his daughter would have stockings or high-heeled shoes, or if he would have a ride in the motor busses that fly along the good roads. The Philippines, with 12,000,000 population, have as many motor vehicles as all China.

The pioneers of development, trying to hustle the East, were veterans of the Army of Pacification who remained in the islands. They have found markets for exports, built up small businesses and factories, trained labor.

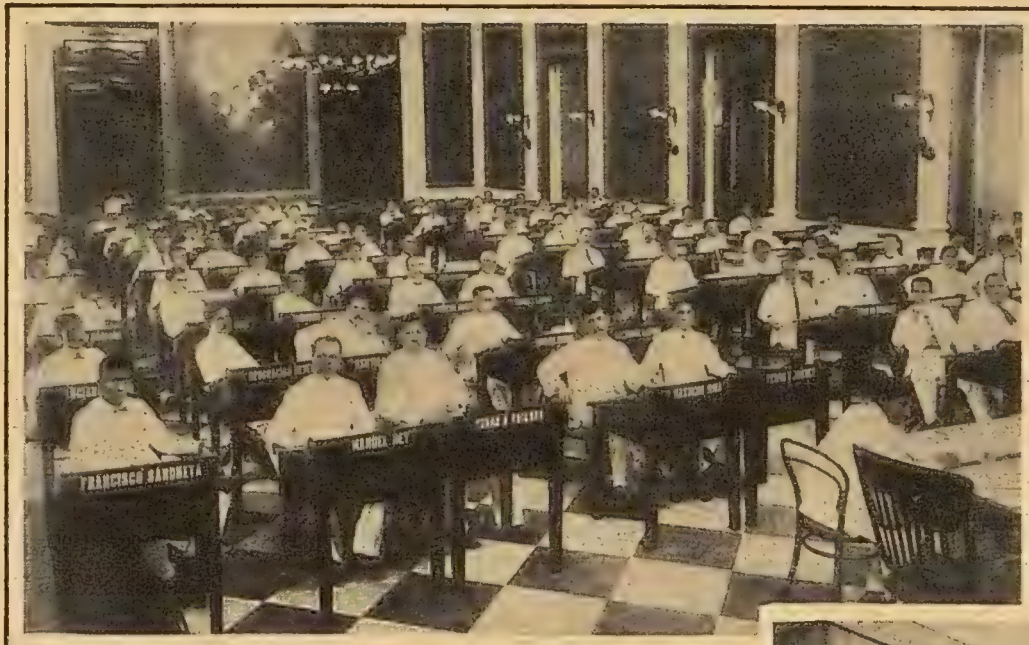
Few have become rich, many are comfortable. Servants are cheap. You may have four or five for the price of one at home.

There are 6,000 Americans, 40,000 Chinese, 4,000 Spanish, and 1,000 Britons in the islands.

American capital is coy owing to the uncertainty of American tenure of the islands. But our Congress has been kind. Our tariff walls are down. Sugar is the foremost export, thanks to our tariff-free market, while Cuba

must pay duty. There is good rubber land, with America the greatest of markets, but the indifference of labor and the laws against large land-holdings prevents such rubber plantations as flourish in near-by Borneo.

COPRA and coconut oil are the second export, thanks again to the free American market. About three-fifths of the total of Philip-



P. & A. photo

The first Filipino Assembly convened under American rule in session in 1907.



Wide World photo

Emilio Aguinaldo, sometime general of the insurrectos, as he looks today.



The present Legislative Building at Manila, the capital.

pine foreign trade of nearly \$300,000,000 is with the United States. Since our occupation, exports of sugar have been multiplied by twenty, coconut oil by 100, and straw hats by ten.

We have supplied a market for native embroideries amounting to nearly \$10,000,000 a year. That gives employment for many deft feminine hands.

From us the Filipinos buy manufactured cotton and silk, machinery, cars, and steel products of all kinds, and are consuming \$889,000 worth of soap against \$30,000 worth when we came, and buying a bale of toothbrushes where they used to buy one. The income of a Filipino family, even now, averages only thirty-four dollars a year.

Old Spanish residents own more real estate than Americans. They have profited by its rise. The Spanish still control tobacco manufacture. The Chinese have a hand with the British in hemp, which is no longer a Philippine monopoly owing to the backward native processes of stripping. Three-fourths of the retail business is done by the Chinese who are increasingly heavy holders of real estate. The Japanese not only control the fishing, but are migrating to Mindanao Island as farmers.

Graduates of Filipino schools and colleges are inclined to look down on mechanics and industry as coolie labor. What is the use of working for an academic degree if you have to remain a tao? Didn't we introduce education in order to teach the Filipinos how to govern themselves? Therefore politics is the chosen profession, a place in the government the object.

"How can we have any economic future until we have political independence?" they ask.

How can they put all the foreigners out of business while their Congress is still restrained by the Organic Act which makes fortune-winning a drudgery by its fastidious restrictions about the alienation of private property?

The Organic Act, or the Jones Act, established the Filipino Congress in 1916; it left the Governor General only veto power, but had the further saving clause that the United States Supreme Court was the court of final appeal.

Having a free hand under Governor General Harrison, whose optimism amounted to a faith, the Congress established the Philippine National Bank. It loaned money to political friends and to unsound enterprises. The peso, unit of local currency, dropped to a discount.

General Leonard Wood was sent to straighten out the mess. He had to say many Noes in proving the restraint of the veto. He gave all the power of his personality and the last of his strength to the task. The peso was returned to par, backed by American gold. It is the only local currency in the Far East that does not fluctuate. Efficiency of administration was recovered. The rise of the death rate and the spread of disease were stopped.

THE memorial to Wood is the million-and-a-half-dollar fund of American subscription for the segregation, care, and cure of lepers on Culion Island. No statue will rise to him. There is none to McKinley. Every town has its statue to José Rizal, the young martyr to independence in Spanish days. One Filipino orator spoke of George Washington as the José Rizal of America.

After Wood came Stimson for a year. He was a little too cold, too knowing a lawyer, too lacking in the grand manner to please Filipinos. When home papers spoke of his choice as Secretary of State as a promotion, the Filipinos felt the allusion to be a slight.

The promotion of Dwight F. Davis from a Cabinet portfolio to the Governorship was some compensation. It is important that any man we send as Governor should have great prestige and high social position at home. Here enters the influence of race

feeling. Although Filipinos may belong to the more exclusive Polo Club, they complain that they are not admitted to the Army and Navy Club, whose membership is actually largely civilian. The answer to this is that there is no room.

Filipinos go to West Point. Officers of the Filipino Scouts are on the regular army's list of promotions. They and their wives are in the social life of the posts. There are Filipinos at army and navy receptions.

"Of course how welcome they are individually depends partly on what kind of Filipinos they are, just as it would if they were Americans," said a general's wife. "I have had complaints from American officers and their wives that I was making pets of the Filipinos."

The Governor General should have a large private fortune, as on his pay he cannot carry on. But the most difficult requirement is that

he eat six square meals a day. Native hospitality never errs in lack of bounty. No Governor has ever been equal to his gastronomic responsibility.

Aside from this, Governor General Davis, soldier, sportsman, wealthy, of an old family, handsome and urbane, fills the bill. The Filipinos like him. Never was there such open house as there is at the old Spanish palace of Malacanán on the banks of the Pasig. There must be a limit to the number at dinners; but all the world and his wife may come to the receptions. The old-timers say that Malacanán pays so much attention to the Filipinos that the real social discrimination is against American residents.

And to Washington no news is good news from the far-away islands, the forgotten islands. The business of the Governor Generals from Taft to the present has been to keep them quiet.

Before a Governor General is appointed it is said that he must have the approval of both Osmena and Quezon, the two brilliant and engaging native political leaders. One and then the other is on top. One month they may be at swords' points; the next in amity.

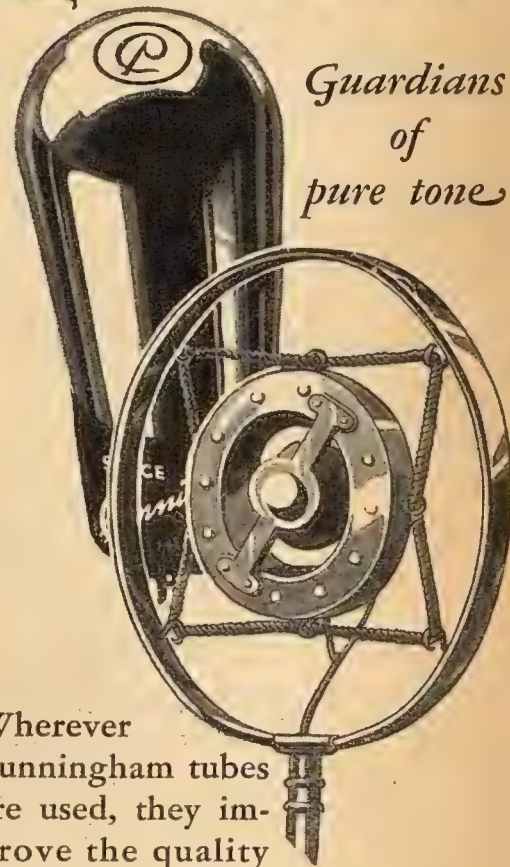
Sergio Osmena is half Chinese, cultivated, agreeable, personable in any company, urbane in gaining his ends in negotiation. When he says

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



A Filipino traffic cop on duty in Iloilo.

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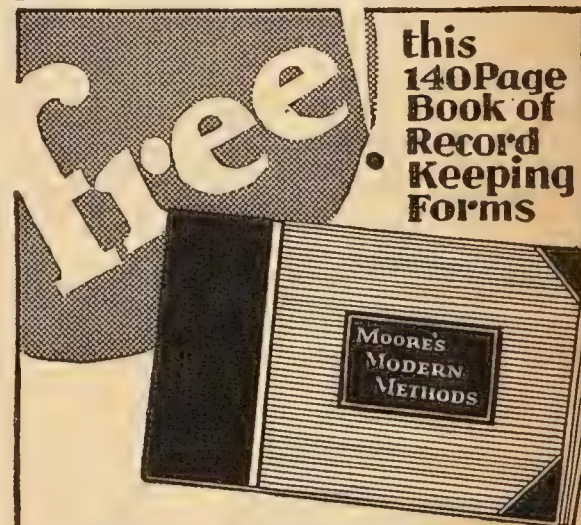
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[YES, WE HAVE THE PHILIPPINES] Continued from page sixty-three

of a new Governor General, "He is so charming that he makes me do what he wants me to against my will," it is time for the Governor to be on guard. Manuel Quezon, is half Spanish, is gay, companionable, electric; a facile orator, outvoicing Osmena in the demand for independence which is pictured as the flaming desire of the simple tao.

Native politicians can talk with the tao in his native language. English is not yet the language of the masses.

We lack "career" men who know the dialects. And it is for the tao that we have taken all the trouble. He is the Philippines.

What does he really think? Mr.

and Mrs. Tao—she is the industrious member of the family who keeps the purse—can remember, or elders can remind them, of the days when smallpox and leprosy walked abroad, of the horrible scourges of cholera and the curse of beriberi and other tropical diseases which have now been eliminated. The last cholera epidemic in 1901-02 took 100,000 lives. American occupation has lowered the death rate from forty to seventeen to twenty a thousand.

"More!" the Filipino leaders keep demanding. It is a cry that pays. They know their Uncle Samuel. More favors from Washington, more officers, which is also quite American and human.

Nothing further in a political way can be granted except complete independence. Cabinet ministers and their subordinates and clerks are native. Our instructors have been supplanted by natives until only a little rearguard of Americans remain.

WE still have an auditor with his hand on finances. Our Public Health Service controls quarantine. Pioneer Luther B. Bewlay of the vanguard of teachers superintends schools. Veteran Arthur F. Fisher of the Bureau of Forestry is triumphant at last in a rapidly increasing export of native woods.

Vice Governor Eugene A. Gilmore has general charge of public health and instruction. Twice this wheel horse has been Acting Governor General in trying times.

American officials have learned that it is the suggestive method which succeeds. The native official likes to think that the ideas and the execution are his own. He never admits that America has done anything for the Philippines. To the visiting American the leaders point out all the progress as their own achievement whose full flowering the remaining American officials prevent.



Sergio Osmena

Manuel Quezon

The rival native "big shots" in the politics of the Philippines.

Wide World photos

"And look at our schools!" More than a quarter of the budget, which totals just under \$40,000,000 a year, goes for education. There the Filipinos have learned their lesson well. Education is aristocracy. It calls young ambition, opening the way to office and favors.

"More!" The Filipino flag flies below the American on the Luneta and public buildings. It should fly above the American. More! There should be only the Filipino flag.

SUPPOSE the American flag was lowered from every pole in the islands; suppose the last American official departed, the last soldier walked up the gangplank of a returning transport! And suppose our last word

was: "Now you must do it on your own. We can never come in answer to your call across the broad Pacific."

In a land which annually imports \$25,000,000 worth of foodstuffs, only 20 per cent of the arable land is occupied; and all would not be occupied for 400 years at the present rate of expansion. Overpopulation in neighboring Japan and China seeks an outlet. "It would not be long before the industrious Japanese and Chinese would have the valleys and the Filipinos would be sitting on the hilltops," is a common saying of foreigners in the Philippines.

The native leaders talk of a guarantee from the League of Nations; of one from China and Japan which would make them a member of the fraternity of Asiatic nations. If Uncle Sam were skeptical about that, the leaders might convince their constituents of the wisdom of accepting a dominion status.

Thus the Philippines would be in the same relation to us as Canada to the British Empire. They would be a nation with their own ministers and consuls abroad, and all the offices theirs, while, perhaps, we should send a Governor General who would be only a figurehead. Our markets would continue free to Philippine products. Our army and navy would guarantee the defense of the islands.

Why not? Isn't this in keeping with our character and a natural development of our past policy? Is Uncle Sam known as the easiest mark in the world without reason? Would father desert his beloved children?

The independence agitation was waning when I was in Manila for the same reason that it was waxing in Congress at home—resentment in our home constituencies, during the tariff discussion, at letting Philippine sugar and coconut oil in free in competition with our own products. The leaders had enough American training in politics to realize that a "talk-

ing point" may be overexercised at an economic sacrifice.

Lost, too, would be the money our garrisons spend, and the amount paid to the American officials by turning back internal revenue taxes on Philippine tobacco. For Uncle Sam does not, in the fashion of colonial powers, make the Little Brown Brother pay for services rendered. And out of that slender budget of \$40,000,000 might have to come the cost of a Philippine army and navy.

There is another human aspect which any politician will understand. Once the Filipino politicians had all the power they could not pass the buck. No more putting off a place-seeker or a favor-hunter by saying the American Governor General "would not permit it."

And certain voices, not actively in politics, were being heard. Educated young Filipinos who are beginning to go into business instead of politics are against independence; and so are property holders, native American and alien. They realize the value of association with rich and powerful America.

It is clear what we have done for the Philippines. The question is what they have done for us and may do for us or to us in the future, this tiny far-extended tentacle of our mass which consumes one-twentieth of our exports.

DEFENSE? The islands' defense is in our prestige as a world power, not in arms that we can bring to bear by sea or land.

Within sight of the northern island, the main island of Luzon, is the Japanese colony of Formosa. At the Washington Arms Conference it was agreed that neither the Japanese nor ourselves should build further fortifications on Pacific island possessions.

That saved money for both sides without affecting the military situation. Between Hawaii and the Philippines are the Marianne and Caroline islands, neighbors to our island of Guam, which Japan took over from Germany after the World War—which may be known some day as the first of the world wars.

Scores of the myriad islands of the Philippine archipelago, which is the southern ground of the wide range of Japanese fishing vessels from the arctic to the tropics, could be transformed quickly into submarine or air bases. At Corregidor Island, guarding the entrance to Manila Bay, we have a regiment of artillery in charge of our heavy guns. But we could not put 3,000 men in the field. Corregidor could be easily besieged by landing forces.

Our naval strength in the East is in a few light cruisers, gunboats, and destroyers. There is not even a tug to tow our big floating dry dock from undefended Subic Bay to Manila behind Corregidor. Japan could take the Philippines very easily. This is not saying that Japan has any such intention but stating a military fact of which Japan is just as well aware as we are.

NOW look at the map again from the peak at Hong Kong. Westward, three days' steaming, is Singapore on the straits of Malacca which protects British Borneo, rich in rubber, and the sea route to Australasia. Here is the much discussed British Singapore base, which was planned to be up-to-date for naval and air forces. Military councils see it as an imperative necessity. The Tory government under Baldwin took their view and the Labor under MacDonald the contrary, though it is now hesitant, having heard from the Antipodes.

For the Labor party in power in Australia has no doubts. On this subject there are no pacifists in either Australia or New Zealand. The Singapore base is to Australasia, with its population of 7,000,000, what the fortress of Verdun is to France.

Manila is also on the route to Australia. "You won't give it up!" say the Australians wistfully. And Britons at Hong Kong remark, "If you go we shall have to be there before anybody else."

Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila—the map tells the story—are the three great outposts of the West in the East. Sharing their destiny is Dutch Java, which is Holland's treasure as a thoroughly worked tropical hot-house, and France's outpost at Saigon of her great and profitable Asiatic colony. The British and French fleets are even farther away than ours, while local garrisons are negligible.

The Japanese navy is on the spot; Japanese transports can put 500,000 men in China in three weeks. There are only two straits in the Japanese chain of islands guarding the coast of Asia

which will not float mines. Japan has more submarines than we have. She has more swift light cruisers. She has sixty-four eight-inch guns on cruisers to our none.

She could sweep our commerce from the Pacific as our navy concentrated on Hawaii. She could sweep the British from Asiatic waters if it should happen to suit Mussolini's purposes, with his destroyers, submarines, and aircraft, to interrupt Britain's passage of the Mediterranean. She has oil enough in storage for her navy for

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



A sixth-grade group of Filipino students of geography.



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[YES, WE HAVE THE PHILIPPINES]

Continued from page sixty-five

two years. In Manchuria she has a granary of foodstuffs.

In England, France, and America, more than 100 Japanese naval officers have civil assignments on the lookout for anything new for the Japanese navy.

However, Japan's aviation has been backward. Her custom of combining the best of the inventions in each nation for her purposes has balked her in aviation, because the western nations have been going forward, each on its own, so rapidly that yesterday's improvement is obsolete today.

And the Japanese are not natural aviators. The lack of the requisite sense of balance is ascribed to the rolling of the heads of Japanese babies strapped to their mothers' backs. So that national custom is to be changed. Meanwhile Japan is forcing her aviation program to make up for lost time; and she does not fear accidents in developing efficiency.

DOES she plan or want war? Not at all. But when she makes war she is prepared to strike instantly. When she has struck in the past she has given the world surprises and she may have more in store. She is fulfilling her destiny. Does she want the Philippines? Not to fight for them. In themselves they are not a big enough prize.

Her military power has the value of concentration as Rome's had and Britain's had, and as Spain's had in the making of her great empire. Japan is not thinking of the defense of the home islands in local terms. Her political sagacity understands the value

of preparedness in relation to opportunism.

She would fain be so strong that no western power could dispute her mastery of the China seas, and free to work her will in an emergency for further expansion, perhaps at the expense of China, to whose open door she would hold the key. If she keeps on for the next quarter of a century as she has for the last, she may hold the seas from Hawaii to Suez.



U. & U. photo
Governor General
Dwight F. Davis.

THERE for the West is the truth of the situation in the East; those are the facts before the Naval Limitation Conference where, as it is arms that are being limited, the cards on the table are those of force; there also is the truth for the once majestic white

man who brought to the East his creative genius.

After Japan's seventy years of contact with the West, China's hundred, and India's more, not one of the inventions and discoveries which make modern civilization has been contributed by Asia—with a single exception. The Japanese are good at bacteriology. What would be the future of the East if it were again cut off from western contacts? But it cannot be; it is in the world to stay and to be increasingly heard from.

If, in some cataclysm in that fermenting Orient where cataclysms are inevitable, the Philippines are endangered, it is evident that they will have to look after themselves so far as we can do anything to defend them except at the cost of a fifty-billion-dollar war to get them back.

This article concludes a series from the Orient by Frederick Palmer.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A New Alibi

Her older cousin showed Jane pictures of the early Christians being persecuted by the Romans, and Jane looked in horror at the ferocious lions.

Next Sunday, Jane, always the first dressed, lay in bed quietly. She even refused breakfast.

"Jane, aren't you going to Sunday school?" asked her mother.

"No, indeed," answered Jane. "I'm not going to take a chance on those Romans."—Mrs. J. Horie, 162-09 84th Drive, Jamaica, L. I.

* * *

More to Follow

The children in the school where I taught were in a competition to be the first to tell me the news of the community.

One morning I received in the mail a card announcing the birth of a child to

friends of mine. Arriving at school early, I found one of my little pupils waiting for me. She greeted me breathlessly:

"The Hadleys have a baby girl and they sent us a sample in the mail this morning."—Hazel Hansberger, 2542 San Clements Ave., Granada Park, Alhambra, Calif.

* * *

Virtue's Reward Spurned

My young son was instructed by his mother not to accept money for little favors done for neighbors. After an errand of several blocks he would get "You're a good little boy," while the other boys got a nickel. Finally he tired of being called from play more often than the others, and declined to run errands, with the explanation: "I'm going to be a bad boy and get paid for it!"—J. G. Gorman, 3506 N. 23d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Now!

It's time to send in your contest entries

THE next page contains the final set of composite pictures in Liberty's Patriotic Game of Presidents. With these the contest closes.

Now it's your turn.

As you know, Liberty is offering \$25,000 in cash prizes to contestants and school-teachers for the best assembling of the composite pictures. Each of these, when cut apart and put together correctly, forms the picture of a President of the United States.

If you have followed directions for the last ten weeks you now have ten sets, containing thirty pictures. To all those who are contesting, we suggest that the assembled pictures be sent in as soon as possible.

Prize awards

will be announced in Liberty as quickly as the conditions of the contest permit.

All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days from the date of this issue. Then the judges must choose the hundreds of prize winners. And finally, time must be allowed for the printing and distributing of the issue (or issues) in which the awards are announced.

So be patient. It won't be long.

Teachers

are urged to get as many of their pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game and to note again the special prizes offered to those whose pupils do the best work.

Contestants are advised to read the rules carefully and be sure that none of them is overlooked.

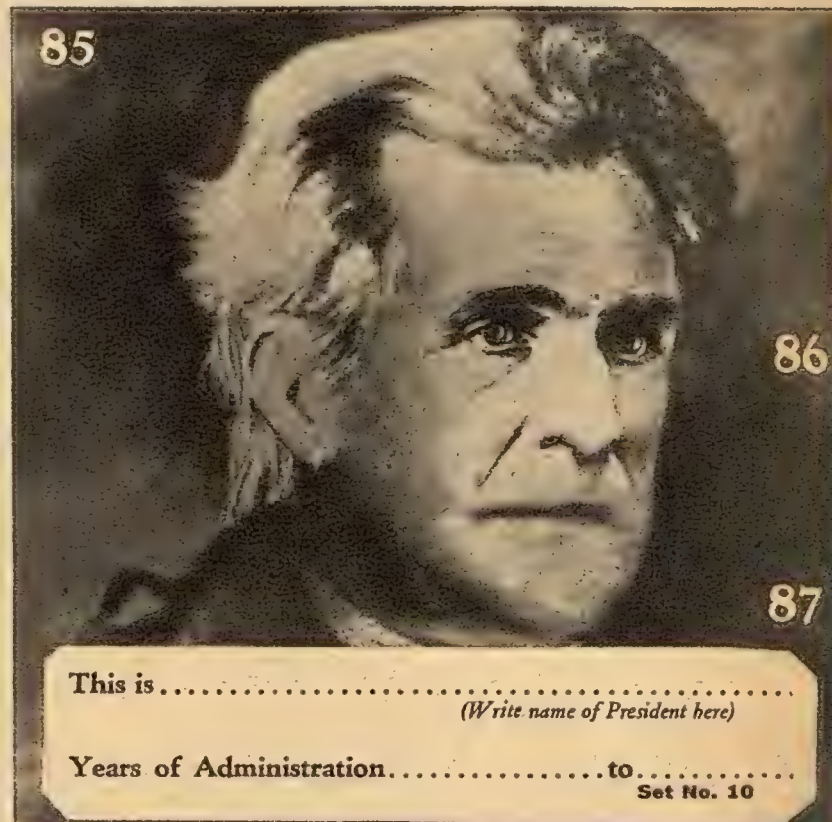
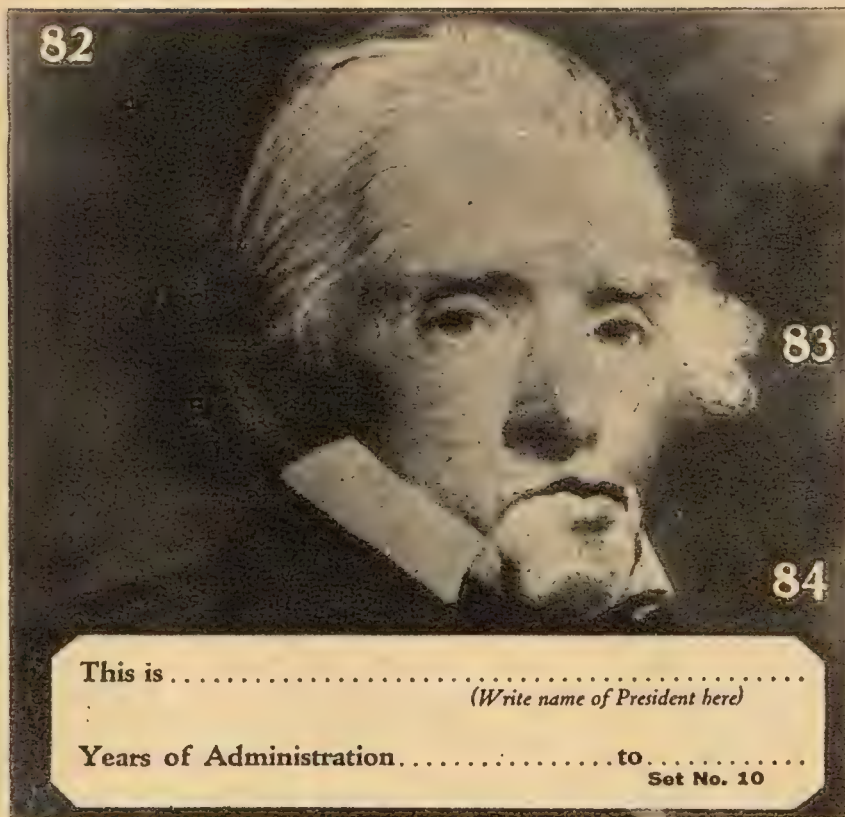
Observe particularly the instructions in Rule 7.

Then—

**Send your sets—and
keep the package
small, please**

Who Are These Presidents?

*Match their pictures correctly, add them to those that have gone before,
and your game is complete*



If you have identified the previous twenty-seven Presidents, the remaining three will be easy, merely by the process of elimination

The Prizes

First prize	\$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes (\$25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes (\$10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers (\$100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	\$25,000

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States has been printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, makes complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay \$25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

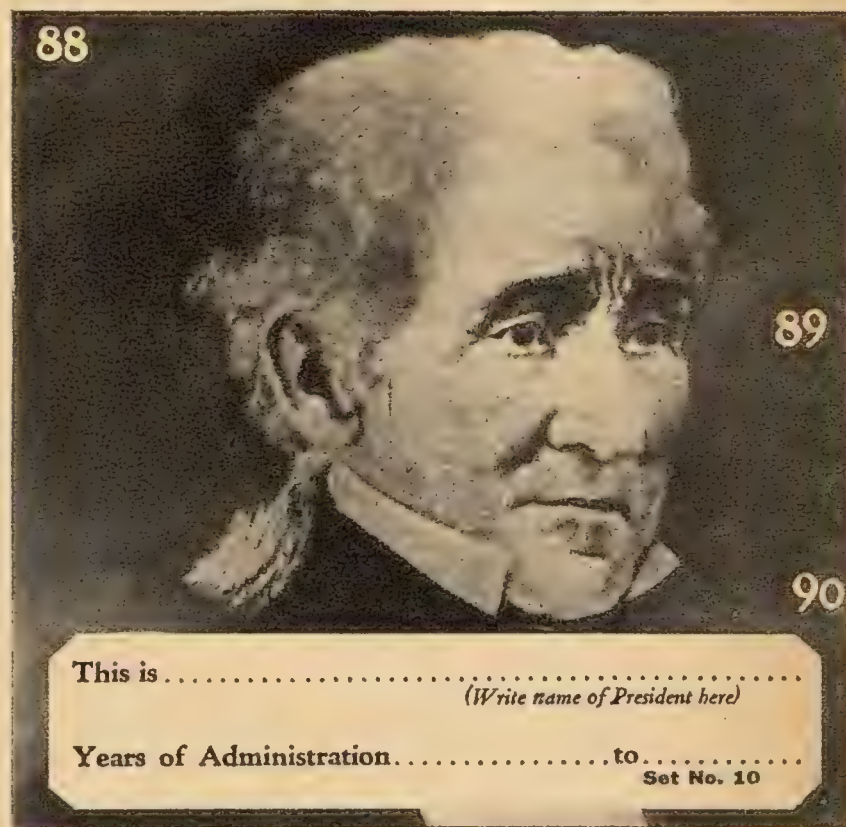
5—In all, thirty pictures have now been printed—one of each President. When you have finished with them, send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days from the date of this issue. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



\$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of \$100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

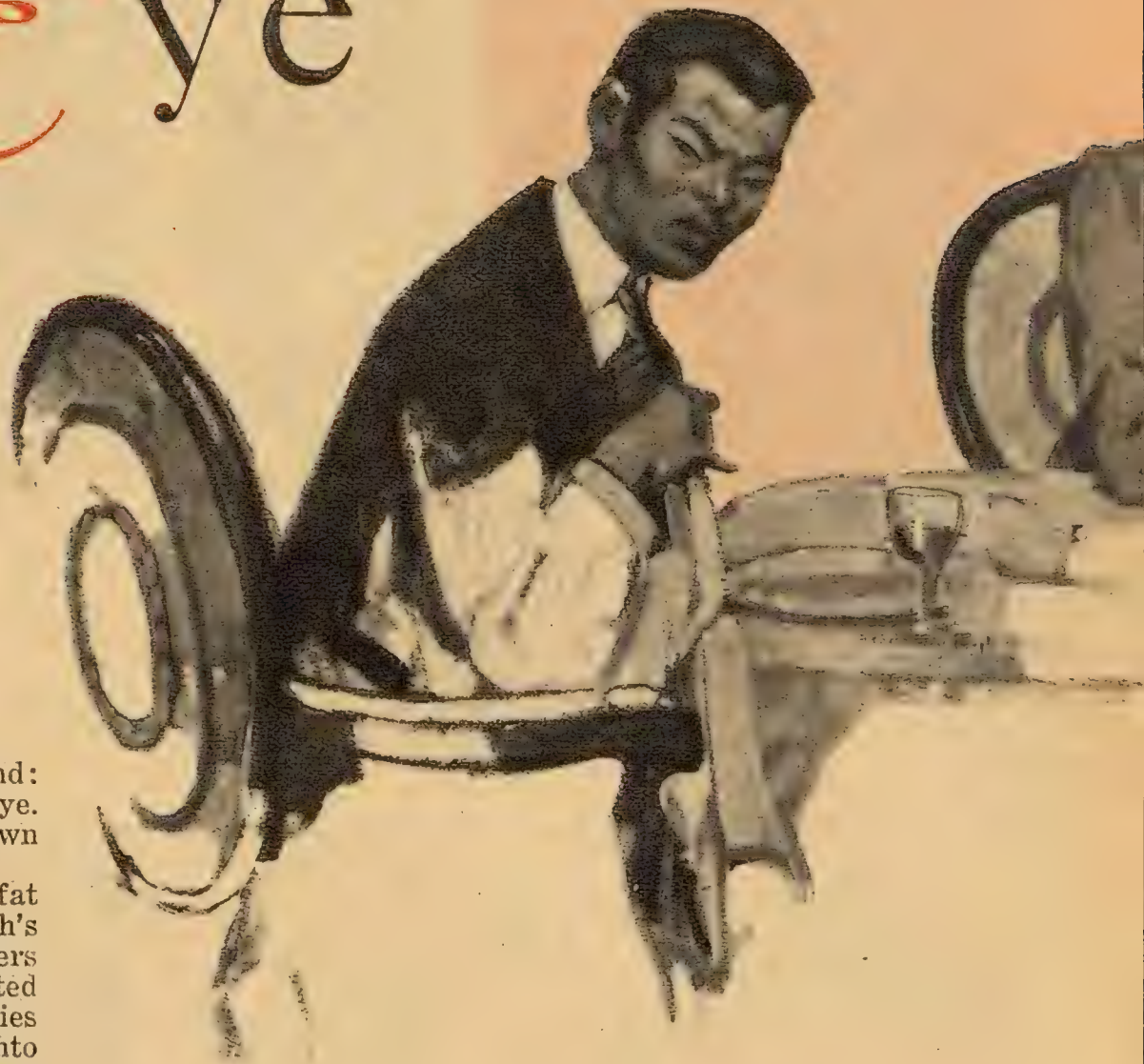
**Watch for announcement
of prize winners in the
earliest possible issue**

The Diamond Eye

*A Romance
of the
Jewel Smugglers*

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP



HENRI CONTÉ held a diamond in his hand: the famous gem known as the Diamond Eye. Conté sat at a table in a low resort: the Crown and Bull in London.

At the table with him were Jay Finch, fat American multimillionaire, Poppy Brooks, Finch's latest whim, and three Greeks, diamond smugglers all. The Eye belonged to Finch. He had reported it stolen. His plan was that, while the authorities looked for it, Conté should smuggle it into America, where Finch would present it to Poppy, all unknown to his wife.

Finch and Conté, clever crooks that they were, hadn't the faintest notion that the ugly waitress who served them was, really, neither ugly nor a waitress, but Jean Wood, a United States Treasury agent.

When Conté displayed the great gem, Jean suddenly deluged him with beer, and caught at the table. It over-
turned, Conté falling with it. In the confusion a woman screamed. Conté's legs jerked and he lay dead—stabbed.

There was a rush for the doors. When the pack had fled, a "blind" man rose from the next table. He had watched the whole scene, for he was Dick Clarke, disguised, another Treasury agent.

Tapping his way out, Dick's cane struck something in the sawdust. He picked it up. It was a woman's garter, slit with a knife—possibly Poppy's garter, slit, perhaps, with the knife that had done for Conté.

The next time Dick saw Jean he was aboard the Marantic, ready to sail for New York. To his amazement, the girl threw herself on him, pretending to be his bride. Her face was white with fear.

She had the Diamond Eye! And she had been fired at on the way to the steamer.

Dick accepted the enforced rôle of make-believe husband—even to the point of a common stateroom and kisses in public.

The Marantic was full of smugglers. Jay Finch was aboard, and Mrs. Finch. Finch was plainly determined to trap Jean. Istrelle du Bose, queen of the smugglers, was a passenger, and Kuroki, a thickly powdered Jap.

As a link to Dick's past, Diana Grant was aboard, too—the girl who had thrown Dick over—with her new husband, Baron De Ranisse.

PART FOUR—THE MAN FROM THE SEA

"**Y**OU needn't sulk," said Jean quietly. She did not look at Dick. She seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of her suet pudding. Her voice was cool and flat, but her words jerked Clarke from the depths of some deep reverie.

"And you needn't scowl," she added in the same tone, still apparently chained to her pudding. "Don't let a little kiss on a girl's nose ruin your whole career. I assure you I have no idea of taking advantage of it. Your manly charms have left me amazingly calm."

"Oh, to hell with the kiss," said Dick—he never did apologize for his rudeness. "Forget it—if you can. It was only part of the act. Can't you think of anything else?"

"Here we are, surrounded by enemies who would just as soon murder us in our sleep as not. We are followed, stared at, spied on wherever we go. There's a detectograph in our room, and a powder-box Jap on our trail. Jay Finch has invited us to dinner tonight—to destroy us if he can. Even now while I'm talking to you"—he was rubbing his fingers on the side of his nose in an attempt to conceal his mouth—"one of those sample Japs is trying to read my lips. Kuroki is staring at you from a table behind me, and the purser and the hunchback are plotting against us in a corner. Wake up! We're in danger."

Jean looked up from her pudding quickly. She turned her head, pretending to look through the porthole, and gazed at the Japs. They were a troupe of acrobats: two slim small men and three women—little balls of dark flesh and hair and gaudy clothes, their under lips so



The Japs were a troupe of acrobats: two slim small men and three women.

heavily rouged that their upper lips looked white by contrast.

She held her coffee cup close to her mouth.

"You're right, of course," she said. "And I kissed you first, so we're even. But it was you who sulked, not I. All right, we'll forget it, Dick." It was the first time she had spoken his name. "But what are we going to do?"

"We'll attack," he said. "What was it Foch said? 'My left wing is crushed, my right is shot to pieces; I am attacking with my center.' Something like that."

"Only more elegantly expressed," she said.

"FIRST," he said, "we'll go to our room and finish the garter business. Then we'll drop in on Diana. We should do that anyway, as a matter of simple decency. The baron has been seasick ever since he got on the boat, and we haven't visited him. We'll do that after we transfer the diamonds to the new garter—and perhaps we can talk in peace. I've got a lot of things to say to you."

Jean folded her napkin and rose.

"I'm ready for anything," she said.

"All right. Let's start the ball rolling by knocking over the purser and the hunchback," he said. His smile was grim.

Together they walked toward a table in the corner. The purser, a freckled man with ears a trifle too large and loose, made a gesture to the hunchback, and rose quickly, all smiles. The hunchback shifted in his chair, his red eyes glowing with curiosity.

"My dear Mrs. Clarke," the purser greeted them, "and Mr. Clarke! This is a jolly coincidence. I was just about to toddle over and ask you to have a liqueur with me in my room after lunch. Mr. Van Sandt, this is Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke. Did you ever see a prettier bride? Oh, it's no secret now, Mrs. Clarke, that you are on your

honeymoon. In a little city such as this, one finds out everything about everybody else. Won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks," said Clarke. "We never drink so early in the day—but we'd be very glad to visit your cabin later in the afternoon—if it is convenient, of course."

"Oh, most convenient, really! Do make it about five o'clock, then. I shan't be there much before that time. And I can give you a cocktail. It's called 'the pink chicken.' And how it does cackle—Ha! Ha!"

"Five will be just right," said Jean. "We'll have time before we dress for dinner."

"THE captain's dinner?" asked Mr. Van Sandt. His sullen eyes appraised her, waited for her answer.

"No, I'm sorry," she said. "We're going to Mr. Finch's party."

The hunchback grunted something, and nodded his head.

"You don't think the captain will be too insulted, do you, Mr. Pelky?" Jean asked of the purser, turning the battery of her smile on him.

"I wouldn't blame him if he felt frightfully put out," the purser said. "But go to Mr. Finch's party by all means. You'll have a rare time, I can assure you. But—you wanted to see me, Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes. I came over to tell you that both you and Mr. Van Sandt have an enemy on this ship. It is rather fortunate I find you together."

The purser didn't exactly sit down; he sort of disintegrated. He said nothing. Van Sandt said nothing.

"You were right when you said that people find out everything about you on a ship," Clarke went on. "It has already leaked out that I am an agent of the United States Treasury. I don't know how people discovered it—since not even my wife was aware of the nature of my business. But it's out."

"I had heard something of it," said Van Sandt with a sneer, "but it didn't mean anything to me."

"No?" Clarke's eyebrows arched themselves like the backs of two cats. "It will," he promised, and turned to Purser Pelky.

"I was informed this morning, Mr. Pelky, by a man I will not name, that you have a quantity of diamonds you intend to smuggle."

"Why, this is—this is—outrageous!" In his excitement and fear, the purser had reverted to the cockney. His cheeks filled with wind. They sank. They filled again. His Adam's apple did a curious dance. His hands clutched the tablecloth.

"Perhaps," Clarke said. "But the man seemed positive—and it was my duty to listen to him. You appreciate that. I don't know whether he spoke the truth or not. I hope he lied. At any rate, I have overstepped my duty to warn you, because you have been nice to Mrs. Clarke. I should hate to see you chucked into a federal prison just for a handful of glass."

"Thanks," the purser managed to say.

"This man also told me that the customs officers in New York suspect you have smuggled diamonds on other trips. So—if you do intend to smuggle this time—don't. If you have diamonds with you don't attempt to take them ashore, unless you declare them."

"Now, what about me?" asked Van Sandt.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"I was informed this morning, Mr. Pelky, by a man I will not name, that you have a quantity of diamonds you intend to smuggle."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

"It's a delicate thing to say, Mr. Van Sandt, but I was told your hump is made of plaster of Paris or some such composition, that you take it off and put it on, and that it has an acre or two of cut diamonds in it that should pay twenty per cent duty."

"I told Mr. Clarke to warn you," Jean said, eyes full of sympathy. "It would be awful if the customs men believed the—the man who told Mr. Clarke—and—and found he lied."

The hunchback laughed, and showed teeth that were like fangs.

"I will throw the hump away," he said. "You have no idea how awkward it is to carry. It's—it's like a red wig or one of those sets of false teeth a crook wears over his real teeth to disguise himself."

One of his inflamed eyes winked. He leered, and again his teeth showed. Flecks of white appeared on his lips.

He looked like a mad dog, Jean thought. But if he expected her to betray herself through fright, she was going to disappoint him. She giggled.

"Darling," she said, turning quickly to Dick to shut

out the sight of that malevolent face, "can you imagine me with a red wig and false teeth, and a hump?" Her eyes implored him for help.

"Hardly," said Dick, taking one of her hands. "Mr. Van Sandt, you'd better throw away your diamonds too, or pay the duty on them. It's going to be hell for smugglers when this boat lands."

Van Sandt laughed.

"Thanks for the tip," he said. "And don't worry, Mrs. Clarke, it isn't me that'll go to jail."

Clarke nodded to the men, and Jean managed to smile as she started away; but once she had left the dining salon she breathed fast.

"I'm afraid of that man," she said.

Dick laughed in an attempt to reassure her.

"He's a fool," he said, "a bigger fool than he thinks I am. Do you know who he is? Last night's Conté, painted over and humped!"

SHE gasped, and clung tightly to his arm.

"Of course," she said. "He's shaved off his mustache. I noticed that. And he's thrown away the glasses he wore last night. I remember those teeth. Did you see how he bared them when he winked at me? Do you think he knows me?"

"Of course he doesn't."

"Did I act all right when he mentioned the false teeth and the wig?"

"Oh, all right," he said, wondering to himself why he didn't say what he had intended to say: "You were splendid!"

"Well," she demanded, "what did you get out of your attack, besides frightening me?"

He did not answer.

As they reached the landing on A deck they had a

glimpse of Chilly Lily Leeds, the smuggling stewardess, walking swiftly down the corridor toward their room, arms dripping with sheets and blankets. They watched her. They saw her knock on the door of their cabin and wait for a moment before she entered.

"That's queer," said Dick. "She knew we were at lunch. She couldn't have expected us to return so soon. The door was wide open when we left. You go straight to Diana's room. I'll come later. I must see what this is all about."

As they passed the transverse corridor that ran out of the main starboard corridor and separated Istrelle's cabin, No. 510, from Cabin No. 508, they saw Kuroki. He was standing at the far end of the transverse corridor, looking through an open port, his back to them, his hair disheveled by the wind.

The door of Istrelle's room was open. The doors of all the other rooms Dick could see were open. Only the door of his room—and Jean's—was closed.

He waited until Jean had vanished before he pushed open the door. Chilly Lily Leeds was changing the bed-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

Practical Co-operation in your Convention Program at CHICAGO'S MORRISON HOTEL



The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms

SO many traffic highways converge at Chicago, and so many industries are pivoted here, that the frequency of trade conventions at the Morrison Hotel has become a tradition of the building.

In designing the present structure, special provision was made for the needs of visiting associations. The relative arrangement of reception, assembly and committee rooms, in a wide range of sizes, lends itself admirably to the rapid completion of all scheduled business. The long experience of the personnel, and the location of the building, giving quickest access to theatres and transportation systems, assure a smooth-running business and entertainment program.

Even without the aid of any theatre district, the Morrison can furnish rare variety entertainment to its guests in the famous "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden. The Cameo Room seats 2000, without a single pillar to impede the view.

The increase in our room capacity to 2450, on which work will start next May, will allow us more latitude in caring for visiting groups. As in the present building, every room will be outside, with bath, running ice-water, telephone, radio set, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. This will bring us substantially nearer to our final objective—3450 rooms, more than the total capacity of any other hotel in the world.

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202 Rooms, \$2.50	457 Rooms, \$4.00	15 Rooms, \$6.00
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480 Rooms, \$3.50	189 Rooms, \$5.00	21 Rooms, \$8.00

16 Corner Suites, \$12.00

16 Suites, \$15.00

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MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

ding—though she had made up the beds early that morning.

"You must have left the port open," she said with a smile when Dick entered.

Dick remembered closing it before he left the room.

"Quite careless of me," he said. "I'm sorry."

"It's quite all right," she answered.

She had thrown the covers on the strip of carpet between the two bunks, but she hadn't quite covered the wet spot on the carpet. It was inconceivable that the rain or the spume had concentrated on that single spot.

Dick looked about the room, saw other wet places on the red cement floor, on the walls, on a corner of the dresser.

And on the floor just beneath the porthole there was the imprint of five wet toes!

Some man had come into this room! Some man had come in through the porthole, and had gone out through the porthole.

Had he come for robbery, or for murder?

He had crawled through that narrow porthole. He had slipped or fallen to the bed, and had then stepped on the carpet. He had gone all about the room, dripping.

No water had dripped from the edges of trouser cuffs, nor from the skirt or sleeves of a coat. The marks, Clarke saw, though most of them were faint, were made by hands and feet and there were no wet marks around them. The man was naked. A naked man would have an easier chance of getting through the porthole than a man hampered with clothes.

Chilly Lily, Clarke reasoned, had opened the port and left the room. Immediately the naked man had entered, locked the door, and begun to accomplish his errand. Either he had no time to dry himself—and there were plenty of towels in the room—or he didn't care whether he left wet marks all over the room or not.

He must have known that Dick and Jean were in the dining salon. Perhaps he expected they would stop in the purser's room for that "after-luncheon liqueur" before returning to their cabin.

He couldn't have been in the room very long, however, when Chilly Lily rapped on the door. He had unlocked the door for her, and had gone through the porthole. Chilly Lily had closed the port as soon as she could, had torn the covers off the bed, and would have dried up all the telltale wet marks if Clarke had given her time.

CLARKE watched the woman as she finished her task. She gathered the discarded sheets and blankets from the carpet, and went to the port, ostensibly to examine it. A blanket slipped from her arm, as though by accident, and blotted up the footprint on the floor.

Clarke smiled.

"Thanks!" he said.

"No, sir. Thank you, sir," the stewardess said. "I'll be back a little later, sir, to dry up the carpet." Clarke bolted the door when she had gone, and made a thorough search of the room.

The prowler had taken nothing. He had damaged nothing. Apparently he had touched nothing of Clarke's or Jean's personal belongings. The suitcases had not been opened, and the trunk had not been touched. The man had not gone near the trunk room.

Clarke took up one of Jean's little shoes. They stood in a neat straight row under her bed, a line of dainty, colored, high-heeled shoes and slippers. He grinned at the row, aware that it reminded him of its owner, so straight and uncompromising and feminine and—and—

"Oh, hell," he said aloud. "I thought I'd got over being a sap!"

The footprint, as a print, had been ruined by the blanket—but there was still enough of it left to measure it for width. Dick knew, before he placed the shoe over

it, that it was ridiculous to suppose the print could be Jean's. But he measured it with the shoe, anyway, then put the shoe back carefully by its mate.

He sat on Jean's bunk, first putting the screen out of the way, lit a cigarette, and stared at the port.

How did that man get in? Where did he come from, and where did he go? It was absurd to say he had slid down a rope from the promenade deck. It was daylight, and any naked man—even if he had descended from the shelter of one of the lifeboats up on the sun deck—would have been seen by some of the passengers or the crew. He might have tied the rope to the promenade-deck rail, and shed his clothes after he had descended below the line of visibility—but that would be hard to do, and there would still be the risk of discovery, especially when he went back up the rope.

IT was impossible for anyone to climb up, on the outside of the ship, from one of the lower decks, unless he could screw a ladder into the steel side. It was also impossible, Dick assured himself, for anyone to come from the porthole in Istrelle's room, or from the room occupied by her chef, Hugo Jerome. Nobody could possibly swing from one porthole to the other.

Yet the man had come in somehow, with the ship plowing fast through a heavy sea. He had come as though from the sea itself, and had gone as mysteriously.

Dick sat down at the desk and drew a map of the block of rooms between the two transverse corridors.

First he drew the corridor, where Kuroki had stood at the open port. He labeled this corridor A. Then he drew Istrelle's room, with the door open and the port closed.

Next he drew his own room, with the port open and the door closed—his own room, where a naked prowler had been.

After that he sketched the other two rooms in the block: that occupied by Jerome and that allotted to the Japanese acrobats.

He left the doors open in these two rooms, and put question marks in their portholes.

Then he sketched the other transverse corridor, labeling it B, and left the room to see whether its port was closed or not. He found it securely locked, and dry. The port in corridor A was wet, and the floor was wet. Kuroki had disappeared.

The Japs had shut their door, but Jerome's door was still open, and Clarke could see that the porthole was closed.

He rubbed out the question mark he had put in Jerome's porthole, but not the one he had drawn for the Japs. He studied the sketch for a few minutes before burning it in his ash tray.

"A wonderful little people, the Japanese," he said.

He determined to sleep in his bathrobe that night, and to put an automatic in each pocket of the robe. The naked man would surely return through the port before the vessel reached New York.

II

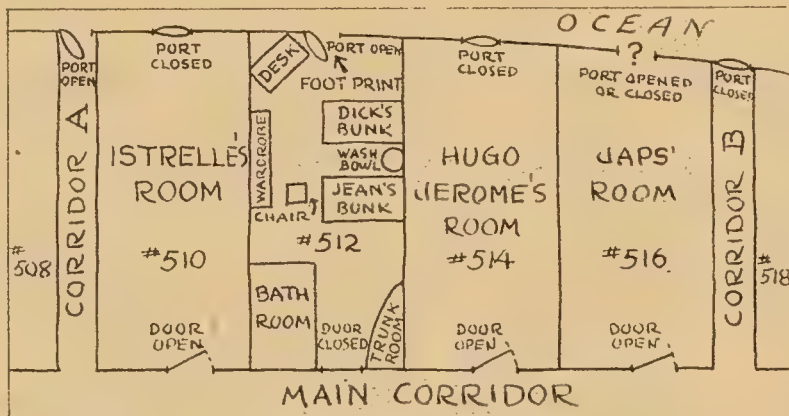
THE stateroom of the Baron and Baroness De Ranisse was one of the largest on the Marantic.

The baron lay in the bunk nearer the door, reclining against a heap of pillows. His face was thin and flushed, and there were wide black half circles under his pale blue eyes. A blond moist curl hung over his forehead. He looked weak, tired, even feverish, Dick thought. But he smiled happily, and raised a white hand to greet the visitor.

"This is Dick!" Diana said, standing to one side and watching the two men shake hands. Her voice was proud and gay. "And this is Pierre."

The baron's hand felt cold. It was soft and limp and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]



Dick Clarke's sketch, drawn in an attempt to solve the mystery of the naked man.



Unnecessary Pain!



Nowadays, people take Bayer Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as any pain is encountered.

Why not? It is a proven antidote for pain. It works!

And Bayer Aspirin tablets are utterly harmless. You have the medical profession's word for that; they do not depress the heart.

So, don't let a cold "run its course." Don't wait for a headache to "wear off." Or regard neuralgia, neuritis, or even rheumatism as something you must endure. Only a physician can cope with the cause of such pain, but you can always turn to Bayer Aspirin for relief.

Bayer Aspirin is always available, and it always helps. Familiarize yourself with its many uses, and avoid a lot of needless suffering.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



THE DIAMOND EYE
[Continued from page seventy-two]

moist. It fell when Dick released it, as though it had no strength—fell against the purple satin bathrobe and lay still.

"This is a very great pleasure," the baron said, his voice hardly a whisper. "I have heard much—of you."

Clarke could not find an answer, but Diana saved him the necessity of replying. "You see I was true to your type, at least," she said, a light laugh in her voice.

Diana was dressed in a turquoise tea gown that matched the color of her eyes.

"In that dress," said Clarke, "anybody could mistake you for a mermaid—even to the little blue tail."

He wondered if Diana knew how ill her husband was.

"I thought the baron was merely seasick," he said. She

shook her head quickly, and smiled—and if there were any fear in her or any anguish she did not let it show.

"He has been ill," she said, "since nineteen-seventeen."

They turned to look at him, and found him apparently asleep. Diana drew the curtain gently across the bed.

"He is exhausted," she said.

"We'd better go," said Jean, rising from the chair in which she had been sitting with her legs curled under her.

"No, no," said Diana quickly. "He will sleep soundly. And we won't wake him by talking."

The girls sat on the divan, across the wide room from the sleeper, and Dick pulled up a chair facing them. Again the contrast of the two was forced upon him: the auburn Diana in her soft clinging blue, the brunette Jean in her dull black dress with the wide "little girl" organdie collar and cuffs.

"THE doctor says he may sit up tomorrow, if he feels strong enough," Diana whispered.

She told that bit of news as though it were the most important she had known. Dick was amazed at the change he found in her.

Did she stay here all day and all night, he wondered, taking care of her bridegroom? Did she know that he was dying? Did she know it when she married him? She must have known. She must know there was no hope, but she was resigned. He sensed that, though he didn't understand it. He hadn't thought it possible Diana could be so serene in the face of tragedy.

"And he's been ill all these years?" he asked.

"Twelve years—almost. He was gassed. He was shot. A bayonet went through his arm. He spent years in a military hospital, years in a sanitarium near Cannes. But—nothing can cure him." She smiled, almost defiantly, and added, "Unless it's California."

"My father has a place in the High Sierras," she went on after a little pause. "Pierre will love it. They have

a saying out there that a man never dies in that place; he just grows older and older until he can't grow old any more.

"He'll have wonderful air, and lots of sleep, the smell of pines and flowers; and there's a cold brook that hurries by the shack, a brook that laughs and sings all day. If he doesn't get well there—"

She left the sentence unfinished forever.

"But tell me about yourselves," she said. "I'm so fond of you both that I'm curious." Her eyes asked a question that baffled Dick but was easily interpreted by Jean.

"Dick has told me he was engaged to you," Jean said. "He boasts about it. I had no idea he had been engaged, though—not until yesterday."

"We'd been engaged for years," Diana confided, "but we never really cared for each other at all. You see"—Diana seemed to have some difficulty in finding words—"everybody always expected we'd marry each other some day, and we"—her hands made a funny little gesture—"we sort of felt that way too. But Dick was forever going places, alone, hunting diamond smugglers. It used to make me furious at times."

"We'd have tickets for the opera, and at the last minute I'd get a telephone call, or a telegram, or a cable: 'Sorry, I can't come.' Dick would be in Paris, or Ostend, or Munich, or even in London, busy on a case."

She turned her face to Dick. "You never knew how exasperated you made me," she said. "Sometimes I felt like choking you."

Dick laughed with her, and patted her hands.

"So you married the baron," he said gently.

"Of course I did. I met him at a dance in the Savoy—when you were in Nice. He was sitting in a chair, looking at the dancers. He didn't look sick, but he was—what shall I say?—sort of lost and helpless and very, very sad, and yet he was smiling at all those happy people dancing to music. We sat and talked, and after a while he got up and danced with me. It was a waltz, and he whispered



*He opened the package
with the knife blade while
Jean watched.*

that he was dancing in a dream, and I was only part of that dream, the nicest part that dies just before one wakes.

"The dance exhausted him, and he told me then that he was sick, dying. I married him the next week."

Jean broke the silence that followed. She stirred restlessly, and smiled. "I don't know why I married Dick," she said, "unless it was to get rid of him. He was so—persistent!"

She was overdoing it, Dick thought. Of course she was trying to be funny—to take Diana's mind off her husband for a moment—but that line wasn't funny a bit.

"We met in my uncle's office," Jean went on, laughing with her eyes. "You know my uncle is Jim Moran, head of Dick's office in London. I was typing some personal letters for him one day, when who should walk in but a tall thin man with an interesting face." She made a grimace at the tall thin man.

"I kicked my uncle's shins, and he introduced us. We went to tea, Mr. Clarke and I, and I couldn't get a word out of him. We went to dinner, and he couldn't eat. We went to a dance—"

"And couldn't I dance?" asked the indignant Clarke. Jean ignored him.

"We went to a dance, and all he said was, 'The music's rotten!' He took me home, and all he said was, 'See you tomorrow.' He came just after breakfast. 'I'm sailing for New York tonight,' he said. 'Marry me and come along.' And here I am."

Dick scowled. "Wait," he said, "until I get a chance to tell the story." He got himself up reluctantly, for the chair was most comfortable, and took Diana's hand.

"We must go, Diana," he said. "We have some work to do. But before we go, tell me, confidentially, what sort of nail polish do you use?"

"Nail polish?"

"Finger nails. What do you use on 'em?"

She went to her dresser and brought him a little bottle.

"Wrong kind," he said, handing it back.

"Sorry."

IF Diana felt surprise she hid it.

"Good-by," she said. "Come again soon, and good luck."

"Good-by," said Dick and Jean together.

"Why were you so rude to Diana?" Jean asked as they started toward their room.

"Is your uncle really Jim Moran?" he asked in reply.

"You acted as though you were trying to sell her a nail polish of your own. Why did you tell her it was the wrong kind?"

"Funny. I never knew Moran had a niece. If you are Moran's niece, then you must be Stanley Wood's daughter."

"I'd like to have some man tell me

I had the wrong kind of anything!"

"Are you the elder or the younger daughter?"

"And the kind she has is quite expensive, if you ask me."

"I wasn't asking you anything," Dick cried. "I knew it would do me no good. Why did you paint me such a fool in front of Diana?"

"You are exasperating," she said angrily. "I don't blame Diana for marrying somebody else."

They went to work as soon as they had bolted the door of their room and drawn the curtain over the port.

Dick slipped the silver buckle off the slit garter, and placed it on the desk, handling it carefully.

With the tip of his penknife he ripped the stitches that had made a pocket in the elastic.

He opened the pocket gently with the blade, and held it upside down.

A tissue-paper package plumped on to the blanket. He opened the package with the knife blade while Jean watched. He could feel her breath on his cheek, her hair touching his lips.

"Fools have luck," he said, disclosing ten square-cut diamonds that were worth \$150,000 he believed.

"I never said you were unlucky, darling," Jean said softly.

HE turned away from her abruptly, stabbing the paper with his knife blade and carrying it, impaled, to the desk.

He tacked it to the blotter, after smoothing it out with the back of his comb, then took from his grip a bottle of lampblack and a midget brush.

While Dick brushed the lampblack over the tissue paper, Jean wrapped up the diamonds and sewed them into the garter she was making.

"I've hidden the Eyes of Women," she said, "and I wish I could buckle into it again."

Dick took the buckle and brought it to her. He didn't need it now. He had found a perfect thumbprint on the paper.

He showed it to Jean, and she smiled at him admiringly.

While she slipped the buckle on the new garter, he cut out the thumbprint and stuck it between the oiled-paper sheets of a book of stamps.

"It's five o'clock," he said. "Do you feel like having a cocktail now?"

"Yes, darling," she said. "Kiss me before we go."

She kissed her hand.

He must speak to her about that, some time, some place where he wouldn't be overheard. He must ask her to quit it. She was trying to get his goat.

On the way to the purser's cabin he attempted to bring up the subject, but always Kuroki was within hearing distance.

Clarke was in a fighting mood when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gray Hair Cheated Her Out of the Job



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

WHY endure the handicap of Gray Hair? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee
impossibility of omission or error in
the above Index.

THE DIAMOND EYE [Continued from page seventy-five]

they entered Mr. Pelky's room, but he concealed it well.

Mr. Pelky was making motions with a cocktail shaker.

Mr. Pelky was nervous.

Mr. Pelky's ears flapped, and his Adam's apple bobbed, and his eyes were frightened.

Mr. Pelky tried to be the gay, genial host, and failed.

Mr. Pelky's hands shook even when he poured out the fluid in the silver shaker.

"There's something on your mind, Mr. Pelky," Dick said.

Mr. Pelky jumped. He essayed a smile. It was a ghastly failure.

"Yes," he said.

He spilled some liquid on the floor. "Dear, dear," he moaned, "I'm afraid I'm a bit clumsy. I say, Mr. Clarke, do you mind?"

He offered Dick the shaker.

"You want me to pour the drinks?"

"Please. I—I—yes. I've been thinking over what you said below, Mr. Clarke, and—and—and—"

"And you've something to tell me?"

"Mr. Clarke—don't go to Mr. Finch's dinner tonight."

"Sit down, Mr. Pelky," Clarke ordered.

Mr. Pelky sat down, and put his head in his hands.

"I daren't tell you more," he said, talking through his fingers.

"You'll have to tell me everything."

Mr. Pelky suddenly straightened up, and took the cocktail shaker.

"Someone's coming," he whispered. "Kuroki!"

Clarke had heard nothing, but presently a man rapped on the door and opened it and there was Mr. Kuroki.

Pelky smiled a greeting.

"You are just in time for a cocktail," he said.

"Mr. Kuroki, this is Mr. and Mrs. Clarke."

Kuroki bowed but did not smile, nor offer to shake hands with Dick.

"I have important business with Mr. Pelky," he said.

He hissed through the spaces in his teeth.

"I have"—hiss—"important"—hiss—"business"—hiss, hiss—"with Mr. Pelky," and a long hiss for a period.

HE turned and went out, shutting the door carefully.

"What shall I do?" the purser asked. He was in terror. The freckles on his face pushed themselves out from his white skin. His knees shook.

"We'll go," said Dick, rising. He poured the cocktails into the glasses, and emptied the glasses in the basin.

"Your health," he said loudly. He whispered, "Why shouldn't we go to that dinner? Tell me. Quick!"

"They—they'll hang her!" Mr. Pelky managed to say. He pointed at

Jean. He fell back then, melted on to the bed, stared at Dick with wide frightened eyes.

"Not at all," Dick said loudly, cheerfully. "We have to run, anyway. The cocktails were marvelous. Thanks."

He opened the door quickly, but Kuroki was not outside the door. He was twenty feet away, looking down at his feet, his back to the wall.

"I am so sorry,"

Kuroki said as the two were about to pass him—hiss, hiss—"but my business"—hiss, hiss—"will not wait."

"I quite understand," said Dick, and passed on.

"Your attack has done some good." Jean's face was thoughtful. "You've made a friend of Pelky."

"Friend? I've made a

stool pigeon of him—and Kuroki suspects it, perhaps. Damn a man without any guts. I shouldn't be surprised if we heard the cry 'Man overboard!' tonight—when it's darker than this and there are fewer people around."

JEAN shivered as if she were cold.

"Are we going to Finch's dinner?"

"That depends."

"You're not afraid?" she asked, startled. She stopped, put her hands on his shoulders, looked into his eyes.

"No, you are not afraid," she said. "Thank God! But—on what does it depend?"

"It depends," he said, "on the kind of nail polish you use. And the next time you look at me like that I'm going to kiss you so quick and so hard you'll think you've been kissed by lightning."

"On the nose," she laughed. "I'm not afraid. But, Dick"—her face was serious again—"Mr. Pelky said there was danger. He said they'd hang me."

"What kind of nail polish do you use?" he asked.

"What does it matter?"

"Answer me. When I ask a question, answer it."

"But—nail polish—it's so senseless."

"Answer my question."

She named the brand she used.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Then Mr. Finch will be our host tonight."

"I don't know what it's all about, Dick," she said gently, softly. "But I am trusting you—fully and completely. I know I'm going into danger with you tonight. I don't know what the danger is. I don't know why you want to expose me to it. But—I'm not going to ask any more questions. I'm going to do just as you tell me."

"Good!" he said again. "We may yet enter New York alive."

His face was just as serious as hers.

Dick and Jean were nerved for any risk, any peril that might come to them at Finch's dinner. But, fortunately, it was not in their power to foresee the horror that was to make that party unforgettable.



SPRING STYLE CLEANING

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

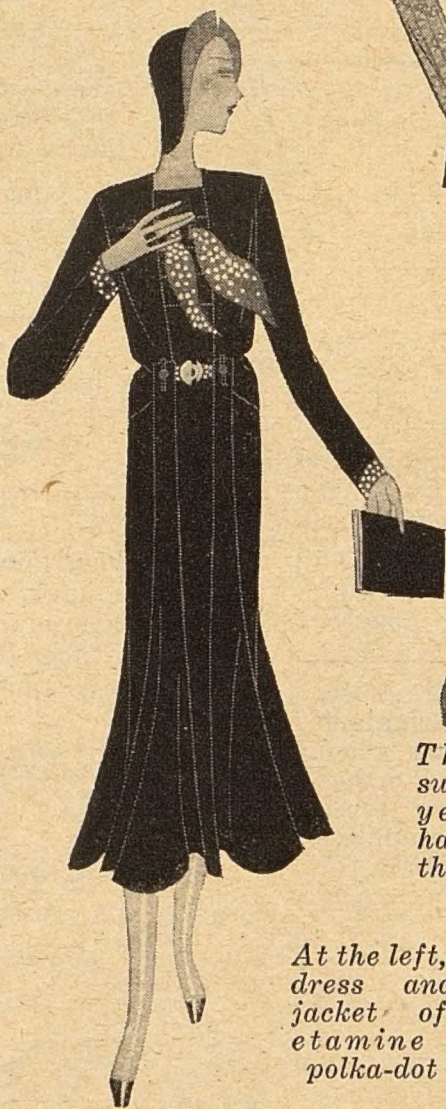
PLENTY of time yet before spring house cleaning, but it's high time to do some spring style cleaning. Paris is busy clearing up the débris of the recent style revolution, and discovering that in the fall she swept out a lot of very good modern stuff. Let's benefit by her hard-earned knowledge and psychoanalyze our clothes.

I've seen all the midseason collections of clothes made by great Paris designers, and I'm convinced that the poor things are worried. These midseason clothes are never seen on the streets until spring, and this year they represent the greatest variety of silhouette and detail that has ever been offered to women. So hesitate before you throw out good, well cut clothes. Don't let any style ballyhoo artists convince you that your skirts have got to be down to your ankles and your waistlines up under your armpits.

The only taboo line is the kneeline for skirt hems, and I'll tell you frankly that no female over sixteen can do herself justice in a skirt that reveals her knees. And the same logic applies to waistlines down below the hips. Wear your waistline somewhere in the region where nature put it.

Fashions are very material, and on this account you may be obliged to clean out a lot of clothes that are otherwise all right. Paris hates slick, varnished fabrics for daytime. If you have any, get rid of them quickly, and discard also heavy materials. Paris likes crêpe satin, but she wears it inside out, with only a flash of the shiny side here and there. For practical clothes she adores tweeds that are thick but light in weight. Veil-like wools are very good. Printed stuffs decorate, but they do not make, your spring dresses. Sports silks and woollens are getting very rough indeed.

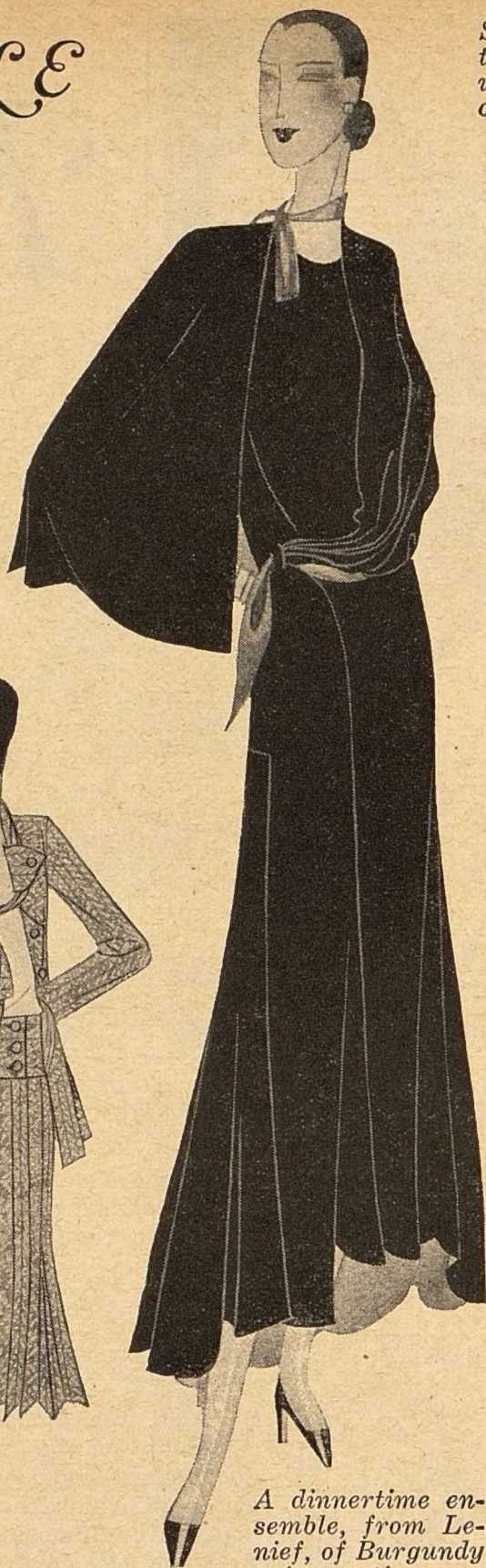
While you are style cleaning, look with severely critical eyes on your jackets. The capes predicted in Liberty, October 26, 1929, are, in Paris, largely replacing jackets for spring. The kind of jacket that remains smart is one which is as informal and feminine as the cape. These two wraps are to a great extent replacing coats in Paris spring ensembles.



At the left, Lenief's dress and short jacket of green etamine with a polka-dot blouse.

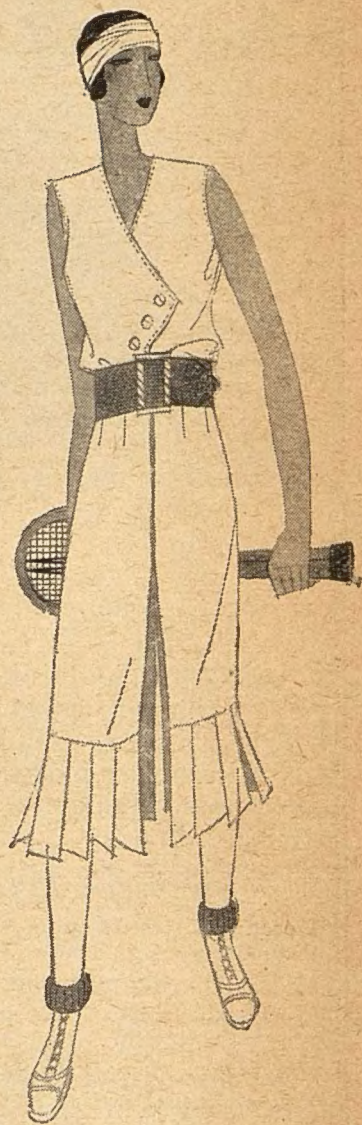


This Chantal suit of mixed yellow tweed has tabs holding the scarf collar.



A dinnertime ensemble, from Lenief, of Burgundy crêpe satin, carries a draped cape.

Schiaparelli's white tennis dress (below), with trouser skirt and orange belt and socks.



Two ensembles from great Paris designers are shown in our sketches. One is a dinner gown and cape from Lenief, made of Burgundy red (a supremely chic color) crêpe satin, crêpe side out. The unlined crêpe-satin cape is draped to the right hip, but may be worn loose. It is tied with satin side ties. The dress

is sleeveless, has a modest round neck, and shows its satin side in the under side of the drooping skirt.

Chantal offers a tweed ensemble in a mixture of yellow, white, and black. The jacket has two buttoned tabs below the shoulders in front, under which the tweed scarf collar passes. The skirt, with its high waistline yoke and its plaits at the left side only, is equally smart, and the plain yellow jersey blouse is quite as correct.

A great deal of the spring style story is told by the other Lenief model. It is made of leaf-green wool etamine, with a fashionably long skirt flared just above the knees by bands enlarged into godets. The blouse is sleeveless, and a green-and-white dotted silk underwaist has long sleeves and a tie that emerges through slits at the front. Over this dress is a jacket of green etamine that buttons under the front skirt bands.

Our fourth sketch shows a Schiaparelli frock that is now serving at tennis in Palm Beach and other chic southern resorts. Its leading style feature is the trouser skirt. This dress is made of white moiré shantung, and has a wide orange wool belt and half socks to give it color.



Tomatoes, onion, and green pepper, vinegar and spice, make a delicious chili sauce.

EASY to make and to keep on the pantry shelf, every housewife should have half a dozen or more of these homemade relishes to add zest to winter dishes.

Cranberry Relish

1 orange 1 pound cranberries
2 cups sugar

PEEL the orange and divide it in sections. Grind these lobes and pieces of rind through a food chopper. Follow up with the washed cranberries. Stir in the sugar until completely dissolved and pack without cooking into sterile glasses and cover with paraffin.

Pineapple-Orange Marmalade

2 oranges Cold water
1 lemon ¾ as much sugar as
4 slices canned pineapple prepared fruit
apple and juice

SCRUB the citrus fruits, dry, and cut into quarters without peeling. Then slice each quarter into very thin uniform slices. Measure the orange and lemon, adding three times as much liquid as fruit—this liquid being pineapple juice plus water. Place over a medium flame and cook one hour, when about half of the liquid will have boiled away. Let stand overnight. Add the pineapple cut into small pieces. Measure and place on the fire to boil.

Meanwhile, measure out three-fourths of a cup of sugar for each cup of fruit. When the fruit mixture boils rapidly, stir in the sugar and continue to cook with rapid boiling to the jelly stage (220° F.), when two drops will form side by side and slide off rather than drip as the mixture is dropped from the spoon.

Orange Marmalade

6 oranges Cold water
3 lemons Sugar
½ grapefruit

IF a less tart product is desired, peel off one-half of the fruit rinds before slicing the fruit. Scrub the rinds that are left on. Dry, weigh, and slice into thin uniform pieces. Add cold water, using one quart to each pound of fruit. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, and then simmer for two hours.

Winter RELISHES

By

ETHEL SOMERS



Cranberry relish is one of the most attractive winter relishes, and requires no cooking.

Weigh the cooked fruit and add an equal weight of sugar. Boil rapidly, with stirring, to the jelly stage (220° F.).

Apricot Conserve

1 pound dried apricots 3 cups or 1 large
½ quarts water can shredded pineapple and juice
½ as much sugar as fruit ½ teaspoon salt

WASH the apricots thoroughly and soak in the measured water for about eight hours. Cook tender in the water in which they were soaked and press through a colander or coarse sieve. Add the shredded pineapple, together

with its juice. Measure the combined fruits. Heat to boiling, and then stir in the salt and one-half as much sugar as prepared fruit. Cook to the jelly stage (220° F.).

Tomato with Okra

2 cups okra (cut ¼ inch thick)
1 quart stewed tomatoes
1½ teaspoons salt

BLANCH the okra in boiling water for five minutes and cold-dip. Slice and add to the tomatoes. Use immediately or can for future use.

Chili Sauce

2 onions, minced ½ cup brown sugar
2 quarts stewed canned tomatoes ½ cup vinegar
3 green peppers, whole mixed
chopped spices

(No salt is necessary if the canned tomatoes are already seasoned)

LOOSELY tying the whole mixed pickling spices in a cheesecloth bag, combine the ingredients. Stir occasionally and simmer about one hour until thickened to the desired consistency. Can as for tomatoes by sealing air-tight in hot, sterile jars.

Grape Jelly

1 pint unsweetened grape juice* 1½ cups sugar

HEAT the grape juice to boiling. Stir in the sugar, which has been standing in a warm place. Boil vigorously to the jelly stage (220° F.). Pour into sterile glasses and seal.

* If only sweetened grape juice is obtainable, add commercially prepared pectin, using the specific proportions and directions that come with the product.

Corn Relish

1 can corn (almost 2 teaspoons salt
3 cups) 1½ teaspoons powdered dry mustard
½ pound cabbage, chopped
1 large green pepper ¼ teaspoon celery seed
1 large red pepper or pimiento 1 cup white vinegar

USE canned corn so cut from the cob that the kernels are whole rather than pulped. Mix the dry ingredients and stir into the prepared vegetables. Add the vinegar and let stand fifteen minutes. Then heat very slowly to the boiling point. When this point is reached, boil for only five minutes more, and pour the product into hot sterilized jars and seal air-tight. Corn relish is nourishing as well as appetizing and is especially good with cold meats.

CRANBERRY relish, chili sauce, and pineapple-orange marmalade become particularly tempting when served with correctly cooked dishes prepared from Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The pamphlets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Order them now. And please use the coupon.

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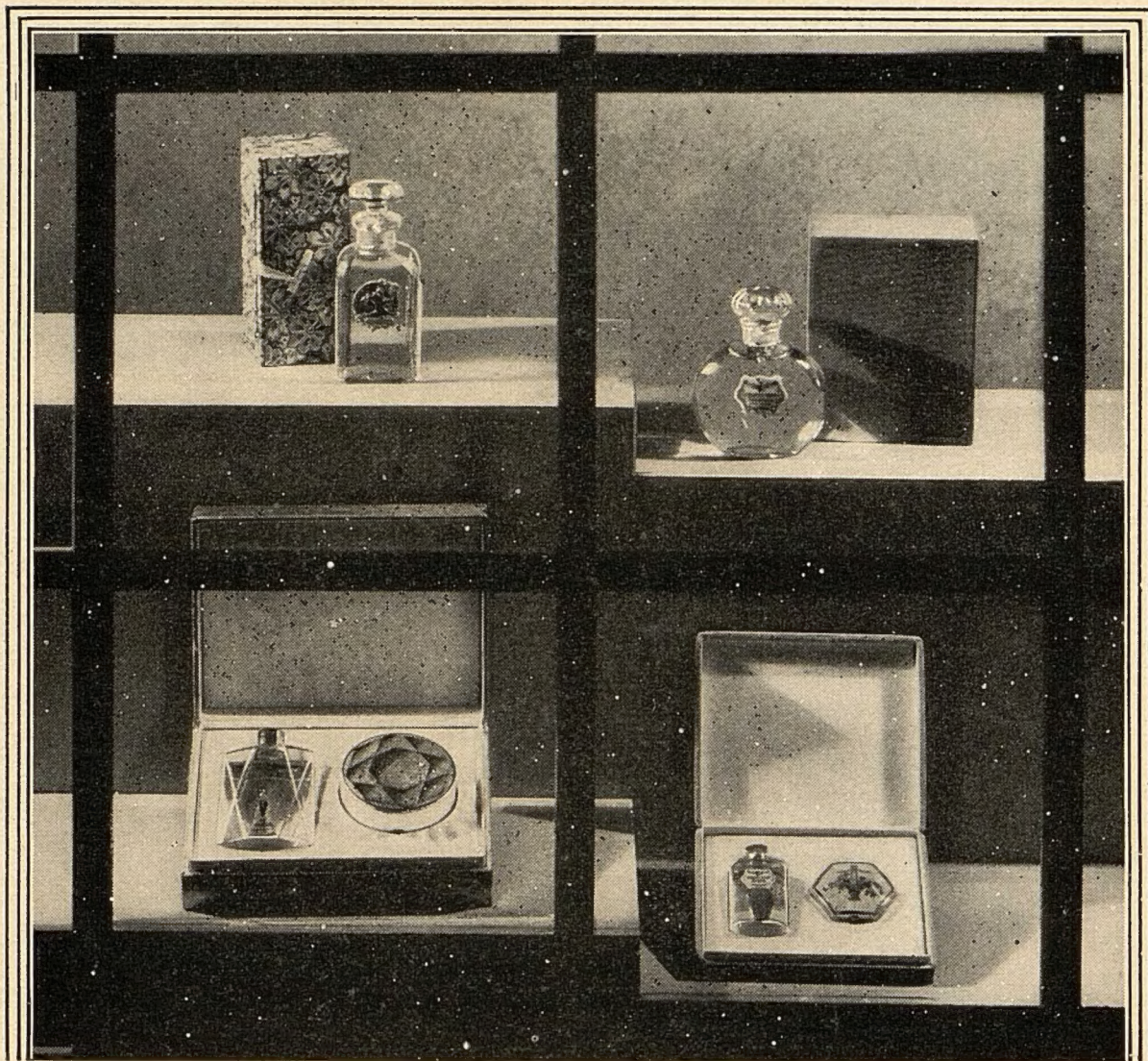
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D. Wick
Vice-President
Houbigant, Inc.

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